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T A L E S

F R O M

La F O N T A I N E.

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I N

FRENCH and ENGLISH.

Now First TRANSLATED.

To which is prefix'd,

T H E

AUTHOR'S LIFE.



L O N D O N,

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and C. DAVIS in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

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ATLAS ZOOLOGICA



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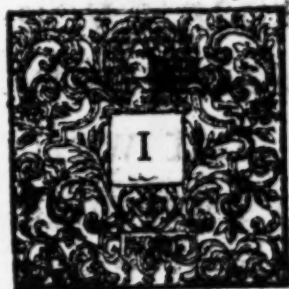
T O

Miss *Eliza: Harcourt,*

O F

PENDLET, near *FRING*
in *Hertfordshire*.

MADAM,



N addressing you
thus publickly, I
am not prompted
to it by the usual
Motives of Dedi-
cators. These generally in-
scribe their Compositions to
a 2 the

DEDICATION.

the *Great*, whom frequently they know only by their Names and Titles, in hopes of being complimented with the Golden Favour; whereas I have been allowed the most amiable Access to your Honourable Family, and already experienced the Humanity of it, by repeated Acts of their Beneficence.

THE only Design then of this unexpected Intrusion (for which I wish I may obtain your Pardon) is to thank you for Civilities I have already received: Civilities that were infinitely enhanced, by the Manner in which they were bestow'd. Many Persons, in befriending those who stand
in

DEDICATION.

in need of their Assistance, are too apt to sound a Trumpet before 'em; but in the Opinion of a *Harcourt*, (as I my self know by the Effects) the greatest Merit of bestowing, is, like Heaven, to diffuse Blessings in Secrecy and Silence.

'TWOULD be needless for me to take Notice, that the Author I now introduce to you, has, ever since he appear'd in Publick, been the Darling of the Fair and Polite. The Dress in which he has represented *Virtue* is so charming, that she attracts every Eye, and by that Means gains an easy Admission into the Heart. Thrice happy for
a 3 Man-

DEDICATION.

Mankind, had they, in general, as little Occasion of being allured into the Practice of her Precepts, as you and your worthy Relations have.

ONE Circumstance which, I believe, will please you in the following Sheets, is, the lovely Prospect they exhibit of the Rural Retreat. The Country is here occasionally set off with all the unaffected Embellishments which please the most delicate Spirits. We are convey'd into a Paradise of Sweets; one Moment straying along the flow'ry Banks of a murmuring Rivulet; the next, reclin'd on a verdant Turf, overshadow'd by a spreading Tree, whose Branches

DEDICATION.

es are fill'd with the tuneful Warblers of the Groves; or wand'ring over Hills and Dales, in a fix'd and silent Contemplation on the Works of the Almighty, which, tho' reveal'd in all Places, and in every Part of the Creation, do yet no where administer such exquisite Delights, as in the Sylvan Abode.

A Proof of the just and refined Taste which your 'worthy Parents have of Life, is the strong Relish they have for these untainted Blessings; and their Disinclination to the Pomp of Courts in general, and the Hurry and Tumult of Cities. To see them in the midst

DEDICATION.

of their Family, exercising every Act of Goodness, and meditating how they best may contribute to the Felicity of it, and of all the People in their Neighbourhood; to behold the innocent Pleasures in which they indulge themselves, and the Joy that appears in the Countenances of all who are subordinate to 'em; We imagine our selves transported back into the Golden Age, and no longer look upon what the Poets have written concerning it as fictitious.

THAT you and the young Ladies your Sisters, may long continue (as you have always been)

DEDICATION.

been) the Delight of your
excellent Parents, and of all
who have the Honour of
your Acquaintance, is the sin-
cere Wish of,

M A D A M,

Your most Obedient,

*Plaistow in Essex.
April 21. 1734.*

Humble Servant.

DEDICATION.

been the Delight of your
excellent Parents, and of all
who have seen Honour of
your Acquaintance, is the fir-
est Wish of

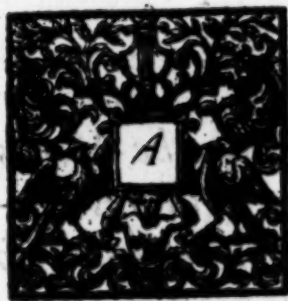
M A D A M

Yours most Obedient

Yours humble Servant



P R E F A C E.



S our Translators from the French are daily publishing Versions from that Language, and that several among 'em have attempted the finest Writers in it; 'tis a little surprizing no one should yet have exhibited to us, in some Dress or other, the Fables of a Poet, whose Reputation is so well established in the polite Parts of Europe, and whose Writings in general are the Delight of all who peruse 'em.

Possibly

Possibly one Reason may be, the Difficulty of understanding him in any tolerable Perfection. La Fontaine is so much an Original in his Manner of Writing; has interwoven so many delicate Idioms in every Part of his Compositions; not to mention the Number of Graces in the unaffected Turn of his Verse; that a Translator, in order to transfuse these with any tolerable Propriety and Beauty into another Tongue, must not only understand the original extremely well, but also speak, and even write the Language in which it is composed.

In making this Observation, I am far from endeavouring to depreciate the Merits of any of my Fellow-Labourers in this Species of Writing, or to heighten my own; so far from it, that my only View thereby is, to apologize for the Errors I my self may have made, by hinting at the Difficulty of the present Performance, which, I presume, will be one Argument in my Favour.

'Tis

'Tis plain, that Poems which are writ on such Subjects as are either relative or adapted to Mankind in general, are much easier understood, than others which are merely national.

No learned Foreigner, who is pretty conversant in English, but understands very well most Parts of the Paradise Lost at first Reading; but how few, if any, are tolerable Masters of Hudibras? What I would hereby infer is, That the Gentlemen who gave us Translations from Boileau, Corneille, Racine and other French Poets, had, in some Respects, an easier Task than that in which I am now engag'd.

To consider their Performances in one Light, they will be found vastly more honourable, and more difficult than that which I now venture in Publick. Their Translations were in Verse, the working up of which with Strength and Delicacy, requires not only a very happy Genius, but an industrious Disposition. To the former I have not the least Pretence; and with regard to

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the

the latter, I certainly was at infinitely less Pains than those Poetical Translators. But the Circumstance in which the Province I have undertaken is more difficult than theirs, was, my being oblig'd, as a Prose-Writer, scarce ever to lose Sight of my Author, but to tread pretty close in his Steps: Whereas those Gentlemen were at liberty to leave their Originals at little Intervals, and to strike into any agreeable short Path which might catch their Eye, provided this was done by way of Excursion, and that they return'd immediately into the high Road after their Author.

My principal Design then by the present Performance is, to enable great Numbers of my Countrymen (particularly the juvenile Part of 'em in our Schools) to understand La Fontaine, much better than it will be possible for 'em to do merely by the Assistance of Dictionaries. It perhaps too may excite some of our Poets to attempt a Version of this admirable Writer, who then will be display'd in his genuine Lustre; for as I have exhibited him, he appears to great Disadvantage. That Life, that Glow of Colour-
ing,

ing, which charms so much in the Original, is in a great measure lost by my Imitation, if I may so call it; and the Difference between a Capital Piece of Titian and the Copy of it by an Engraver, will be found between our Author and my Version of him.

The only Affair then relating to my self is, whether (to carry on the Parallel) I have perform'd my Part tolerably well as an Engraver. In case this should be found, the Public will have no Reason to be dissatisfied with the Present I now make 'em; since the translating an humorous Poet into easy, flowing Prose, is no very easy Task.

As the greatest part of our Author's Tales are not fit for the Perusal of Youth, I have interspers'd his Fables with such Pieces only of that Sort, as cannot offend the chastest Ear. However, three or four of a more ludicrous Turn are thrown in at the End, which I introduc'd by way of Appendix, that such Masters as shall use this Volume for their Pupils, may order those Tales to be left out, in case they think proper.

ERRATA.

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			Boughs	
			every thing	
			some Purpose	
			who began to have but	
			little Share of the	
			Sheep	
			beckoned	
			your.	



T H E
L I F E
O F

Mr. de la *FONTAINE*.

J O H N de la Fontaine, the Author of the following Pieces, was born the 8th of July 1621, at *Chateau Thierry*; where his Father was Chief Justice in Eyre. Mr. Perrault tells us, in his *Illustrious Men*, that the latter resign'd his Post to his Son, when he was capable of exercising it; but that young *La Fontaine* had so little Inclination to Business, that he did his Duty in this Employment during Twenty Years, merely out of Complaisance to his Father. At Nineteen Years of Age, he entred among the *Fathers* of the *Oratory*, but left them Eighteen Months after. When the Reader has heard the Temper and Disposition of our Author, he will be less curious to ask, Why he left that Body; than to enquire, How

it could ever come into his Head to enter a House, the Members of which are obliged to submit to certain Rules and Institutions.

In order to attain to a thorough Knowledge of his Character, we must consider Two Things in him separately; the Man and the Poet.

Never Man had more of what the *Latins* call *Simplex*, (but of that ingenuous Simplicity which is the Lot of Childhood) than our *La Fontaine*. Let us venture to say farther; that he was a Child all his Life-time. A Child is frank, credulous, easy, free from Ambition, and without Gall. He has not the least Inclination for Riches, nor is capable of fixing long upon any Object. He seeks for nothing but Pleasure, or rather Amusement; and with regard to his Morals, he suffers himself to be guided by a faint Light, which discovers to him part of the Law of Nature. Such is the Picture, copied from the Life and in the exactest Manner, of Mr. *de la Fontaine*.

Tho' he had no great Inclination for the Marriage State, he yet entred it merely out of Complaisance to his Relations. His Wife was called *Mary Hericart*, Daughter to a Lieutenant in the Royal Bailiwick of *Ferté-Milon*; and he had a Son by her, whose Children are now living. Mrs. *la Fontaine* had a considerable Share both of Beauty and Wit; but for her Temper, it very much resembled that of Madam *Honest*, whom he describes in his Tale intitled *Belphegor*. And indeed he could find no other Secret to live in Peace with her, than that which *Belphegor* made use of: I mean, that he would leave his Wife as often, and for so long a Time as he possibly could; but without Wrangling, or coming to an open Rupture.

When

When she at any time happen'd to make him lose all Patience, he would steal quietly out of the House, and go to *Paris*, and there spend several Years, without once returning home; except when he went to sell part of his Estate. For in this Manner he subsisted at first; because neither himself nor his Wife knew how to make a proper Advantage of their Lands; which, had they been rightly improv'd, would have produced 'em a sufficient Income.

Indeed, his poetical Compositions soon gain'd him very powerful Protectors: For he receiv'd at different times very handsome Presents from Mr. *Fouquet*, who settled a Pension on him, and gave a very favourable Reception to himself and his Compositions; in several of which he has applauded his Patron in a very ingenious Manner, and described the Beauties of his House at *Vaux le Vicent*, with wonderful Grace. He likewise found a *Mæcenas* in the Duke *de Vendome*; as also in the Prince of *Conti*. But then these Presents were made but seldom; and he would have wanted much securer and more ample Revenues, had he long been his own Steward. Happily for Mr. *de la Fontaine*, Madame *de la Sabliere* eas'd him of all domestick Cares, by giving him an Apartment in her House. She was a Lady of the greatest Merit; and whose Mind, as our Author himself observes in his 216th Fable, was Beautiful as that of our Sex, and Graceful as that of her own. She delighted very much in Poetry, but much more in Philosophy; but without the least Parade or Ostentation. 'Twas for her Use, that *Bernier* drew up his Epitome of *Gassendi*. *La Fontaine* liv'd very near twenty Years at this Lady's; she provid-

ding for him in the most handsome Manner; firmly persuaded, that he was not very able to provide for himself. One day that she had given all her Servants Warning; *I have kept*, says she, *only my three Animals; my Dog, my Cat, and la Fontaine.*

To this facetious Turn, we will add that of *Madame de Bouillon*. As the Tree which bears Apples, is call'd the *Apple-Tree*; she us'd to call our Author the *Fable-Tree*, to intimate that his Fables rose spontaneously in his Brain, and were there form'd without costing him the least Pains; in the same Manner, as Apples on the Apple-Tree; So unfit did he seem for any thing, and so far from being inform'd with the least Spark of that divine Fire, which constitutes the great Poet. 'Tis certain, that no one would ever have imagin'd him to possess the Talents he was Master of, from his Physiognomy; for he ever discover'd a silly Grin, a lumpish Air, and a heavy, dead Eye. Mr. *Perrault* observes of our Author, That his finest Pieces cost him but very little Pains, because they rose from Nature; and that he scarce did any thing more than express his own Thoughts naturally, and describe himself. The Portraits which *Rigault* and *de Troyes* drew of him, are very like; but that inserted in *Perrault's Lives of Illustrious Men*, flatters him a little.

When *la Fontaine* was in Company, he very seldom open'd the Discourse; and was generally so absent in Mind, that he did not know what others were talking of. He would muse upon every thing, but without knowing distinctly what was the Subject of his Meditation. Nevertheless, when he was with intimate Friends, and the Conversation

tion happen'd to be enliven'd by some agreeable Dispute, especially over a Bottle, he then would really grow warm, and his Eyes would sparkle: On these Occasions 'twas *la Fontaine* in Person, and not a Phantom, which had assum'd his Form.

'Twas scarce possible to get a Word from him, except in private; unless the Conversation was of a facetious Turn, or nearly concern'd the Speaker. Whenever Persons in Affliction, or perplex'd with Doubts, came to ask his Advice, he not only listned with the greatest Attention, but wou'd likewise (and this, says *Abbé d' Olivet*, I know from Persons who applied to him) be mov'd to the most tender Compassion; wou'd cast about for Expedients, and always hit upon several; so that this Simpleton, in outward Appearance, who in his whole Life never took a single Step for his own private Advantage, gave admirable Advice to others. One Circumstance which few People would imagine, and which nevertheless is literally true of *la Fontaine* is, that he never let drop in Conversation, one loose Expression, or even so much as a *double Entendre*. A great Number of People us'd to urge him, by all sorts of Methods, to relate Tales like to those he wrote; but he was always deaf on these Occasions; ever discovering the highest Veneration and Respect for the Fair Sex; bestowing the highest Applauses on such among them as behaved with Dignity and Honour; and never despising those of an opposite Character.

As he was very sincere in his Words, so he was vastly credulous with regard to every thing that was told him; of which his Adventure with *Poignan*, once a Captain of Dragoons, is a Proof.

All the Hours which this *Poignan* did not pass at the Tavern, he us'd to spend in Mrs *de la Fontaine's* Company; (who, as I before observ'd, was a Madam *Honest*a, and

—extremely haughty,
And more puff'd up, as her unseemly Pride
Was cover'd with a specious Veil of Virtue.

As for Captain *Poignan*, he hadn't the least Spark of Gallantry in him; and yet Mr. *de la Fontaine* was told a great many indecent Particulars of this Gentleman and his Wife; and farther, that an everlasting Blemish wou'd be cast upon his Honour, in case he did not fight him. *La Fontaine* believ'd all this; so at four a Clock one Morning, he goes to the Captain's; desires him to throw on his Clothes, and follow him with his Sword. *Poignan* follows him, but without knowing upon what Account, or whither he was going. When they were got into the Fields, *la Fontaine* said to him, *I'll draw against thee, for I have been advis'd to it.* So, after telling him the Particulars above-mention'd, he unsheaths his Sword. The Captain immediately draws his; but having with one Thrust forc'd that of his Antagonist ten Foot from him, he conducted him back home, where they were reconcil'd over their Breakfast.

Let us figure to our selves a Commonwealth, wholly composed of Persons of the same Cast of Mind as Mr. *de la Fontaine*. Among these there wou'd be neither Fraud, Falshood, Quarrels, Law-suits, Squabbles, Luxury, Ambition, in a Word, none of those *Hydra's* which are for ever making the most dreadful Havock in Civil Society. It must

must be confess'd, that the Lands would not be very well cultivated; but this Evil would be compensated by the Suppression of Ambition and Luxury. Possibly not a Man among 'em would be capable of exercising the Magisterial Functions, nor those of the military Life; but in a Republick like that we are imaging to our selves, there would be no want either of the Magistrate or of the Soldier. The People would follow blindly the Instinct of Nature, which prompts us to content our selves with a little, and to taste such Pleasures only as are pure and innocent. We then should see that Age of Gold, which the Poets have drawn to so much Advantage, but which never had any Existence but in their Imaginations.

Abbé d' Olivet, to whom we are obliged for the Character abovemention'd of our Author, says as follows, in his Elogium of him. " All
 " were not pleas'd with my having insisted so
 " much upon Mr. *de la Fontaine's* Simplicity, the
 " last time I read this Article before the Academy;
 " and even those who did the most Justice to my
 " Intentions, advised me to suppress several Parti-
 " culars; which I therefore suppress, for fear it
 " should furnish many People with an Opportu-
 " nity of laughing at a Writer, whose Memory
 " ought to be for ever dear to Persons of Probity
 " and Honour."

Mr. *Perrault* gives the following Character of him. " As we discover the greatest Simplicity and
 " Unaffectedness in his Compositions, so the same
 " Qualities are visible in his Life and Behaviour.
 " His Tongue never bely'd his Heart, and he al-
 " ways follow'd the Dictates of his own Humour.
 " To these Qualities such an innate Humility was

“ added, as is scarce to be parallel’d; for he was
 “ humble without being either devout, or even
 “ regular in his Conduct, if we except the last
 “ Year or two of his Life, which was truly Chri-
 “ stian. He entertain’d a very mean Opinion of
 “ his own Merit; bore with the utmost Sweetness
 “ of Disposition, the ill Temper of his Friends;
 “ whom he always address’d in the kindest Terms,
 “ and never fell into a Passion, even when they
 “ said such things to him, as might have exaspe-
 “ rated the mildest Dispositions.”

To consider him now as a Poet, let us spend a few Lines on his Studies, his Taste, and his Works.

He studied under Country Masters, who taught him nothing but *Latin*; and he had attain’d his Two and twentieth Year, undetermin’d as yet what Course of Life to follow; when an Officer, who was in Winter-Quarters at *Chateau Thierry*, happen’d to read accidentally before him, with the greatest Emphasis, the Ode of *Malherbe*, in which are the following Lines.

*Que direz vous Races futures,
 Si quelquefois un vrai discours,
 Vous récite les Avantures
 De nos abominables Jours?*

The Sense of which is.

*What will ye say, O Ages yet unborn!
 Should some true, future Writer set before you,
 The horrid Scenes of these degenerate Times?*

La

La Fontaine listned to this Ode with Transports (but such as were merely mechanical) of Joy, Admiration and Astonishment. The Impression which would be made on a Man born with a great Disposition for Music, and who, after having been brought up in a Forest, should on a sudden hear a Harpsicord touch'd by a fine Finger; just such a one was suddenly made on *Mr. de la Fontaine's* Ear by Poetic Harmony. He immediately fell to reading *Malherbe*, and applied himself so closely to that Poet, that after having spent whole Nights in getting him by Heart, he us'd to go in the Day-time and repeat his Verses aloud in the Woods. It was not long before he attempted to imitate him; and his first Essays in the poetic Way, (as he himself informs us in his Epistle to *Mr. Huet*, on sending him a *Quintilian*) were after the Manner of *Malherbe*.

Je pris certain auteur autrefois pour mon maître;

*Il pensa me gâter : à la fin, grace aux Dieux,
Horace par bonheur me desilla les yeux.*

*L'auteur avoit du bon, du meilleur, & la France
Estimoit dans ses vers le tour & la cadence.*

*Qui ne les eût prisés ! J'en demeurai ravi,
Mais ses traits ont perdu quiconque l'a suivi.*

That is,

*I chose, at first, an Author for my Guide,
Who almost lost me : Afterwards, thank Heavens!
Horace remov'd the Mist, and shap'd my Way.
Malherbe had many Beauties; and the French
Approv'd the Turn and Cadence of his Lines.*

Who

Who wou'dn't have approv'd 'em? Me they charm'd.

But Obl they've fatal prov'd to Imitators.

According to Mr. *Perrault*, tho' *la Fontaine's* Father was disgusted at his Son's refusing to exercise the Employment he had bestow'd upon him, he yet was greatly pleas'd to see him study, at his Request, Poetry so assiduously; especially when he found him succeed in it so far beyond his Expectations. This old Man, continues Mr. *Perrault*, had very little Taste or Knowledge of Poesy; but yet he was passionately fond of it, and fell into the greatest Raptures upon hearing the first Verses his Son compos'd.

A Relation of his, one Mr. *Pintrel*, a Man of good Sense, and who has oblig'd the World with a Version of *Seneca's Epistles*, observ'd to our Author, that if he desir'd to complete himself in the Study of Poetry, he ought not to confine it merely to the Perusal of the *French* Poets, but should read incessantly *Horace*, *Virgil* and *Terence*. Our *la Fontaine*, following this prudent Advice, found that the *Roman* Manner of writing was more natural, more simple, and less charg'd with Tinsel Ornaments; and consequently, that the Defect in *Malherbe's* Muse was, her being too gaudy; for *la Fontaine* was delighted with Simplicity, but such a Simplicity as is of a noble and ingenious Kind.

Rabelais, whom *Boileau* us'd to call *Reason in Masquerade*, was also one of his favourite Authors; and indeed he admir'd him even to Extravagance. Every one has heard of a wild Flight on this Occasion,

caſion, of which *Mr. de Valincour* was Witneſs at *Boileau* the Poet's Houſe, where he was in Company with *Racine*, *Dr. Boileau*, and ſome other Perſons. *St. Auſtin* was at that time the Subject of their Converſation, to which *la Fontaine* liſtened with that Air of Stupidity, which was uſually viſible in his Countenance. At laſt, waking as from a deep Sleep, he aſk'd the Doctor, in a very grave Tone of Voice, Whether *St. Auſtin* had more Wit than *Rabelais*? The Doctor, after ſurveying him from Head to Foot, made him no other Answer than this: *Harkee, Mr. de la Fontaine, you have put on one of your Stockings wrong Side outwards*; which he had really done.

But of the ſeveral Models our Author propos'd to imitate, he has chiefly follow'd *Marot*, with regard to the Style. By Style I here mean a Choice of certain Expreſſions, but more particularly of certain Turns. Now as *Marot* was the firſt who hit upon the natural and unaffected Species of Writing, he has ſince been thought to have determin'd the Point of Perfection to which the *French* Tongue can be carried in that Particular; inſomuch that to this Day, notwithſtanding the great Changes which the *French* Tongue has undergone, the *Marotic* Style forms, as it were, a Tongue a-part, in which our Ear (by Habit) finds certain Delicacies and Beauties, which cannot be expreſſed by any other Style. Thus, in the *Latin* Language, for Inſtance, we find in the Measure and Turn of *Catullus's* Verſes, a certain Sprightlineſs, which is not met with in any other *Roman* Poet.

After *Marot* and *Rabelais*, he ſet the higheſt Value upon the *Aſtrea* of the celebrated *Monſieur Durſé*.

Durfé. He thence extracted the rural Images which are so familiar to him, and which have always so sweet an Effect in Poetry. He read but few *French* Authors, being better pleas'd with the *Italians*, and especially with *Ariosto* and *Boccace*, whom he has imitated but too happily, if we may use that Epithet. But a Circumstance we would scarcely imagine is, that the Works of *Plato* and *Plutarch* were his Delight. "I my self, says *Abbé Olivet*, was possess'd of the very Copies of those Authors which he made use of; there are Notes in his own Hand-writing in every Page." And I observ'd, continues the same Author, that most of those Notes were either moral or political Maxims, which he has work'd up in his Fables." As for the physical Reflexions he introduc'd in them, as also in his Poem on the *Peruvian Cortex* or *Bark*, he was less indebted for 'em to Books, than to his Conversations with the abovementioned *Mr. Bernier*, who liv'd with *Madame de la Sabliere*, at the same time as he did.

All his Compositions are not equally beautiful; the Reason of which he himself declares, *viz.* his attempting too many kinds of Writing. *I am*, says he,

*Papillon du Parnasse, & semblable aux Abeilles,
A qui le bon Platon compare nos merveilles.*

Je suis chose légère, & vole à tout sujet;

Je vais de fleur en fleur, & d'objet en objet.

A beaucoup de plaisir je mêle un peu de gloire.

J'irois plus haut peut-être au Temple de Mémoire,

Si dans un genre seul j'avois usé mes jours.

*Mais quoi? Je suis volage en vers comme en
Amour.*

That

That is,

*Parnassian Butterfly, and like the Bee,
To which our Wonders are compar'd by Plato,
Thus light am I; fly swift to every Subject,
And rove from Flower to Flower, from Shade to
Shade.*

*Fame I admire, but Pleasure is my Idol.
Perhaps my Name had soar'd to greater Heights,
Had I not struck out various Kinds of Writing:
But I'm as fickle in Poetry as Love.*

This indeed is all that can be said on the present Subject. The same Cast of Mind presided over his Compositions, as over his Behaviour. Such a Cast as is unaffected, ingenuous, reasonable, and galant; but at the same time inconstant, absent and indolent. He does not always finish a Piece; but even his most careless Compositions, his least Sketches, every where display the great Artist the Master, who is Original in many Respects. And indeed all Persons of Taste consider him as one of the Five or Six *French Poets* whom Time will revere, and in whose Works the Remains of the *French Language* will be found, in case it should ever be a dead One.

The Character Mr. *Perrault* gives of his Genius and Compositions is as follows. “ Most of his
“ Verses shew, that he had studied *Rabelais* and
“ *Marot*, and he was prodigiously fond of their
“ Works. The wonderful Talent with which Na-
“ ture endued him, was not inferior to that of
“ these two celebrated Authors, and gave occasion
“ to his composing a great Number of Pieces, all
“ which

“ which are vastly delightful. These abound with
 “ an ingenious Simplicity, a witty Unaffectedness,
 “ and an original Pleasantry, which being never
 “ flat and languid, always cause a new Surprise.
 “ These very delicate Qualities, which so easily
 “ become vicious, and produce an Effect quite con-
 “ trary to what the Author expected, have pleas’d
 “ all sorts of People, the Serious no less than the
 “ Gay, the Ladies equally with the Gentlemen,
 “ and old Men as much as Children. No Poet
 “ ought more to be consider’d as an Original, and
 “ as the greatest Artist in his Way of Writing,
 “ than *la Fontaine*. He not only invented the
 “ Species of Poetry to which he applied himself,
 “ but even carried it to its highest Point of Per-
 “ fection; so that he is the greatest Artist, both as
 “ he invented it, and as he excell’d so greatly
 “ therein, that no Person can ever obtain but the
 “ Second Place in that Kind of Poetry. He has
 “ left some little Epic Poems, in which the Beau-
 “ ties of the most sublime Poetry are conspicuous,
 “ and which alone might have gain’d him consi-
 “ derable Reputation; but he owes his great Fame
 “ principally to his unaffected, natural Pieces of
 “ Poetry. The most beautiful of his Works, and
 “ which will live for ever, is his Collection of
 “ *Æsop’s* Fables, which he has either translated
 “ or paraphrased. He has heightned *Æsop’s* good
 “ Sense, with Ornaments of his own Invention;
 “ all which are so well adapted, so judicious and
 “ gay, that ’tis scarce possible to peruse a Book
 “ which is at the same time more useful and more
 “ agreeable. He indeed didn’t invent Fables, but
 “ then he selected them with great Judgment, and
 “ generally improv’d ’em prodigiously. His Tales,
 “ most

“ most of which are little Novels work’d up in
 “ Verse, are equally beautiful, and too high a Va-
 “ lue could not be set upon these, did not a Strain
 “ of Immodesty run through most of ’em. The
 “ Images of Love are therein represented in such
 “ lively Colours, that few Books are of more dan-
 “ gerous Consequence to Youth; and yet no Man
 “ ever wrote more chastly on virtuous Subjects.
 “ ’Tis well known, that he repented, in the lat-
 “ ter part of his Life, very sincerely, the Preju-
 “ dice he had thereby done to Society. He was a
 “ Member of the *French Academy*; and when he
 “ desired to be admitted into that Body, he wrote
 “ a Letter to a Prelate belonging to it, expressing
 “ his Sorrow for having writ with so vicious a
 “ Pen, and a sincere Resolution not to compose
 “ any more Pieces of that Kind.”

About the End of the Year 1692, *la Fontaine*
 falling grievously sick, the Rector of his Parish
 (Father *Pouget*) went to visit him. After he had
 been a little time with our Poet, the Father chan-
 ged the Discourse they were upon, to the Proofs
 of Religion. *La Fontaine* had never been pro-
 fessedly impious, but always vastly indolent, with
 regard to religious Matters, as indeed to all o-
 thers. *I have lately*, said he, *begun to read the*
New Testament. *I assure you*, added he, *’tis a ve-*
ry good Book; a very good Book upon my Faith.
But there is one Article which I cannot possibly get
over; that is, the Eternity of Hell Torments. *I*
cannot, says he, *conceive, how this Eternity can be*
consistent with God’s Goodness. I shall not relate
 the Answers Father *Pouget* made, nor the great
 Pains he took for Six Weeks together, to touch
 and affect the Heart of his Penitent. But at last,

Grace

Grace made so strong an Impression on Mr. *de la Fontaine*, that he confessed in general (with the deepest Remorse) the several Particulars in which he might have offended Heaven, during his whole Life. So that, upon his going to receive the Sacrament, he express'd his Abhorrence of his *Tales*, with Tears in his Eyes; and did Penance for them before the Academy, who, at his Request, had sent their Proxies to him for that purpose; protesting, that in case God should please to restore him to his Health, he would employ his poetical Talents on pious Subjects only; and that he was determin'd to spend the Remainder of his Life, as far as his Faculties would give him Leave, in the Exercise of Penitence.

A Circumstance which may serve to shew the Idea People in general entertain'd of Mr. *de la Fontaine*, is, that his Nurse observing the great Zeal with which he was exhorted to Repentance, said one Day to Father *Pouget*, *For God, Sir, don't torment him so much; he's more stupid than wicked.* Another time she said, *God will never have the Courage to damn him.* I must not omit, that the Duke of *Burgundy*, the very Day he heard *la Fontaine* had receiv'd the Sacrament, sent him fifty *Lewis d'Or's*. He often made him such Presents, without which our Author would very probably have gone over to *England*. For after the Death of *Madame de la Sabliere*, Mr. *de St. Evremont* invited him thither, and some *English* Noblemen had agreed to settle a handsome Pension upon him. But, by the Generosity of the abovemention'd Duke, the *French* had not the Mortification to lose so excellent a Man, nor the Scandal to part with him, when

when so inconsiderable an Expence would keep him among them.

He lived, or rather languished, two Years after his Conversion. These he spent with Madam d' Hervart, in whose House he found the same Hospitality and Satisfaction he had met with at Madam de la Sabliere's. He attempted a Translation of the Church Hymns, but did not advance far in it; for the Medicines he had swallowed during the Course of his Illness, heated him so violently, that afterwards taking Barley-Water to cool himself, he quite extinguish'd his Poetic Fire, and very probably hastned his End. In proportion as his Strength decay'd, his Fervour and Austerities increas'd. His Friend Mr. de Maucroix kept the Hair-Shirt which he had on when he was undress'd, a little before his Death; he being no less sincere in his Repentance, than in all the rest of his Conduct; having never design'd to impose in any Manner either upon God or Man.

He died at *Paris*, in *Platriere Street*, April 13th 1695, aged 74 Years, with a Constancy and a Frame of Mind that was truly Christian, and was buried in *St. Joseph's Church-Yard*, in the very Place where the Remains of *Moliere* had been deposited twenty two Years before.

Here follows a List of his Works.

- I. The *Eunuch*, a Comedy, *Paris* 4^{to} 1654.
- II. *Tales and Novels in Verse*: (These contain but a Part of what was afterwards printed in *Holland*, &c. and were suppress'd by the Government.) *Paris* 12^{mo} 1665. Part II. 1666. Part III. 1671.

III. *Select Fables* in Verse. Part I. dedicated to the *Dauphin*. Paris 4^{to} 1668. Part II. dedicated to *Madam de Montespan*. 1679. Part III. dedicated to the Duke of *Burgundy*. 1693.

IV. *The Loves of Cupid and Psyche*.

V. *New Fables and other Pieces of Poetry*. (The Fables in this Volume are printed in other of his Works.) Paris 12^{mo} 1671.

VI. *A Poem on the Captivity of St. Malchus*. Paris 12^{mo} 1673.

VII. *A Poem on the Jesuit's Bark*; and other Works in Verse. Paris 1682.

VIII. *The Works, both Prose and Poetical ones, of the Sieurs de Maucroix and de la Fontaine*, 2 Vols. (The second Volume only is *la Fontaine's*) Paris 12^{mo} 1685.

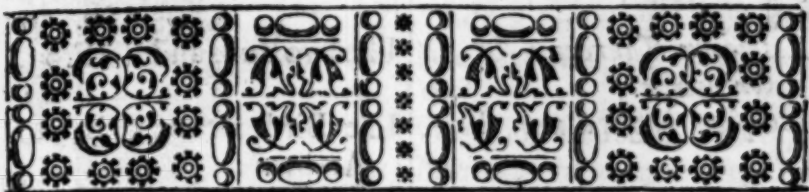
IX. *Astræa*, a Tragedy. Represented by the Academy of Music. Paris 4^{to} 1691.

X. *Posthumous Pieces*. Paris 12^{mo} 1696.

All the Works of this Author, (his *Tales* and *Fables* excepted) were published at *Paris* in three Volumes 8^{vo} 1729.

A splendid *Quarto* Edition of all his Works, embellished with Cuts by *Picart*, has been since published in *Holland*.





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FABLES

CHOISIES.

SELECT

FABLES.





F A B L E S

C H O I S I E S.



A M O N S E I G N E U R
L E D A U P H I N.

JE chante les Héros dont Esope est le Pere,
Troupe de qui l' Histoire, encor que mensongere,
Contient des veritez qui servent de leçons.
Tout parle en mon Ouvrage, & même les Poissons.
Ce qu' ils disent s' adresse à tous tant que nous sommes.
Je me sers d' Animaux pour instruire les Hommes.
ILLUSTRE REJETTON D' UN PRINCE aimé des Cieux,
Sur qui le Monde entier a maintenant les yeux,
Et qui faisant fléchir les plus superbes Têtes,
Contera désormais ses jours par ses Conquêtes :
Quelqu' autre te dira d' une plus forte voix,
Les faits de tes Ayeux & les vertus des Rois.
Je vais t' entretenir de moindres Aventures,
Te tracer en ces vers de legeres Peintures.
Et si de t' agréer je n' emporte le prix,
J' aurai du moins l' honneur de l' avoir entrepris.



SELECT
F A B L E S.



T O
His ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
D A U P H I N.

I S I N G the Heroes of whom Æsop is the Parent, a Band, whose History, though of the fictitious Kind, does yet abound with Truths, which may serve as so many Lessons to Mortals. All Things, to the very Fish, speak in the following Work. Their Discourses are directed to Mankind in general, whom I attempt to instruct by the Mediation of Beasts. Illustrious Offspring of a Prince belov'd by Heaven; a Prince on whom the Eyes of the whole World are now fix'd, and who subjecting the most haughty Monarchs, will henceforward number his Days by his Conquests: Some other Poet shall relate to thee with a more sonorous Voice, the Acts of thy glorious Ancestors, and the Virtues of Kings; but as for my self, I shall entertain Thee with Incidents of less Importance; shall trace, in these Numbers, slight, faint-colour'd Pictures; and tho' I should not be so happy as to bear away the Prize, 'twill at least be an Honour for me to have attempted it.

Le Pastre & le Lion. Le Lion & le Chasseur.

LES Fables ne font pas ce qu'elles semblent être.
 Le plus simple animal nous y tient lieu de maître.
 Une Morale nuë apporte de l'ennui :
 Le conte fait passer le precepte avec lui.
 En ces sortes de feinte il faut instruire & plaire ;
 Et conter pour conter me semble peu d'affaire.
 C'est par cette raison qu'égayant leur esprit
 Nombre de gens fameux en ce genre ont écrit.
 Tous ont fui l'ornement & le trop d'étenduë :
 On ne voit point chez eux de parole perduë.
 Phédre étoit si succint qu'aucuns l'en ont blâmé ;
 Esope en moins de mots s'est encore exprimé.
 Mais sur tous certain * Grec rencherit & se pique
 D'une elegance laconique.
 Il renferme toujours son conte en quatre Vers ;
 Bien ou mal, je le laisse à juger aux experts.
 Voions le avec Esope en un sujet semblable.
 L'un amène un Chasseur, l'autre un Pastre en sa Fable.
 J'ai suivi leur projet quant à l'événement,
 Y cousant en chemin quelque trait seulement.
 Voici comme à peu près Esope le raconte.

UN Pastre à ses Brebis trouvant quelque méconte,
 Voulut à toute force attraper le Larron.
 Il s'en va pres d'un autre, & tend à l'environ
 Des laqs à prendre Loups, soupçonnant cette engeance.

* Gabriez.

The HERDSMAN and the LION: And the LION
and the HUNTER.

FABLES are very different Things from what they appear to be. The most simple Animal, in this Species of Writing, acts the Part of a Master with regard to Mankind: A Moral, when given naked and unadorned, is dry and tedious; but when enlivened by a Tale, both are found entertaining. In these Kinds of Fictions the Writer should endeavour both to please and instruct; but to tell a Tale, merely for telling sake, is, methinks, very trifling. From this Consideration, a great Number of celebrated Authors who have compos'd Fables, have always writ in a jocose Strain: They all avoided Ornament, and aimed at Conciseness, insomuch that we don't meet with so much as one superfluous Expression in their Compositions: Phædrus was so very succinct, that some have censured him upon that Account; - and Æsop has employ'd still fewer Words in the drawing up of his Fables. But the Writer who values himself most for a concise Eloquence, and improves upon it, is one Gabriez a Grecian. This Author always includes his Tale in four Verses, but whether with Advantage, let the Judicious pronounce. We will now examine in what Manner Æsop and this other Greek treat the same Subject: The latter introduces a Hunter in his Fable, the former a Herdsman or Shepherd. I have followed their Plan with regard to the Event, only interweaving now and then some little Touch of my own. Æsop relates his Fable in pretty near the following Terms.

A Shepherd finding some of his Flock wanting, was determin'd, if possible, to find out the Thief. Upon this, he goes at a little Distance from a Cave, and spreads round it such Nets as are used in catching of Wolves, sus-

Avant que partir de ces lieux.
 Si tu fais, disoit-il, ô Monarque des Dieux,
 Que le drôle à ces laqs se preane en ma presence,
 Et que je goûte ce plaisir,
 Parmi vingt Veaux j'en veux choisir
 Le plus gras, & t'en faire offrande.

A ces mots sort de l'antre un Lion grand & fort.
 Le Pastre se tapit, & dit à demi mort,
 Que l'homme ne fait guerre, hélas ! ce qu'il demande :
 Pour trouver le Larron qui détruit mon troupeau,
 Et le voir en ces laqs pris avant que je parte,
 O Monarque des Dieux, je t'ai promis un Veau ;
 Je te promets un Bœuf si tu fais qu'il s'écarte.
 C'est ainsi que l'a dit le principal Auteur :
 Passons à son imitateur.

UN Fanfaron amateur de la chasse,
 Venant de perdre un Chien de bonne race,
 Qu'il soupçonnoit dans le corps d'un Lion,
 Vit un Berger. Enseigne-moi de grace
 De mon voleur, lui dit-il, la maison ;
 Que de ce pas je me fasse raison.
 Le Berger dit, C'est vers cette montagne.
 En lui payant de tribut un Mouton
 Par chaque mois, j'erre dans la campagne
 Comme il me plaît, & je suis en repos.
 Dans le moment qu'ils tenoient ces propos,
 Le Lion sort, & vient d'un pas agile.
 Le Fanfaron aussi-tôt d'esquiver.
 O Jupiter, montre-moi quelque azile,
 S'écria-t-il, qui me puisse sauver.

La vraie épreuve de courage
 N'est que dans le danger que l'on touche du doigt.
 Tel le cherchoit, dit-il, qui changeant de langage
 S'enfuit aussi-tôt qu'il le voit,

pecting that accursed Brood. Before he left the Place, he cried, O Monarch of the Gods! if by this Means I take in these Toils, before I go away, the Villain who has devour'd my Sheep, and that this extreme Pleasure is indulg'd me, I will select the fattest Sheep out of Twenty, and offer it up to Thee. At these Words a mighty and strong Lion issues out of the Cave, upon which the Shepherd squatted himself, and half dead with Fear, broke into the following Words: Alas! when Man makes a Request, how little does he know what it is he asks. To find out the Thief who destroys my Flock; and to see him taken in these Nets before I leave the Place, O Monarch of the Gods! I promis'd Thee a Sheep;— I now promise Thee an Ox, if Thou wilt remove him from my Sight.— In this Manner did the original Author express himself; let us now hear his Imitator.

A Vain, bragging Fellow, who delighted very much in Hunting, having just lost a Dog of an antient Breed, whom he imagin'd a Lion had devour'd, spied a Shepherd. Inform me, says he, I intreat you, where the Haunt of the villainous Creature is situated who has robb'd me, that I may do my self Justice this Instant. Says the Shepherd, 'tis towards yonder Mountain. By paying him a monthly Tribute of a Sheep, I am allow'd to rove up and down the Fields as I please, unmolested by the fierce Quadruped. The Moment he had spoke these Words, out bolts the Lion, and advances with hasty Steps. Immediately the Braggadocio takes to his Heels; O Jupiter, cried he, shew me some Place whither I may fly for Refuge.

The only Proof of true Courage, is to be expos'd to impending Danger. Many a Man pretends to go in quest of Peril, who, the Moment he sees it, flies away with the utmost Speed.



Contre ceux qui ont le gout difficile.

Quand j' aurois en naissant receu de Calliope
Les dons qu' à ses amans cette Muse a promis,
Je les consacrerois aux Mensonges d' Esope :

Le Mensonge & les Vers de tout tems sont amis.

Mais je ne me crois pas si cheri du Parnasse

Que de savoir orner toutes ces fictions :

On peut donner du Lustre à leurs inventions :

On le peut, je l' essaye, un plus sçavant le fasse.

Cependant jusqu' ici d' un langage nouveau

J' ay fait parler le Loup & repondre l' Agneau.

J' ay passé plus avant ; les Arbres & les Plantes

Sont devenus chez moi creatures parlantes.

Qui ne prendroit ceci pour un enchantement ?

Vraiment me diront nos critiques,

Vous parlez magnifiquement

De cinq ou six contes d' enfant.

Censeurs, en voulez vous qui soient plus authentiques,

Et d' un stile plus haut ? En voici. Les Troyens,

Après dix ans de guerre autour de leurs murailles,

Avoient lassé les Grecs, qui par mille moyens,

Par mille assauts, par cent batailles,

N' avoient pû mettre à bout cette fiere cité :

Quand un cheval de bois par Minerve inventé

D' un rare & nouvel artifice,

Dans ses énormes flancs receut le sage Ulysse,

Le vaillant Diomedé, Ajax l' impetueux,

Que ce Colosse monstrueux

Avec leurs escadrons devoit porter dans Troye,

Livrant à leur fureur ses Dieux mêmes en proye.

Stratagéme inouï, qui des fabriqueurs

Paya la constance & la peine.

C' est assez, me dira quelqu' un de nos Auteurs :

La periode est longue, il faut reprendre haleine.

Et

Against those of an over-delicate Taste.

HAD I received at my Birth those Gifts which the Muse Calliope indulges to her Favourites, I would devote them all to the Fictions of Æsop. Fiction and Verse have been Friends from all Ages. But I don't think my self so dear to the Divinities of Parnassus, as to be capable of adorning all those several Fictions. A Writer may give a Lustre to them; this I attempt; but 'tis for abler Pens than mine, to display them in all their Beauty. Nevertheless, I have hitherto made the Wolf speak, and the Lamb reply, in new and unusual Strains. This however is not all; for Trees and Plants are made to talk in my Fables: What Man but would look upon all this as Inchantment? But now will our Criticks say; Really, Friend, you write in very pompous Terms of five or six Tales, fit only to amuse little Children. Hark ye, Criticks; shall I present you with One that is more authentic, and express'd in a loftier Style? Take the following.— The Trojans, after having sustain'd a Ten Years Siege, at last quite tir'd out the Greeks, who had employ'd a thousand Artifices, attempted to storm Troy a thousand times, and fought a hundred Battles, and all without being able to take that proud City; when a wooden Horse invented by Pallas, (an Artifice of a new and singular Kind) receiv'd in its enormous Sides the wise Ulysses, the valiant Diomedes, the fierce and impetuous Ajax, whom the monstrous Colossus, with their several Squadrons, was to convey into Troy; delivering up the Gods themselves a Prey to their Fury: A Stratagem till then unheard of, which repaid the Toil and Perseverance of the Builders of that Work. Methinks I hear some one of our Authors cry, 'Tis enough; your Period is furiously long, and 'tis Time we take a little Breath.

Et puis vôtre Cheval de bois,
 Vos Héros avec leurs Phalanges,
 Ce sont des contes plus étranges,
 Qu'un Renard qui cajole un Corbeau sur la voix.
 De plus il vous sied mal d'écrire en si haut stile.
 Et bien, baissions d'un ton. La jalouse Amarille
 Songeoit à son Alcippe, & croyoit de ses soins
 N'avoir que ses Moutons & son Chien pour témoins.
 Tircis qui l'apperceut, se glisse entre des saules,
 Il entend la Bergere adressant ces paroles
 Au doux Zephir, & le priant
 De les porter à son Amant.
 Je vous arrête à cette rime,
 Dira mon Censeur à l'instant.
 Je ne la tiens pas legitime,
 Ni d'une assez grande vertu.
 Remettez pour le mieux ces deux vers à la fonte.
 Maudit Censeur te tairas-tu ?
 Ne faurois-je achever mon conte ?
 C'est un dessein tres-dangereux
 Que d'entreprendre de te plaire.
 Les delicats sont mal-heureux ;
 Rien ne fauroit les satisfaire.



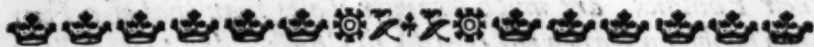
Breath. Besides, your wooden Horse, and your Heroes with their Phalanx, are much stranger Tales than that of a Fox, who bubbles a Raven out of a small Cheese. And then, it little becomes you to write in so lofty a Strain.—Well, come; we'll descend a Note lower.

*Sweet Amaryllis, blooming Fair,
By Love reduc'd to deep Despair,
Suspecting her Alcippe's Truth,
Reproach'd, in Wilds, the absent Youth;
Thinking her Sheep and Dog alone
Cou'd hear her breathe this melting Moan.*

*Thyrsis, who spy'd the love-sick Maid,
Steals to the Willow's secret Shade,
Thence hears her recommend her Sighs
To Zephyrus, and as he flies,
To tell her perjur'd Swain.—She dies.*

Hold, will my Censor cry immediately, That Rhime is far from being a good One, nor is it half strong enough. I therefore advise thee to put those two Lines again upon the Anvil—Detested Critic, wilt thou be silent? Strange! that thou wilt not give me leave to end my Tale. 'Tis very dangerous even to attempt to please such as thou.—The Over-delicate are unhappy, since there is no Possibility of satisfying them.





Le Meunier, son Fil & l'Ane,

J'AY lû dans quelque endroit, qu'un Meunier & son fils,
 L'un vieillard, l'autre enfant, non pas des plus petits,
 Mais garçon de quinze ans, si j'ay bonne memoire,
 Alloient vendre leur Ane un certain jour de foire.
 Afin qu'il fût plus frais & de meilleur débit,
 On lui lia les piés, on vous le suspendit ;
 Puis cét Homme & son fils le portent comme un lustre ;
 Pauvres gens, idiots, couple ignorant & rustre.
 Le premier qui les vit, de rire s'éclata.
 Quelle farce, dit-il, vont jouër ces gens-la !
 Le plus Ane des trois n'est pas celui qu'on pense.
 Le Meunier à ces mots connoit son ignorance.
 Il met sur pieds sa bête, & la fait détalier.
 L'Ane, qui goutoit fort l'autre façon d'aller,
 Se plaint en son patois. Le Meunier n'en a cure.
 Il fait monter son fils, il suit ; & d'aventure
 Passent trois bons Marchands. Cét objet leur déplût.
 Le plus vieux au garçon s'écria tant qu'il pût,
 Oh là oh, descendez, que l'on ne vous le dise,
 Jeune homme qui menez Laquais à barbe grise.
 C'étoit à vous de suivre, au vieillard de monter.
 Messieurs, dit le Meunier, il vous faut contenter.
 L'enfant met pied à terre, & puis le vieillard monte,
 Quand trois filles passant, l'une dit, C'est grand' honte,
 Qu'il faille voir ainsi clocher ce jeune fils ;
 Tandis que ce nigaut comme un Evêque assis,
 Fait le veau sur son Ane, & pense être bien sage.
 Il n'est, dit le Meunier, plus de Veaux à mon âge.
 Passez vôtre chemin, la fille, & m'en croyez.
 Après maints quolibets coup sur coup renvoyez,
 L'homme crû avoir tort, & mit son fils en croupe.
 Au bout de trente pas une troisième troupe
 Trouve encore à gloser. L'un dit, ces gens sont fous ;

Le



The MILLER, his SON and the Ass.

I Have read somewhere, that a Miller and his Son, the former an old Man, the latter a Child, not a very little one, but about Fifteen, (if my Memory fails me not) were going to sell their *Ass*s at a Fair. Our good Folks, in order that the Beast might be more vigorous and come to a better Market, tied his four Feet, and suspended him, after which the Man and his Son carried him as tho' he had been a Chandelier. Poor stupid Wretches, as rustic as Ignorance could make 'em! The first Person they met, burst out a laughing—What an odd Farce, says he, those Creatures are playing! He is n't the greatest *Ass* of the Three, whom People may think to be so. The Miller bearing these Words, is sensible of his Ignorance, and so sets the *Ass* upon his Feet, and makes him scamper along. The *Ass*, who was mightily pleas'd with being carried, vented his Complaints, in his Language, upon their making him walk on Foot; however the Miller disregarded his Moan, so sets his Son upon the Beast, and follows after him, when three Tradesmen happen'd to pass that Way; a Sight which no ways pleas'd 'em. The oldest of these Passengers cried as loud as he could bawl, So, ho! you Boy there, get down, or we'll make you.—You, with your grey-beard Lacquey!—Gentlemen, says the Miller, I must please you. So off the Boy jumps, and the old Man mounts the Rosinante. But now three young Women passing by, says one of them, 'Tis a burning Shame that a poor Boy should limp along in this Manner, whilst the Noodle his Father, who sits with the Gravity of a Bishop, plays the Fool on his *Ass*s, and at the same time thinks himself a very wise Man.—Go on, Girl, says the old Man, I beseech you.—After many Taunts and Jeers on both Sides, the old Fellow fancied himself in the Wrong, and so took up his Son behind him.—They had not rode above ten Yards, when a third Company fell upon them. Says one of them, These People must be distracted; the *Ass*s is quite

Le Baudet n'en peut plus ; il mourra sous leurs coups.
 Hé quoi, charger ainsi cette pauvre Bourrique ?
 N'ont-ils point de pitié de leur vieux domestique ;
 Sans doute qu'à la Foire ils vont vendre sa peau.
 Parbieu, dit le Meunier, est bien fou du cerveau
 Qui prétend contenter tout le monde & son Pere.
 Essayons toutefois, si par quelque maniere
 Nous en viendrons à bout. Ils descendent tous deux.
 L'Ane se prélassant marche seul devant eux ;
 Un quidam les rencontre, & dit ; Est-ce la mode,
 Que Baudet aille à l'aise & Meunier s'incommode ?
 Qui de l'Ane ou du Maître est fait pour se lasser ?
 Je conseille à ces gens de le faire enchasser.
 Ils usent leurs fouliers, & conservent leur Ane ;
 Nicolas au rebours ; car quand il va voir Jeanne
 Il monte sur sa bête, & la chanson le dit.
 Beau trio de Baudets ! le Meunier répartit :
 Je suis Ane, il est vrai, j'en conviens, je l'avouë,
 Mais que dorénavant on me blâme, on me louë ;
 Qu'on dise quelque chose, ou qu'on ne dise rien ;
 J'en veux faire à ma tête ; il le fit, & fit bien.



quite spent, and will certainly sink under them. Abominable! to load a poor Creature in that Manner: Barbarous sure, to have no Mercy upon their old Servant; they certainly intend to sell his Skin at the Fair. Ouns, says the Miller, that Man is a Fool who hopes to please every Body: However, let's try for once if 'tis possible by any Means to do this. Accordingly down they both get, when Rosinante easing himself after his Fatigue, walks on before 'em. But now a certain Person meets 'em, and says; Is it usual for an *Ass* to stalk along at his Ease, and for the Miller to go on Foot? Whether ought the *Ass* or the Master to tire himself? I would advise these People to get their Animal enshrin'd. They wear out their Shoes, and spare their Beast: Nicholas does the very contrary; for whenever he goes to see his Joan, he mounts his *Ass*, for so the Song tells us.—“ See there three pretty *Asses*! — Says the Miller, I am an *Ass*, I confess, I own it indeed and in Truth: But henceforward, let me be censur'd or applauded; whether People rally me or say nothing, I will do as I think proper: He did so, and acted very wisely.





Les deux Pigeons.

DEux Pigeons s'aimoient d'amour tendre :
 L'un d'eux s'ennuiant au logis
 Fut assez fou pour entreprendre
 Un voiage en lointain païs.
 L'autre lui dit : Qu'allez vous faire ?
 Voulez-vous quitter v^otre frere ?
 L'absence est le plus grand des maux ?
 Non pas pour vous, cruel : Au moins que les travaux,
 Les dangers, les soins du voiage,
 Changent un peu v^otre courage.
 Encor si la saison s'avanzoit davantage !
 Attendez les zephirs : Qui vous presse ? un Corbeau
 Tout à l'heure annonçoit malheur à quelque oiseau.
 Je ne songerai plus que rencontre funeste,
 Que Faucons, que Rezeaux. Helas ! dirai-je, il pleut :
 Mon frere a-t-il tout ce qu'il veut,
 Bon soupé, bon gîte, & le reste ?
 Ce discours ébranla le cœur
 De nôtre imprudent voyageur :
 Mais le desir de voir & l'humeur inquiete
 L'emportèrent enfin. Il dit, Ne pleurez point :
 Trois jours au plus rendront mon ame satisfaite :
 Je reviendrai dans peu conter de point en point
 Mes aventures à mon frere.
 Je le defennuirai : Quiconque ne voit guere
 N'a guere à dire aussi. Mon voiage dépeint
 Vous fera d'un plaisir extrême.
 Je dirai : j'étois-la ; telle chose m'avint,
 Vous y croirez être vous même.
 A ces mots en pleurant ils se dirent adieu.
 Le voiageur s'éloigne ; & voilà qu'un nuage
 L'oblige de chercher retraite en quelque lieu,
 Un seul arbre s'offrit, tel encor que l'orage

Mal-



The Two Doves.

TWO Doves had a tender Passion for each other, when one of them grown weary with living perpetually at home, resolv'd (silly Creature!) to take a Journey into a far-distant Country. The other cried, *What are you about? Can you then think of leaving your fond Companion? Surely Absence is the greatest of Evils! yet not to you, cruel Creature! Was, indeed, the beautiful Season of the Year nearer at hand!— Stay, at least, till the Zephyrs come among us.— Oh, why in such prodigious Haste!— 'Tis hardly a Moment since a Raven threatned some Bird with Disaster. Henceforward I shall dream of nothing but the voracious Falcon and the treacherous Net.— Alas! see how it rains!— Does not my tender Mate enjoy the utmost of his Wishes; wholesome Food, a decent Habitation;— in short, all things necessary?*

These Words stagger'd the Resolution of our imprudent Traveller: However, a Desire of seeing strange things, and a restless Principle, at last prevail'd; when he spoke thus to the desponding Dove: Cease your Tears, for in three Days, at most, my Curiosity will be fully gratified. I'll return back soon, and then will entertain you with the Particulars of whatever I have met with; and in this Manner shall divert your solitary Moments. Those who have not stirr'd from home, have very little to say; and be assur'd, that the Description of the several things I shall see, will be vastly amusing. I shall tell you of my being in such a Place, when such a Circumstance happen'd; in a Word, you'll fancy your self present at whatever I relate.— Saying this, they bid Adieu with Tears.

Our Traveller is now upon the Wing, when a black Cloud forces him to seek for Shelter: Unfortunately he meets with but a single Tree, and that too not tufted enough to screen

Mal-traita le Pigeon en dépit du feuillage.
 L'air devenu ferein il part tout morfondu,
 Seche du mieux qu'il peut son corps chargé de pluie,
 Dans un champ à l'écart voit du bled repandu;
 Voit un Pigeon auprès, cela lui donne envie:
 Il y vole, il est pris; ce bled couvroit d'un las
 Les menteurs & traitres appas.

Le las étoit usé; si bien qu'à son aile,
 De ses pieds, de son bec, l'oiseau le rompt enfin:
 Quelque plume y perit: & le pis du destin
 Fut qu'un certain Vautour a la serre cruelle
 Vit notre malheureux, qui traînant la ficelle,
 Et les morceaux du las qui l'avoit attrapé
 Sembloit un forçat échapé.

Le Vautour s'en alloit le lier, quand des nuës
 Fond à son tour un Aigle aux ailes étenduës.
 Le Pigeon profita du conflit des voleurs,
 S'envola, s'abatit auprès d'une mazure,
 Crut pour ce coup que ses malheurs
 Finiroient par cette aventure:

Mais un fripon d'enfant, (cet âge est sans pitié)
 Prit sa fronde, & du coup tua plus d'amoitié
 La volatile malheureuse,
 Qui maudissant sa curiosité,
 Trainant l'aile, & tirant le pié,
 Demi-morte, & demi-boiteuse,
 Droit au logis s'en retourna:
 Que bien que mal elle arriva,
 Sans autre aventure facheuse.

Voilà nos gens réjoints, & je laisse à juger
 De combien de plaisirs ils payerent leurs peines.
 Amans, heureux amans, voulez-vous voyager?

Que ce soit aux rives prochaines.

Soiez-vous l'un à l'autre un monde toujours beau,
 Toujours divers, toujours nouveau;

Tenez-vous lieu de tout, contez pour rien le reste.

J'ai quelquefois aimé; je n'aurois pas alors,
 Contre le Louvre & ses trésors,
 Contre le firmament & sa voute celeste,

him from the Storm.— The Sky clearing up, he sets out again, half benumb'd with Cold; dries his dripping Plumage as well as he cou'd; and spying in a remote Field, some Corn scatter'd up and down, and a Pidgeon hovering about it, is tempted to fly thither. He does so, and is taken; for under this alluring, insidious Bait, a Net was conceal'd. The Gin being old and crazy, our Dove, by Dint of Wings, Bill and Feet, at last broke his Way through, with the Loss only of a few Feathers: But unhappily, a Vulture (how cruel are their Talons!) perceiv'd our Bird, dragging a Piece of Pack-thread (a Remnant of the Snare) after him, like a Slave escap'd out of Captivity. The Vulture was going to seize him, when an Eagle with extended Wings, comes rushing from the Clouds.— The Dove taking his Opportunity while these Sons of Rapine were fiercely engag'd, flies away, and falls near the Ruins of a House. He now fancied this was the last Scene of his Misfortunes, but a roguish Boy, (and Children are insensible to Pity) whirls round his Sling, and with a Stone half kill'd the ill-fated Dove, who by this time cursing his Curiosity; his Wing trailing on the Ground; dragging his Foot after him; and limping along, half dead as he was, made the best of his Way home, where he at last arriv'd, without meeting with any other sinister Adventure.— Behold the fond Pair are met once again; and I leave the Reader to image the Joys with which they repaid all their past Anguish.

Ye Lovers! Such of you as are happy in your Loves; are you inclin'd to rove? Let me advise— Go not to far distant Shores.— Be to each other a World, still beautiful, sweetly various and ever new.— Look for Pleasures within your selves only, and disregard all things beside.—

My Soul was once sensible to a soft Passion: Blest Period of my Life! I wou'dn't then have exchang'd a Royal Palace; the Treasures of a King;— not even all the Glories of the azure Skies, for the neighbouring Groves and verdant

Changé les bois, changé les lieux,
 Honorez par les pas, éclairez par les yeux
 De l'aimable & jeune bergere,
 Pour qui sous le fils de Cythere
 Je servis engagé par mes premiers sermens.
 Helas! quand reviendront de semblables momens?
 Faut-il que tant d'objets si doux & si charmans
 Me laissent vivre au gré de mon ame inquiete?
 Ah si mon cœur osoit encor se renflâmer!
 Ne sentirai-je plus de charme qui m'arrête?
 Ai-je passé le temps d'aimer?



Meads, which were honour'd by the Presence, and enlightened by the Eyes of the amiably-blooming Shepherdes, for whose Sake I first enlisted my self under Cupid's Banner. Alas! when shall I again be blest with such rapturous Moments? Must I still wander about anxious and restless, in the midst of so many sweetly-inchanting Objects! Oh would my Heart but dare to be again inflam'd! Will it never more be fix'd by some endearing Charm! And is it too too late for me to love again?





Le Corbeau & le Renard.

M Aître Corbeau sur un arbre perché
 Tenoit en son bec un fromage.
 Maître Renard par l'odeur alleché
 Lui tint à peu près ce langage.
 Et bon jour, Monsieur du Corbeau.
 Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !
 Sans mentir si vôtre ramage
 Se rapporte à vôtre plumage,
 Vous êtes le Phœnix des hôtes de ces bois.
 A ces mots le Corbeau ne se sent pas de joye :
 Et pour montrer sa belle voix,
 Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proye.
 Le Renard s'en saisit, & dit ; Mon bon Monsieur,
 Apprenez que tout flatteur
 Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute.
 Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage sans doute.
 Le Corbeau honteux & confus
 Jura, mais un peu tard, qu' on ne l'y prendroit plus.





The RAVEN and the FOX.

A Raven was perched aloft on a shady Tree, having a small Cheese in his Bill, when a Fox, invited by the grateful Odour, address'd himself to the sable Bird, in these or such like Words. Sir Raven, good Morrow to you. How pretty, how lovely you appear to my Eye! Upon my Honour, if your Harmony be equal to your Plumage, all the wing'd Inhabitants of these Woods must confess you the Phoenix of it. The Raven overjoy'd at these Words, to prove the Delicacy of his Pipe, open'd wide his Bill, when down drops the delicious Morsel. Immediately Renard seizes it, and sneering at the Raven,—Worthy Friend, says he, learn hence that he who listens to a Flatterer will be deceiv'd. This Advice is surely worth a little Cheese.—The Raven ashamed and confounded, swore (but a little of the latest) that he'd never be catch'd so again.





La Grenouille qui se veut faire aussi grosse que le Bœuf.

UNE Grenouille vid un Bœuf,
 Qui lui sembla de belle taille.
 Elle qui n'étoit pas grosse en tout comme un œuf,
 Envieuse s'étend, & s'enfle, & se travaille
 Pour égaler l'animal en grosseur ;
 Disant, Regardez bien ma sœur,
 Est-ce assez ? dites moi, N'y suis-je point encore ?
 Nenni. M'y voici donc ? Point du tout. M'y voila ?
 Vous n'en approchez point. La chetive pecore
 S'enfla si bien qu'elle creva.
 Le monde est plein de gens qui ne sont pas plus sages :
 Tout Bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands Seigneurs ;
 Tout petit Prince a des Ambassadeurs ;
 Tout Marquis veut avoir des Pages.





The FROG that endeavours to swell her self to the Size of an OX.

A Frog cast her Eye on an Ox, and was vastly pleas'd with his comely Size. She, no bigger than an Egg, being stung with Envy, puffs, swells and labours, in order to expand her self to the Dimensions of the noble Quadruped. Lookee, lookee, Sister, says she, (puffing) is that sufficient? Not yet as big? No, replies the Sister.— Now sure I am? Still as far off.— This must do? Nothing like it.— The contemptible Animal swell'd to such a Degree that she burst.

Multitudes of People are as silly as this Frog: Every little Trader emulates the Nobleman in his Buildings; every petty Prince has his Embassadors, and every Marquis his Pages.



The



Les deux Mulets.

DEux Mulets cheminoient ; l'un d'avoine chargé ;
 L'autre portant l'argent de la Gabelle.
 Celui-ci glorieux d'une charge si belle,
 N'eût voulu pour beaucoup en être foulagé.
 Il marchoit d'un pas relevé,
 Et faisoit sonner sa sonnette ;
 Quand l'ennemi se présentant,
 Comme il en vouloit à l'argent,
 Sur le Mulet du fisc une troupe se jette,
 Le saisit au frein, & l'arête.
 Le Mulet en se défendant
 Se sent percer de coups, il gemit, il soupire.
 Est-ce donc là, dit-il, ce qu'on m'avoit promis ?
 Ce mulet qui me suit, du danger se retire,
 Et moi j'y tombe & je peris.
 Ami, lui dit son camarade,
 Il n'est pas toujours bon d'avoir un haut emploi.
 Si tu n'avois servi qu'un Meunier, comme moi,
 Tu ne serois pas si malade.





The Two MULES.

TWO Mules were travelling together, the one loaded with Oats, and the other carrying Tax-Money. The latter, proud of his glorious Load, would not for ever so much have been eas'd of it: Accordingly he pass'd along, shaking his Bells, with a majestic Air. But now a Sett of Robbers coming up, cast their Eyes on the Treasure, when flying at the Mule who carried it, some seiz'd the Bridle and stop't him. The imperious Creature resisting the Plunderers, was cruelly wounded by them; when groaning and sighing; Are then, says he, the mighty Promises which were made me come to this! the Mule who follows me is unexpos'd to Dangers, while wretched I am doom'd to Destruction.

Friend, says his Companion to him, exalted Places are sometimes fatal to those who enjoy them. Had you serv'd only a Miller as I do, your Case would not have been so desperate.



The



Le Loup & le Chien.

UN Loup n'avoit que les os & la peau ;
 Tant les Chiens faisoient bonne garde.
 Ce Loup rencontre un Dogue aussi puissant que beau,
 Gras, poli, qui s'étoit fourvoyé par mégarde.
 L'attaquer, le mettre en quartiers,
 Sire Loup l'eut fait volontiers.
 Mais il falloit livrer bataille ;
 Et le Mâtin étoit de taille
 A se défendre hardiment.
 Le Loup donc l'aborde humblement ;
 Entre en propos, & lui fait compliment
 Sur son embonpoint qu'il admire :
 Il ne tiendra qu'à vous, beau Sire,
 D'être aussi gras que moi, lui repartit le Chien.
 Quittez les bois, vous ferez bien :
 Vos pareils y sont misérables,
 Cancres, haïres, & pauvres Diables,
 Dont la condition est de mourir de faim.
 Car quoi ? Rien d'assurée : point de franche lipée ;
 Tout à la pointe de l'épée.
 Suivez moi ; vous aurez un bien meilleur destin.
 Le Loup reprit, Que me faudra-t-il faire ?
 Presque rien, dit le Chien, donner la chasse aux gens
 Portans bâtons, & mendiants ;
 Flater ceux du logis ; à son Maître complaire ;
 Moyennant quoi vôtre falaire
 Sera force reliefs de toutes les façons ;
 Os de poulets, Os de pigeons ;
 Sans parler de mainte caresse.
 Le Loup déjà se forge une félicité,

Qui



The WOLF and the MASTIFF.

A Wolf was reduc'd to Skin and Bones, so great was the Vigilance of the Dogs. Now that rapacious Creature met a strong, handsome, fat, sleek Mastiff, who had inadvertently lost his Way. The Wolf would very willingly have attack'd and tore the Mastiff to Pieces, but before this could be done, he must engage him; and he was of a Size capable to make a vigorous Defence. For this Reason, the Wolf accosts him with an Air of Humility, begins to chat, and admiring his agreeable Plight, compliments him upon it. Sir, says the Dog to him, 'tis in your own Power to be as plump as I am. I advise you as a Friend to leave the Woods; for all your Brethren, poor Creatures! lead a most pitiful wretched Life in them, and are fated to be starv'd. Consider only, they are not sure of a Morsel, not one eleemosynary Scrap; and are forc'd to fight for every Bit they eat. Come, follow me, and you'll fare much better.— Says the Wolf, What will be my Task? A very trifling one, answers the Dog; only to drive away Friars and Beggars, to sooth and flatter those of the House, studiously to please your Master; and for these little Services, you'll be rewarded with a vast Variety of Offals, such as Chicken and Pidgeon Bones; not to mention that you'll be strok'd and fondled by every body. The Wolf was already so delighted with this visionary Felicity, that Tears of Joy fell from

Qui le fait pleurer de tendresse.
 Chemin faissant il vit le col du Chien pelé.
 Qu'est-ce là ? lui dit-il. Rien. Quoi rien ? Peu de chose.
 Mais encor ? Le colier dont je suis attaché,
 De ce que vous voyez est peut-être la cause.
 Attaché ? dit le Loup, vous ne courez donc pas
 Où vous voulez ? Pas toujours, mais qu'importe ?
 Il importe si bien, que de tous vos repas
 Je ne veux en aucune sorte :
 Et ne voudrois pas même à ce prix un trésor.
 Cela dit, Maître Loup s'enfuit, & court encor.



from his Eyes. And now as both were jogging along very amicably, the Wolf observ'd that the Dog's Neck was quite bare of Hair. Bless me! says the Wolf, what's that I see? Nothing, says the Mastiff.—How nothing? A very Trifle, answers the Dog.—Nay, tell me?—Possibly, replies the Dog, the Collar, by which I am fastned, may occasion what you see. Fastned! says the Wolf, You then are not allow'd to ramble about wheresoever you please, when the Whim takes you?—Not always; but what does that signify?—So much, says the Tenant of the Forest, that I'm resolv'd not to share in any of your Dainties, and would not even accept of a Treasure upon these Conditions. Saying these Words, the Wolf made off as fast as his Legs cou'd carry him, and is still scamp'ring.



Le Loup & l' Agneau.

LA raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.
 Nous l'allons montrer tout à l'heure.
 Un Agneau se defalteroit
 Dans le courant d'une onde pure.
 Un Loup survient à jeun qui cherchoit aventure,
 Et que la faim en ces lieux attiroit.
 Qui te rend si hardi de troubler mon breuvage,
 Dit cet animal plein de rage :
 Tu seras châtié de ta temerité.
 Sire, répond l' Agneau, que vôtre Majesté
 Ne se mette pas en colere ;
 Mais plutôt qu'elle considere
 Que je me vas defalterant
 Dans le courant,
 Plus de vingt pas au dessous d'elle ;
 Et que par conséquent en aucune façon
 Je ne puis troubler sa boisson.
 Tu la troubles, reprit cette bête cruelle,
 Et je sçais que de moi tu médis l'an passé.
 Comment l'aurois-je fait si je n'étois pas né ?
 Reprit l' Agneau, je tete encor ma mere.
 Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton frere :
 Je n'en ay point, C'est donc quelqu'un des tiens :
 Car vous ne m'épargnez guere,
 Vous, vos bergers, & vos chiens.
 On me l'a dit: il faut que je me venge.
 Là dessus au fond des forêts
 Le Loup l'emporte, & puis le mange,
 Sans autre forme de procez.

The WOLF and the LAMB.

THE Reason or Argument of the most Powerful is always best, as we shall immediately show.— A Lamb was quenching his Thirst in the limpid Waters of a Brook, when a Wolf, who was fasting and in Search of Prey, happen'd to come to the same Place.— The savage Animal, swell'd with Rage, cries out; What Insolence is this, thus to ruffle the Stream at which I drink! Be assur'd, that this bold Rashness sha'n't go unpunish'd.— Sir, replies the Lamb, I beseech your Majesty not to fly into a Passion, but rather to consider, that I am quenching my Thirst above twenty Paces below the Place where you stand; and consequently, that 'tis not possible I should muddy your Liquor. You do muddy it, replies the cruel Animal, and I know that you slandered me last Year. Heavens! replied the Lamb, how cou'd that be, for I wasn't then born; alas! I still suck my Dam. If you did not slander me, replies the Wolf, your Brother did. I have no Brother, says the Lamb.— It certainly then was Somebody belonging to you: And indeed you your self, your Shepherds and your Dogs, scruple very little to blacken my Reputation. This I was told, and revenge my self I will.— Saying these Words, the Wolf seizes the Lamb, carries him into the Midst of the Forest, and eats him without any farther Ceremony.



La Mort & le Bucheron.

UN pauvre Bucheron tout couvert de ramée,
 Sous le faix du fagot aussi bien que des ans,
 Gemissant & courbé marchoit à pas pesans,
 Et tâchoit de gagner sa chaumine enfumée.
 Enfin n'en pouvant plus d'effort & de douleur,
 Il met bas son fagot, il songe à son malheur.
 Quel plaisir a-t-il eu depuis qu'il est au monde ?
 En est-il un plus pauvre en la machine ronde ?
 Point de pain quelquefois, & jamais de repos.
 Sa femme, ses enfans, les soldats, les impots,
 Le creancier, & la corvée
 Lui font d'un mal-heureux la peinture achevée.
 Il apele la mort ; elle vient sans tarder :
 Lui demande ce qu'il faut faire.
 C'est, dit-il, afin de m'aider
 A recharger ce bois ; tu ne tarderas guere.
 Le trépas vient tout guerir ;
 Mais ne bougeons d'où nous sommes.
 Plûtôt souffrir que mourir,
 C'est la devise des hommes.



DEATH and the WOODMAN.

A Poor Woodman, quite cover'd with the Leaves of Trees, bending beneath the Weight of the Fagots he was loaded with, and oppress'd with Age, was creeping along (sighing deeply all the Way he went) towards his smoaky little Cott. At last, quite spent with Grief and Struggling, he lets fall his Fagots, and ruminates upon his wretched, forlorn Condition. What Pleasure, says he, have I ever enjoy'd since I came into the World? Lives there upon the Earth a poorer Creature than I? Sometimes without even a Morsel of Bread, and never happy in a Minute's Rest. What with my Wife, my Children, the Soldiers, Taxes, Duns, and the fruitless (to me) Drudgery, which the Lord, whose Vassal I am, obliges me to undergo; I surely am the most miserable Creature that ever the Sun beheld. This said, he calls upon Death, who appears instantly, and asks what he wanted?—I only, says he, want you—just to give me a Lift—'twill be done in a Moment.—Death cures every Infirmary; but let us not stir from our Posts. Mankind have made this their Motto; Let us suffer the worst of Evils, rather than leave the World.



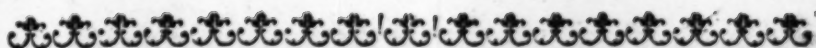
The Middle-aged MAN and his TWO MISTRESSES.

A Middle-aged Man whose Hair was turning grey, concluded that 'twas Time for him to think of marrying. Being rich, he had an Opportunity of taking his Choice. Every Fair-one was ambitious of pleasing him, but our Inamorato knowing that the wedded Estate is not to be entred into lightly, was therefore not over-hasty in fixing his Affections. Two Widows, however, had the greatest Ascendant over his Heart: The one was in the Bloom of Life; the other, who was of the ripest, studiously repair'd by Art, the Injuries which Time had done to her Face. These two Widows us'd to laugh and toy with the old Gentleman, would almost smother him with Kisses, and wanton with his Hair. The antiquated Widow was for ever pulling away the few black ones which remain'd, in order that her Spark might suit her Gravity the better; whilst on the other side, the juvenile Lady made furious Havock of all such Hairs as were of a Silver Cast. In short, our Pair of Mistresses were so very industrious, that not one single Hair was left upon the Gallant's Head, when he began to smell a Trick. Fair Ladies, says he, you have sheer'd me to a Miracle, and I return you a thousand Thanks for the Favour. I have gain'd more than I lost, for now— not a Syllable of Marriage.— She whom I should make my Wife, would oblige me to live, not as I my self wou'd, but after her Fancy: but being now a bald-pate, Engagements are consequently dissolv'd.— Fair Ladies, I am greatly oblig'd to you for your Instructions.



Le Chêne & le Roseau.

LE Chêne un jour dit au Roseau :
 Vous avez bien fujet d'accuser la nature.
 Un Roitelet pour vous est un pesant fardeau.
 Le moindre vent qui d'aventure
 Fait rider la face de l'eau
 Vous oblige à baisser la tête :
 Cependant que mon front au Caucase pareil,
 Non content d'arrêter les rayons du Soleil,
 Brave l'effort de la tempête.
 Tout vous est Aquilon ; tout me semble Zéphir.
 Encor si vous naissiez à l'abri du feuillage
 Dont je couvre le voisinage ;
 Vous n'auriez pas tant à souffrir ;
 Je vous défendrais de l'orage :
 Mais nous naissiez le plus souvent
 Sur les humides bords des Royaumes du vent.
 La nature envers vous me semble bien injuste.
 Votre compassion, lui répondit l'Arbuste,
 Part d'un bon naturel ; mais quittez ce souci.
 Les vents me sont moins qu'à vous redoutables.
 Je plie, & ne romps pas. Vous avez jusqu'ici
 Contre leurs coups épouvantables
 Résisté sans courber le dos :
 Mais attendons la fin. Comme il disoit ces mots :
 Du bout de l'Orizon accourt avec furie
 Le plus terrible des enfans
 Que le Nort eut porté jusques-là dans ses flancs.
 L'Arbre tient bon, le Roseau plie :
 Le vent redouble ses efforts,
 Et fait si bien qu'il déracine
 Celui de qui la tête au Ciel étoit voisine,
 Et dont les pieds touchoient à l'empire des morts.



The OAK and the REED.

SAYS the Oak one Day to the Reed, You very justly may accuse Nature of Partiality, since you've scarce Strength enough to support a Wren. The softest Breath of Wind that happens to ruffle the Surface of the Water, obliges you to stoop, whilst my noble Head, lofty as Mount Caucasus, not satisfied with repelling the Rays of Phœbus, braves the most impetuous Storm. The least Puff of Wind is to you a Blusterer, whilst the strongest Blast is to me a fanning Zephyr. Had you been situated beneath my tufted Foliage, which spreads so far around, you wou'd not be so wretched. I then would have skreen'd you from Tempests; but unhappy Reed! you generally spring up on the moist Banks of Æolus's Kingdom. Nature, methinks, has treated you very injuriously.— I am oblig'd to you, says the lowly Reed, for your Pity, which must necessarily flow from a tender Disposition; however,— suppress your Fears upon my Account, for know that the Winds are less formidable to me than to your self: I bend, but then never break. You have indeed hitherto resisted their terrible Blasts, without once stooping; but,— mark the End.

He had scarce spoke these Words, when the most dreadful Offspring that ever sprung from Boreas, came rushing from the Extremity of the Horizon: The Tree stands stout, whilst the Reed bends. Again the Winds come flying along, and grow so furious, that they tear up that Tree, whose Head had till then reach'd to the Skies, and its Root to the gloomy Empire of the Dead.



Les deux Taureaux & une Grenouille.

DEux Taureaux combattoient à qui posséderoit
 Une Genisse avec l'empire.
 Une Grenouille en soupiroit.
 Qu'avez-vous? se mit à lui dire
 Quelqu'un du peuple croassant.
 Et ne voyez-vous pas, dit-elle,
 Que la fin de cette querelle
 Sera l'exil de l'un; que l'autre le chassant
 Le fera renoncer aux campagnes fleuries?
 Il ne regnera plus sur l'herbe des prairies;
 Viendra dans nos marais regner sur les roseaux,
 Et nous foulant aux pieds jusques au fond des eaux,
 Tantot l'une, & puis l'autre; il faudra qu'on patisse
 Du combat qu'a causé Madame la Genisse.
 Cette crainte étoit de bon sens.
 L'un des Taureaux en leur demeure
 S'alla cacher à leurs dépens,
 Il en écrasoit vingt par heure.
 Hélas! on voit que de tout tems
 Les petits ont pati des sottises des grands.





The Two BULLS and the FROG.

TWO Bulls fought for Sovereignty, and the Possession of a favourite Heifer. A Frog was greatly afflicted at the Sight, and venting a deep Sigh,— *What ails you?* says a Sister Frog to her— *Alas!* says she, don't you perceive that this Battle will end in the Banishment of the vanquish'd Bull, who will be drove out of the blooming Plains. Afterwards, reigning no longer over the Flowers which paint the Meads, he will come and triumph over our Reeds, when trampling us, one after the other, to the very Bottom of the Marsh, we shall suffer for the Combat which the darling Heifer occasion'd. This was a just and rational Fear. One of the Bulls conceal'd himself in the Fens, to their Cost; he crushing to Death twenty Frogs every Hour.— *Alas!* we find that in all Ages, those in low Life have suffer'd for the Follies of the Great.





L' Oiseau blessé d' une flèche.

MOrtellement atteint d' une flèche empennée,
 Un Oiseau déplorait sa triste destinée.
 Et disoit en souffrant un surcroi de douleur,
 Faut-il contribuer à son propre malheur ?

Cruels humains, vous tirez de nos aîles
 De quoi faire voler ces machines mortelles ;
 Mais ne vous moquez point, engeance sans pitié :
 Souvent il vous arrive un sort comme le nôtre,
 Des enfans de Japet toujours une moitié
 Fournira des armes à l'autre,

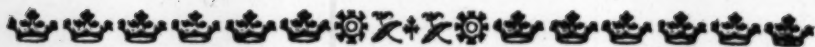




The BIRD wounded by an ARROW.

A Bird wounded mortally with a feathery Shaft, bewail'd her unhappy Fate. Alas! said she, must the deep Anguish I suffer, be aggravated by the Reflection that I my self contributed to it? Bárbarous Men! by plundering our Wings, you give a rapid Motion to your deadly Arrows. But merciless Wretches, don't laugh at us, nor boast your Triumphs, for you often meet with our unhappy Fate. One half of you will for ever furnish Weapons to destroy the other.





La Chauvesouris & les deux Belettes.

UNE Chauvesouris donna tête baissée
 Dans un nid de Belette; & sitot qu' elle y fut,
 L' autre envers les Souris de long-temps courroucée
 Pour la devorer accourut.

Quoi? vous osez, dit-elle, à mes yeux vous produire,
 Après que vôtre race a tâché de me nuire?

N' êtes-vous pas Souris? Parlez sans fiction.

Oüy vous l' êtes, ou bien je ne suis pas Belette.

Pardonnez-moi, dit la pauvrete,

Ce n' est pas ma profession.

Moi Souris! des méchans vous ont dit ces nouvelles.

Grace à l' Auteur de l' Univers,

Je suis Oyseau; voyez mes aîles:

Vive la gent qui fend les airs.

Sa raison plût, & sembla bonne.

Elle fait si bien qu' on lui donne

Liberté de se retirer.

Deux jours après nôtre étourdie

Aveuglément se va fourrer

Chez une autre Belette aux Oyseaux ennemie.

La voilà derechef en danger de sa vie.

La Dame du logis avec son long museau,

S' en alloit la croquer en qualité d' oyseau,

Quand elle protesta qu' on lui faisoit outrage.

Moi pour telle passer? vous n' y regardez pas.

Qui fait l' Oiseau? c' est le plumage.

Je suis Souris; vivent les Rats.

Jupiter confonde les Chats.

Par cette adroite repartie

Elle sauva deux fois sa vie.

Plusieurs se sont trouvez qui d' écharpe changeans

Aux dangers ainsi qu' elle, ont souvent fait la figue.

Le Sage dit, selon les gens,

Vive le Roi, vive la Ligue.



The BAT and the TWO WEASELS.

A Bat flew headlong into a *Weasel's Nest*. Immediately the latter, who had long been exasperated against Mice, ran to the sooty Animal in order to devour her. And have you, said the *Weasel*, the Assurance to appear in this Place, after your Brood has endeavoured to annoy me? Are you not a Mouse? Come, speak without Disguise: But that you are, or I am not a *Weasel*. Pardon me, says the poor Creature, I really am not of that Species. I a Mouse! no, no, some People must have told you so, merely out of Malice. Thanks to the Creator of the Universe, I am a Bird; behold my Wings: Long live the * Nation that skims the Air. Her Reason pleas'd, and was found so just, that she was allow'd to withdraw.— Two Days after, our hair-brain'd Creature goes, and heedlessly intrudes herself into the Nest of another *Weasel*, who was at Enmity with Birds. Thus her Life is a second time in Danger. The long-snouted Lady of the House, was going to seize upon the Bat, as being of the Bird-kind, when she protested that the biggest Injury was done her. I, says she, pass for one of the feather'd Race! You surely don't look. What is it that constitutes the Bird? Certainly 'tis the Plumage. I myself am a Mouse; long live all those Creatures, and may Jupiter confound every Grimal-kin. The Batt by this artful Repartee sav'd her Life twice.— Many People, like this Animal, have, by turning their Coat, laugh'd at and often rescued themselves from Danger. The wise Man cries, Up with the Whigs, or with the Tories, according to the Company he is in.

* or Species.



La Lice & sa Compagne.

UN E Lice étant sur son terme,
 Et ne sachant où mettre un fardeau si pressant,
 Fait si bien qu'à la fin sa Compagne consent,
 De lui prêter sa hute, où la Lice s'enferme.
 Au bout de quelque-tems sa Compagne revient.
 La Lice lui demande encore un quinzaine.
 Ses petits ne marchotent, disoit-elle, qu'à peine.
 Pour faire court, elle l'obtient.
 Ce second terme échû, l'autre lui redemande
 Sa maison, sa chambre, son lit.
 La Lice cette fois montre les dents, & dit :
 Je suis prête à sortir avec toute ma bande,
 Si vous pouvez nous mettre hors.
 Ses enfans étoient déjà forts.
 Ce qu'on donne aux méchans, toujours on le regrette.
 Pour tirer d'eux ce qu'on leur prête,
 Il faut que l'on en vienne aux coups ;
 Il faut plaider, il faut combattre.
 Laissez leur prendre un pied chez vous,
 Ils en auront bientôt pris quatre.





The HOUND-BITCH and Her COMPANION.

A Hound-Bitch being just ready to whelp, and not knowing where to lay down her troublesome Burthen, at last prevails with her Companion to lend her her Kennel, where the Hound-Bitch immediately shuts her self up. Some time after her Companion comes, when the Hound-Bitch desires another Fortnight, saying, that her Puppies were scarce able to walk. To make short, her Request was granted. The second Fornight elaps'd; the Proprietor asks again for her House, her Room and her Bed. But now the Hound-Bitch cries, with an Air of Defiance, Yes; I and my little Troop are all ready to march off, that is, if you can turn us away: for her Puppies were by that time pretty stout.—

We never fail to regret whatever Favours we bestow on the Worthless. Before we can recover what may have been lent them, we must go to Law, nay we must fight. Admit 'em but into your Parlour, and they'll soon range over every part of the House.



The



Le Lion & le Moûcheron.

VA-t-en chetif insecte, excrement de la terre.
 C'est en ces mots que le Lion
 Parloit un jour au Moûcheron.
 L'autre lui declara la guerre.
 Penses-tu, lui dit il, que ton titre de Roi
 Me fasse peur, ni me soucie ?
 Un bœuf est plus puissant que toi ;
 Je le meine à ma fantaisie.
 A peine il achevoit ces mots,
 Que lui-même il sonna la charge,
 Fut le Trompette & le Heros.
 Dans l'abord il se met au large ;
 Puis prend son temps, fond sur le cou
 Du Lion qu'il rend presque fou.
 Le quadrupede écume, & son œil étincelle ;
 Il rugit, on se cache, on tremble à l'environ :
 Et cette alarme universelle
 Est l'ouvrage d'un Moûcheron.
 Un avorton de Moûche en cent lieux le harcelle,
 Tantôt pique l'échine, & tantôt le museau,
 Tantôt entre au fond du nazeau.
 La rage alors se trouve à son faite montée.
 L'invisible ennemi triomphe & rit de voir,
 Qu'il n'est griffe, ni dent en la bête irritée,
 Qui de la mettre en sang ne fasse son devoir.
 Le mal-heureux Lion se déchire lui même,
 Fait resonner sa queue à l'entour de ses flancs ;
 Bat l'air qui n'en peut mais, & sa fureur extrême
 Le fatigue, l'abat : le voilà sur les dents.
 L'insecte du combat se retire avec gloire :

Comme



The LION and the GNAT.

BEGONE! paltry Insect, vile Excrement of the Earth, says the Lion one Day to the Gnat. The little Creature immediately denounc'd War against him, and said; Dost thou think that I value, or am afraid of thee, because thou hast the Title of King? An Ox is mightier than thou, and yet I turn and wind him as I please. Scarce had he utter'd these Words, when he sounded to Battle, and was himself the Trumpet and the Hero. In the Attack he takes a large Compass, then watching his Opportunity, comes rushing upon the Lion's Neck, and almost distracts him. The Quadruped foams, and his Eyes sparkle with Rage. He roars, when every Creature round trembles for Fear, and bides it self; and this universal Alarm is the Work of a Gnat. The uninform'd Offspring of a Fly plagues and harasses him all over; first stings his Back-bone, then his Snout, next flies up his Nostrils. But now the Lion was swell'd to the utmost Fury, when the invisible Enemy exults in Triumph, and laughs to see the exasperated Beast employ every Tooth, every Talon, to torture himself. Alas! the unhappy Lion tears himself, lashes his Sides with his loud-resounding Tail, beats the innocent Air, and so great is his Fury, that he droops, he sinks, and is quite spent. The Insect retires from the Combat with Glory, and as he had before

E sounded

Comme il sonna la charge, il sonne la victoire ;
 Va par tout l'annoncer ; & rencontre en chemin
 L'embuscade d'une araignée.
 Il y rencontre aussi sa fin.

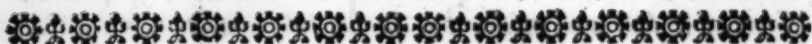
Quelle chose par là nous peut être enseignée ?
 J'en vois deux, dont l'une est qu'entre nos ennemis
 Les plus à craindre sont souvent les plus petits ;
 L'autre qu'aux grands perils tel a pû se soustraire,
 Qui perit pour la moindre affaire.



sounded to Battle, he now proclaims the Victory; spreads the News of it far and wide, but in his Way meets with a Cobweb, in which a Spider lay in Ambush, and there loses his Life.

Two Things are taught in this Fable; first, that the smallest and most insignificant Enemy often does us the greatest Prejudice; Secondly, that a Man after escaping the greatest Dangers, often perishes where scarce any was imagin'd.





L' Ane chargé d' Eponges, & l' Ane chargé de Sel.

UN Anier, son Sceptre à la main,
 Menoit en Empereur Romain
 Deux Courriers à longues oreilles.
 L'un d' éponges chargé marchoit comme un Courier ;
 Et l'autre se faisant prier
 Portoit, comme on dit, les bouteilles.
 Sa charge étoit de sel. Nos gaillards pelerins
 Par monts, par vaux, & par chemins
 Au gué d' une riviere à la fin arriverent,
 Et fort empêchez se trouverent.
 L' Anier qui tous les jours traversoit ce gué là,
 Sur l' Ane à l' éponge monta,
 Chassant devant lui l' autre bête,
 Qui voulant en faire à sa tête
 Dans un trou se precipita,
 Revint sur l' eau, puis échapa :
 Car au bout de quelques nâgées
 Tout son sel se fondit si bien,
 Que le Baudet ne sentit rien
 Sur ses épaules soulagées.
 Camarade Epongier prit exemple sur lui,
 Comme un Mouton qui va dessus la foi d' autrui.
 Voilà mon Ane à l' eau, jusqu' au col il se plonge,
 Lui, le conducteur, & l' Eponge.
 Tous trois beurent d' autant ; l' Anier & le Grifon
 Firent à l' Eponge raison.
 Celle-ci devint si pesante,
 Et de tant d' eau s' emplit d' abord,
 Que l' Ane succombant ne pût gagner le bord.
 L' Anier l' embrassoit dans l' attente
 D' une prompte & certaine mort.
 Quelqu' un vint au secours : qui ce fut, il n' importe ;
 C' est assez qu' on ait veu par là qu' il ne faut point
 Agir chacun de même forte.
 J' en voulois venir à ce point.



The Two ASSES, One loaded with SPUNGES,
and the Other with SALT.

AN *Afs-Man*, brandishing his *Whip* as tho' it had been a *Scepter*, led, with the *Air* of a *Roman Emperor*, two long-ear'd *Coursers*. The one, loaded with *Spunges*, tripp'd away as nimbly as a *Race-Horse*; whilst the other, who could hardly be prevail'd upon by *Stroaks* to go forward, carried, as we say, the *Bottles*, he being loaded with *Salt*. And now our jovial *Pilgrims*, after having past over *Mountains*, *Vallies*, and *High-ways*, came at last to a *Ford* which was very difficult to pass. The *Afs-Man*, who cross'd it daily, jump'd on the *Rosinante* that was loaded with *Spunges*, and drove the other before him. This *Afs* being head-strong, came souse into a *Hole*, but rose again to the *Surface* of the *Water*, and got safe out; for after he had paddled a little, the *Salt* was so well melted, that his *Shoulders* were quite disencumber'd. His long-ear'd *Brother*, *Sheep-like*, was willing to imitate the excellent *Example* that was set him, and plunges in to the *Neck*; when instantly, himself, his *Leader*, and the *Spunges* were compleatly duck'd. They all drank their *Fill*, the *Afs-Man* and *Rosinante* pledging the *Spunges*, which by this time were become so heavy, and suck'd in so much *Water*, that the *Afs*, quite oppress'd, cou'd not get to *Shore*. Poor *Pilgarlic* the *Rider* hugg'd his *Beast* very close, expecting every *Moment* that both would go to the *Bottom*. However, somebody came to their *Assistance*, but *Who*, is nothing to the *Purpose*: Suffice it that this shews, *All* are not to act the same *Part*; which was the *Thing* I intended to prove.



Le Lion & le Rat.

IL faut autant qu'on peut obliger tout le monde.
 On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.
 De cette vérité deux Fables feront foi ;
 Tant la chose en preuves abonde.
 Entre les pattes d'un Lion,
 Un Rat sortit de terre assez à l'étourdie.
 Le Roi des animaux en cette occasion
 Montra ce qu'il étoit, & lui donna la vie.
 Ce bien-fait ne fut pas perdu.
 Quelqu'un auroit-il jamais cru
 Qu'un Lion d'un Rat eût affaire ?
 Cependant il avint qu'au sortir des Forêts,
 Ce Lion fut pris dans des rets,
 Dont ses rugissemens ne le pûrent défaire.
 Sire Rat accourut, & fit tant par ses dents,
 Qu'une maille rongée emporta tout l'ouvrage :
 Patience & longueur de temps
 Font plus que force ni que rage.





The LION and the RAT.

WE should oblige every one to the utmost of our Power, for we often want the Assistance of Persons infinitely beneath our selves. This Truth shall be shown by Two Fables, so many are the Proofs that may be given of it.

A Rat rose (inconsiderately enough) out of the Ground, and fell into the Paws of a Lion: The King of the Beasts prov'd the Greatness of his Soul on this Occasion, by giving the helpless Creature its Life. This beneficent Act did not go unrewarded; but who could have thought that a Lion would want the Assistance of a Rat? Yet it happen'd that the noble Animal, coming out of the Forests, fell into the Toils, when he roar'd, but all to no Purpose. The Rat comes running, and play'd his Part so well with his Teeth, that one Stitch being broke, a Hole was soon made large enough for the Captive to escape at.— Time and Patience can effect more than either Force or Fury.



La Colombe & la Fourmi.

L' Autre exemple est tiré d'animaux plus petits.
 Le long d'un clair ruisseau beuvoit une Colombe :
 Quand sur l'eau se panchant une Fourmi y tombe.
 Et dans cét Ocean l'on eut veu la Fourmi
 S'efforcer, mais en vain, de regagner la rive.
 La Colombe aussi-tôt usa de charité.
 Un brin d'herbe dans l'eau par elle étant jetté,
 Ce fut un promontoire où la Fourmi arrive.
 Elle se sauve ; & là-dessus
 Passe un certain Croquant qui marchoit les pié nus.
 Ce Croquant par hazard avoit une arbalète.
 Dès qu'il voit l'oiseau de Venus
 Il le croit en son pot, & déjà lui fait fête.
 Tandis qu'à le tuer mon Villageois s'apprête,
 La Fourmi le pique au talon.
 Le Vilain retourne la tête.
 La Colombe l'entend, part, & tire de long.
 Le soupé du Croquant avec elle s'envole :
 Point de Pigeon pour une obole.



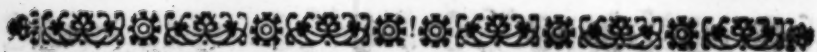


The DOVE and the ANT.

THE other Example is borrowed from more minute Animals. A Dove was straying along the Banks of a Rivulet, and sipping as he went, when an Ant who was stooping over the Crystal Stream, fell in. The helpless Insect thus plung'd in this Ocean, struggled, but in vain, to get to Land. The Dove being touch'd with Compassion, threw into the Brook a Blade of Grass, which prov'd a kind of Promontory to the Ant, who at last got safe to Shore. A little after, a poor miserable Fellow, quite barefoot, past by, who happen'd to have a Cross-bow. The Instant he spied the Bird of Venus, he fancied her in his Pipkin, and blessed himself for the delicious Morsel. The Rustic was going to take his Aim, and to bring down the feathery Innocent, when the Ant stung him in the Heel, at which he started, and look'd behind him. The Noise alarm'd the Dove, who immediately sprung up, and flew to a great Distance, and consequently carried off the Lout's Supper. Not a Pidgeon for an Obolus.



The



Le Coq & le Renard.

SUR la branche d'un arbre étoit en sentinelle

Un vieux Coq adroit & matois :

Frere, dit un Renard adoucissant sa voix,

Nous ne sommes plus en querelle.

Paix generale cette fois.

Je viens te l'annoncer ; descends que je t'embrasse.

Ne me retarde point de grace :

Je dois faire aujourd' hui vingt postes sans manquer,

Les tiens & toi pouvez vaquer,

Sans nulle crainte à vos affaires :

Nous vous y servirons en freres.

Faites-en les feux dès ce soir.

Et cependant vien recevoir

Le baiser d'amour fraternelle.

Ami ; reprit le Coq, je ne pouvois jamais

Apprendre une plus douce & meilleure nouvelle

Que celle

De cette paix.

Et ce m' est une double joye

De la tenir de toi. Je vois deux Levriers

Qui je m' assure sont couriers,

Que pour ce sujet on envoie.

Ils vont vite, & feront dans un moment à nous.

Je descends ; nous pourrons nous entrebaiser tous.

Adieu, dit le Renard : ma traite est longue à faire.

Nous nous réjoüirons du succès de l'affaire

Une autre fois. Le galant aussi-tôt

Tire ses gregues, gagne au haut,

Mal-content de son stratagème ;

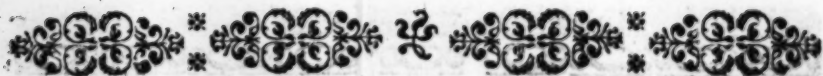
Et nôtre vieux Coq en soi-même

Se mit à rire de sa peur ;

Car c' est double plaisir de tromper le trompeur.

The Cock and the Fox.

A Sly, cunning old Cock was standing Centinel on a Bough, when a Fox, softning his Voice, cries, Brother Chanticleer, our Divisions are now at an End, and I come to conclude a general Peace with you. I my self am the Herald on this Occasion, and therefore come down, I beseech you, that we may embrace. Be quick, pray now, for I have the Lord knows how many Miles to go this blessed Day. You and yours may pursue your Affairs without being under any Apprehensions upon my Account; nay I my self will assist you very amicably in them. Let Bonfires be made on the Occasion, this very Evening; and in the mean time, come, and take a tender, fraternal Kiss.— Friend, replies Chanticleer, this Peace is the best, the most joyful News I cou'd possibly have heard, and to hear it from you is a double Satisfaction. I spy two Grey-bounds at a Distance, who certainly are dispatch'd as Couriers upon this Occasion; they run very swift, and will be up with us instantly. I'll come down, that we may all kiss. Adieu, says Renard, I have a long Way to go; we'll suspend the Rejoycing for our successful Treaty till some other time. Immediately Renard moves off, and flies up the Hills, very much dissatisfied with his Stratagem, whilst old Chanticleer laughs inwardly at the Fox's Terror; for to deceive the Deceiver is a double Pleasure.



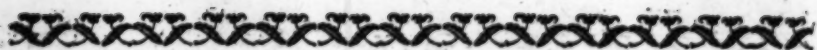
Le Pan se plaignant à Junon.

LE Pan se plaignoît à Junon.
 Déesse, disoit-il, ce n'est pas sans raison,
 Que je me plains, que je murmure ;
 Le chant dont vous m'avez fait don
 Déplait à toute la nature :
 Au lieu qu'un Rossignol, chetive creature,
 Forme des sons aussi doux qu'éclatans ;
 Est lui seul l'honneur du Printemps,
 Junon répondit en colere ;
 Oiseau jaloux & qui devoit te taire ;
 Est-ce à toi d'envier la voix du Rossignol ?
 Toi que l'on voit porter à l'entour de ton col
 Un arc-en-ciel nué de cent sortes de foyes ;
 Qui te panades, qui déployes
 Une si riche queue, & qui semble à nos yeux
 La Boutique d'un Lapidaire ?
 Est-il quelque oiseau sous les Cieux
 Plus que toi capable de plaire ?
 Tout animal n'a pas toutes proprietez,
 Nous vous avons donné diverses qualitez,
 Les uns ont la grandeur & la force en partage ;
 Le Faucon est léger, l'Aigle plein de courage,
 Le Corbeau sert pour le présage,
 La Corneille avertit des malheurs à venir :
 Tous sont contens de leur ramage :
 Cesse donc de te plaindre, ou bien pour te punir
 Je t'ôterai ton plumage.



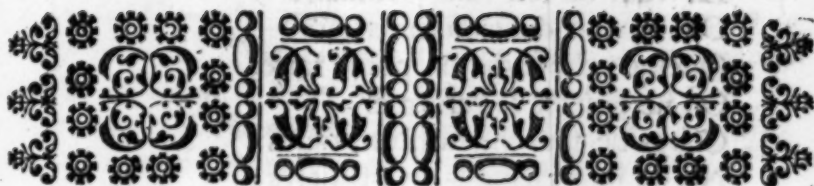
The PEACOCK offering up his COMPLAINTS
to J U N O.

THE Peacock complain'd to Juno, saying, O Goddess,
I have but too just Reason to murmur. The Voice
which you have given me, displeases all Nature; whilst the
Nightingale, that pitiful, little Animal, boasts the sweetest,
and at the same time the strongest Pipe; and reigns the un-
rival'd Songstress of the Spring. Juno reply'd with Anger,—
Jealous Bird, who hast so much Reason to be silent; canst
thou, with the least Shadow of Reason, envy the Nightingale
his enchanting Voice; thou, whose Neck is embellish'd with
all the resplendent Colours of the Rainbow! Thou, who stalk-
est along with so haughty an Air; who displayest so gaudy,
so rich a Train, that it seems one continued Blaze of the
most costly Jewels. Is any Bird under Heaven more capa-
ble, than thou, of giving Delight? Know, that it is not for
every Individual to enjoy the whole Round of valuable Pro-
perties and Qualities, but these are divided among you. To
some, Bulk and Strength is allotted; the Falcon is swift-
wing'd; the Eagle courageous; the Raven is for Omens;
the Crow forewarns of Evils to come; and all are satisfied
with the Voice they receiv'd from Nature. Cease therefore
thy Complaints, for otherwise I shall strip thee of thy beau-
tiful Plumage.



La Chate metamorphosée en Femme.

UN homme cherissoit éperdument sa Chate,
 Il la trouvoit mignonne, & belle, & delicate,
 Qui miauloit d' un ton fort doux :
 Il étoit plus fou que les foux.
 Cet homme donc par prieres, par larmes,
 Par sortileges & par charmes,
 Fait tant qu' il obtient du destin,
 Que sa Chate en un beau matin
 Devient femme, & le matin même
 Maître sot en fait sa moitié.
 Le voilà fou d' amour extrême,
 De fou qu' il étoit d' amitié.
 Jamais la Dame la plus belle
 Ne charma tant son favori,
 Que fait cette épouse nouvelle
 Son hypocondre de mari.
 Il l' amadouë, elle le flatte,
 Il n' y trouve plus rien de Chate :
 Et poussant l' erreur jusqu' au bout
 La croit femme en tout & par tout.
 Lors que quelques Souris qui rongeoient de la natte
 Troublèrent le plaisir des nouveaux mariez.
 Aussi-tôt la femme est sur piés :
 Elle manqua son avanture.
 Souris de revenir, femme d' être en posture.
 Pour cette fois elle accourut à point ;
 Car ayant changé de figure
 Les Souris ne la craignoient point.
 Ce lui fut toujours une amorce,
 Tant le naturel a de force.



The CAT transform'd into a WOMAN.

A Man was distractedly fond of his Puss, who appear'd pretty, beautiful and delicate in his Eye; he was highly delighted with the Softness of her Miau; in short, no Madman was ever so mad as he. At last, this crazy Creature by Prayers, by Tears, by Charms and Incantations, prevails so far with Fate, that Puss was one Morning metamorphos'd into a Woman, and that very Morning Mr. Simpleton makes her his Wife. But now he is as much distracted with Love, as he had before been by Friendship. The most beautiful Woman that ever liv'd, never charm'd her Inamorato so much, as this new Bride did her frantic Husband. He strokes Puss; Puss is fond of him; and seems to have quite put off the Cat. He was carrying his Error so far, as to believe her a Woman in all Modes and Forms, when some Mice, who were nibbling the Mat, interrupted the Delights of our new-married Couple. Immediately the Bride springs after the Mice, who happen'd to be too nimble for her. A Moment after they come again; and again she is upon the Watch. But this time she ran to no Purpose; for appearing under a different Shape, the Mice were not afraid of her. She for ever had a Hankering after those Creatures, so strong is Nature; which, when we are come to a certain Age,

Il se moque de tout, certain âge accompli.
 Le Vase est imbibé, l' étoffe a pris son pli.
 En vain de son train ordinaire
 On le veut desacoûtumer.
 Quelque chose qu' on puisse faire,
 On ne sauroit le reformer.
 Coups de fourche ni d' étrivieres
 Ne lui font changer de manieres ;
 Et, fussiez-vous embâtonnez,
 Jamais vous n' en ferez les maîtres.
 Qu' on lui ferme la porte au nez,
 Il reviendra par les fenêtrés.



Age, is indeed unsurmountable. Then, our Habits have taken too deep Root ever to be remov'd; and we endeavour in vain to divert them from their usual Course. How great soever our Struggles may be, 'twill be impossible for us to correct Nature: Nor can we change her, tho' we employ offensive Weapons. Were we arm'd with Clubs; still she would come off victorious: Should you shut the Door upon her; she would certainly come in at the Window.





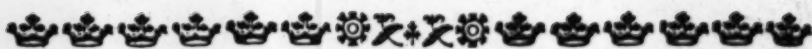
Le Lion & l' Ane chassant.

LE Roi des Animaux se mit un jour en tête
De giboyer. Il celebrait sa fête.
Le gibier du Lion ce ne sont pas moineaux ;
Mais beaux & bons Sangliers, Daims & Cerfs bons &
beaux.
Pour réussir dans cette affaire,
Il se servit du ministère
De l'Ane à la voix de Stentor.
L'Ane à Messer Lion fit office de Cor.
Le Lion le posta, le couvrit de ramée,
Lui commanda de braire, assuré qu'à ce son
Les moins intimidés fuïroient de leur maison.
Leur troupe n'étoit pas encore accoutumée
A la tempête de sa voix :
L'air en retentissoit d'un bruit épouvantable :
La frayeur faisoit les hôtes de ces bois.
Tous fuyoient, tous tombaient au piège inévitable
Où les attendoit le Lion.
N'ay je pas bien servi dans cette occasion ?
Dit l'Ane, en se donnant tout l'honneur de la chasse ;
Oüy, reprit le Lion, c'est bravement crié.
Si je ne connoissois ta personne & ta race
J'en serois moi-même effrayé.
L'Ane s'il eût osé se fût mis en colere,
Encor' qu'on le raillât avec juste raison :
Car qui pourroit souffrir un Ane fanfaron ;
Ce n'est pas là leur caractère.



The LION and the Ass Hunting together.

THE Monarch of the Plains, one Day (that of his Birth) resolved to go upon a Party of Hunting. Sparrows are not Game for the Lion, but stout wild Boars and stately Deer. To have the better Sport, he employ'd the Ass, whose Stentor-like Voice was to perform the Office of the Hunting-Horn. The Lion fix'd the Ass to his Post, cover'd him with Leaves of Trees, and commanded him to bray; firmly persuaded that the least fearful among the Beasts would fly from their Retreats. The Tenants of the Woods being not yet accustomed to the Thunder of the Ass's Voice, which eccho'd dreadfully, were instantly seiz'd with Terror, when all taking to their Heels, they fell into the Snares which the Lion had laid for 'em. Says the Ass, (ascribing to himself all the Honour of the Chase) have not I been of admirable Service upon this Occasion? You made, answer'd the Lion, a most heroic Noise; and had I not known you personally and the illustrious Family you spring from, I myself shou'd have been frighted. The Ass was so highly offended, that had he dar'd, he wou'd have discover'd his Resentment at this Sneer, which, however, was a very just one; for who cou'd bear to see an Ass act the Swaggerer.



Le Loup devenu Berger.

UN Loup qui commençoit d'avoir petite part
Aux Brebis de son voisinage ;

Crut qu'il falloit s'aider de la peau du Renard,
Et faire un nouveau personnage.

Il s'habille en Berger, endosse un hoqueton ;

Fait sa houlette d'un bâton ;

Sans oublier la Cornemuse.

Pour pousser jusqu'au bout la ruse,

Il auroit volontiers écrit sur son chapeau,

C'est moi qui suis Guillot Berger de ce troupeau.

Sa personne étant ainsi faite,

Et ses piés de devant posez sur sa houlette,

Guillot le * Sycophante approche doucement.

Guillot le vrai Guillot étendu sur l'herbette

Dormoit alors profondement.

Son chien dormoit aussi, comme aussi sa musette.

La plupart des Brebis dormoient pareillement.

L'hypocrite les laissa faire :

Et pour pouvoir mener vers son fort les brebis,

Il voulut ajoûter la parole aux habits,

Chose qu'il croioit nécessaire.

Mais cela gâta son affaire.

Il ne pût du Pasteur contrefaire la voix.

Le ton dont il parla fit retentir les bois,

Et découvrir tout le mystere.

Chacun se réveille à ce son,

Les Brebis, le Chien, le Garçon.

Le pauvre Loup dans cet esclandre

Empêché par son hoqueton,

Ne pût ni fuir ni se défendre.

Toujours par quelque endroit fourbes se laissent prendre.

Quiconque est Loup, agisse en Loup.

C'est le plus certain de beaucoup.

* Trompeur.

Le



The WOLF turn'd SHEPHERD.

A Wolf who had just begun to plunder the Sheep in his Neighbourhood, fancied 'twou'd be proper for him to put on the Fox's Skin, and so appear in a new Character. Accordingly he disguises himself in a Shepherd's Dress, throws on a Frize Coat, makes a Crook of a Stick, and does not forget the Bag-pipe. To compleat his Stratagem, he would willingly have writ on his Hat, I am Colin the Shepherd of this Flock. Thus metamorphos'd, and laying his Fore-feet on the Crook, the insidious Colin creeps softly towards the Sheep. The true Colin was then extended on the Grass, in a deep Sleep, his Dog and his Pipe also, and most of the Sheep snoring round. The Hypocrite let 'em sleep on, and would gladly, the better to allure the Sheep to his Retreat, have beighten'd his Disguise with articulate Sounds, persuaded that these would be of great Service to him. But this spoilt all, it being impossible for him to mimic the Shepherd's Voice. His frightful Tone eccho'd to the Woods, and so discover'd the whole Affair, by waking the Sheep, the Dog and the Boy. The unhappy Wolf, encumbred with the Frize Coat, found it impossible for him to get out of the Scrape, he being unable either to fly or to defend himself.

Knaves have always some Blind-side. A Wolf should therefore always act as such, that being the most likely Way for him to succeed.



Le Renard & le Bouc.

C Apitaine Renard alloit de compagnie
Avec son ami Bouc dés plus haut encornez.
Celui-ci ne voyoit pas plus loin que son nez.
L'autre étoit passé maître en fait de tromperie.
La soif les obligea de descendre en un puis.

Là chacun d'eux se desaltère.

Après qu'abondamment tous deux en eurent pris,
Le Renard dit au Bouc: Que ferons-nous compere?
Ce n'est pas tout de boire; il faut sortir d'ici.
Leve tes piés en haut, & tes cornes aussi:
Mets-les contre le mur. Le Long de ton eschine

Je grimperai premierement;
Puis sur tes cornes m'élevant,
A l'aide de cette machine
De ce lieu-ci je sortirai,

Après quoi je t'en tirerai.

Par ma barbe, dit l'autre, il est bon; & je louë
Les gens bien sensez comme toi.

Je n'aurois jamais quant à moi
Trouvé ce secret, je l'avouë.

Le Renard sort du puis, laisse son compagnon,
Et vous lui fait un beau sermon
Pour l'exhorter à patience.

Si le Ciel t'eut, dit-il, donné par excellence
Autant de jugement que de barbe au menton,
Tu n'aurois pas à la légère

Descendu dans ce puis. Or adieu, j'en suis hors:
Tâche de t'en tirer, & fais tous tes efforts:

Car pour moi j'ay certaine affaire,
Qui ne me permet pas d'arrêter en chemin.
En toute chose il faut considérer la fin.



The Fox and the HE-GOAT.

RENARD was jogging along with an old Acquaintance, a He-Goat, whose Head was adorn'd with a fine Pair of Horns. The latter was a meer Simpleton, but the former was as arch a Knave as ever deceiv'd. Now both being very thirsty went down into a Well, and there tippled very lustily. After they had drunk their Fill, says Renard to the Goat, Gaffer, How must we do? We have tippled indeed, but that is n't all; the Business is, how to get out? Harkee, do you set your Feet and Horns against the Wall, I'll first climb up your Back, then raising my self on your Horns, I'll get out by that Means, and afterwards draw you up from your Confinement. By my Beard, says Numps, an admirable Thought! I have a high Value for People of Sense like you, and will confess that I my self should never have found out this Method. Renard gets out of the Well, and leaves his simple Camerade in it, but was humane enough to preach to him on the Excellency of Patience. Had Heaven, says the Wag, indulg'd you as much Sense as Beard, you wou'dn't have gone down so heedlessly into the Well. But, Thanks to my Stars, I'm safe out, and so good by'e: However, I advise you to exert your utmost Strength and Cunning to get out, for a very urgent Affair prevents my Stay.— In all Things we undertake, the End ought to be considered.



L'Yvrogne & sa femme.

CHacun a son défaut où toujours il revient :
 Honte ni peur n'y remédie.
 Sur ce propos d'un conte il me souvient :
 Je ne dis rien que je n'appuye
 De quelque exemple. Un suppot de Bacchus
 Alteroit sa santé, son esprit & sa bourse.
 Telles gens n'ont pas fait la moitié de leur course,
 Qu'ils sont au bout de leurs écus.
 Un jour que celui-ci plein du jus de la treille,
 Avoit laissé ses sens au fond d'une bouteille,
 Sa femme l'enferma dans un certain tombeau.
 Là les vapeurs du vin nouveau
 Cuverent à loisir. A son réveil il trouve
 L'attirail de la mort à l'entour de son corps,
 Un luminaire, un drap des morts.
 Oh ! dit-il, qu'est ceci ? ma femme est-elle veuve ?
 La-dessus son Epouse en habit d'Alecton,
 Masquée, & de sa voix contre-faisant le ton,
 Vient au prétendu mort ; approche de sa biere ;
 Lui présente un chaudreau propre pour Lucifer.
 L'Epoux alors ne doute en aucune maniere
 Qu'il ne soit citoyen d'enfer.
 Quelle personne es-tu ? dit-il à ce phantome.
 La celeriere du Royaume
 De Satan, reprit-elle ; & je porte à manger
 A ceux qu'enclot la tombe noire.
 Le Mari repart sans songer ;
 Tu ne leur portes point à boire ?



The DRUNKARD and his WIFE.

EVERY Man has some Frailty which cleaves so strongly to him, that neither Shame nor Fear can eradicate it. This calls to my Mind a Tale; for 'tis my Custom to illustrate every Assertion I make by some Example.

A certain Votary of Bacchus, quaff'd so immoderately, that he destroy'd his Health and his Intellects, and quite emptied his Purse. Persons of this Character have spent all their Substance, before half their Thread of Life is spun. One Day that our Bacchanal had drunk very copiously of the enlivening Juice, and left his Senses at the Bottom of the alluring Flask, his Wife buried him in a certain Vault, where the Fumes of the new Wine evaporated at leisure. But now waking, he finds himself surrounded with the mournful Equipage of the Dead; a dim Taper burning, and himself wrapt in a Shroud. Mercy! cries he; what's all this? Is my Wife then a Widow? A Moment after, his Wife, dress'd like one of the Furies, a Mask on, and changing the Tone of her Voice, advances towards her imaginary dead Husband, draws near his Coffin, and presents him with a Mess of Porridge, fit only for Satan. The Husband after this is fully persuaded that he is an Inhabitant of the infernal Regions.— *Who art thou,* says he to the gloomy Phantom? *Principal Cook,* says she, *in the Dominions of Lucifer; and 'tis my Office to carry Victuals to all who are shrouded in the dark Sepulchre.*— Says the Husband, (very naturally, and without Reflexion) *But, d' ye bring 'em no Liquor?*



Le Loup & la Cicogne.

LES Loups mangent gloutonnement.
 Un Loup donc étant de frairie,
 Se pressa dit-on tellement,
 Qu' il en pensa perdre la vie.
 Un os lui demeura bien avant au gosier.
 De bonheur pour ce Loup qui ne pouvoit crier,
 Prés de là passe une Cicogne.
 Il lui fait signe, elle accourt.
 Voilà l' Operatrice aussi tot en besogne.
 Elle retira l' os ; puis pour un si bon tour
 Elle demanda son salaire.
 Votre salaire ? dit le Loup :
 Vous riez ma bonne commere.
 Quoi, ce n' est pas encor beaucoup
 D' avoir de mon gosier retiré votre cou ?
 Allez, vous êtes une ingrata ;
 Ne tombez jamais sous ma pate.





The WOLF and the STORK.

WOLVES eat like so many Gluttons. 'Tis said that one of these rapacious Animals being at a Feast, gutted down his Viſuals ſo faſt, that he had like to have been choak'd. A Bone ſtuck very deep in his Throat, when very luckily for our Wolf, who cou'dn't cry out, a Stork paſt that Way. The Wolf nodded to her; ſhe came up; and immediately the feathery Empyric goes to Work, draws the Bone out, and aſks a Reward for her Service. Reward! ſays the Wolf? ha! ha! ſurely you joke my dear Friend. I'll warrant now you don't think your ſelf oblig'd to me for letting you draw your Neck out of my Throat? Go, go; you are an ungrateful Wretch; take Care how you fall a ſecond Time under my Paw.



Le Cigne & le Cuifinier.

DAns une ménagerie
 De volatiles remplie
 Vivoient le Cigne & l'Oïson :
 Celui-là destiné pour les regards du maître,
 Celui-ci pour son gout, l'un qui se piquoit d'être
 Commensal du Jardin ; l'autre de la maison.
 Des fosses du Chateau faisant leurs galeries,
 Tantôt on les eut veus côte à côte nâger,
 Tantôt courir sur l'onde, & tantôt se plonger,
 Sans pouvoir satisfaire à leurs vaines envies.
 Un jour le Cuifinier ayant trop beu d'un coup
 Prit pour Oïson le Cigne ; & le tenant au cou,
 Il alloit l'égorger, puis le mettre en potage.
 L'oiseau prêt à mourir se plaint en son ramage.
 Le Cuifinier fut fort surpris,
 Et vit bien qu'il s'étoit mépris ;
 Quoi ? je mettrois, dit-il, un tel chanteur en soupe ?
 Non, non, ne plaîse aux Dieux que jamais ma main coupe
 La gorge à qui s'en sert si bien.
 Ainsi dans les dangers qui nous suivent en croupe
 Le doux parler ne nuit de rien.



The SWAN and the Cook.

IN a Yard stock'd with a Variety of Fowl, a Swan and a Gosling liv'd. The former had been purchas'd to delight the Master's Eye, and the latter to regale his Appetite; The Swan look'd upon herself as the principal Boarder of the House, and the Gosling of the Garden. The Moats round the Country-Seat were to them as Galleries. Now they were seen swimming by each other's Side; then coursing up and down the Stream, and the next Moment diving into it, and seem'd never to have Wantoning enough. One Day the Cook having taken a Cup too much, mistook the Swan for the Gosling, and taking the Silver-plum'd Bird by the Neck, was going to thrust in his Knife, in order to make a Soop of her, with other Ingredients. The Bird finding her Death so near, began to warble forth her Complaints, which surpriz'd the Cook very much, who now was sensible of his Mistake.— And, was I, says he, going to murder so sweet a Musician? Heavens forbid that my Hand should ever be guilty of thrusting a Knife into so melodious a Throat!— By this we see, That soft Speech is never prejudicial to us in impending Dangers.



Les Loups & les Brebis.

A Prés mille ans & plus de guerre déclarée,
 Les Loups firent la paix avecque les Brebis.
 C'étoit aparemment le bien des deux partis:
 Car si les Loups mangeoient mainte bête égarée,
 Les Bergers de leur peau se faisoient maints habits.
 Jamais de liberté, ni pour les pâturages,
 Ni d'autre part pour les carnages.
 Ils ne pouvoient jouir qu'en tremblant de leurs biens.
 La paix se conclut donc ; on donne des otages ;
 Les Loups leurs Louveteaux, & les Brebis leurs Chiens.
 L'Echange en étant fait aux formes ordinaires,
 Et réglé par des Commissaires,
 Au bout de quelque-temps que Messieurs les Louvats
 Se virent Loups parfaits & friands de tuërie ;
 Ils vous prennent le temps que dans la Bergerie
 Messieurs les Bergers n'étoient pas ;
 Etranglent moitié des Agneaux les plus gras ;
 Les emportent aux dents ; dans les bois se retirent.
 Ils avoient averti leurs gens secretement.
 Les Chiens, qui sur leur foi reposoient seurement,
 Furent étranglez en dormant.
 Cela fut si-tôt fait qu'à peine ils le sentirent.
 Tout fut mis en morceaux ; un seul n'en échapa.
 Nous pouvons conclure de là
 Qu'il faut faire aux méchans guerre continuelle.
 La paix est fort bonne de foi :
 J'en conviens, mais dequoi sert-elle
 Avec des ennemis sans foi ?



The WOLVES and the SHEEP.

THE Wolves concluded a Peace with the Sheep, after having been in open War with them for upwards of a thousand Years. This Treaty was in all Probability of Advantage to both Parties; for as the Wolves prey'd on many a straggling Sheep, so the Shepherds turn'd many a Wolf's Hide into a Coat. The Sheep did not dare to graze in the verdant Lawn, nor the Wolves to make the least Harrook. They were afraid every Instant of having their Possessions torn from them. A Peace was therefore concluded, and Hostages were given on each Side; the Wolves resigning up their Cubs, and the Sheep their Dogs. These being exchanged with the usual Formalities, and regulated by Commissioners, some time after, when the Cubs were grown up and greedy of Slaughter, they watch'd their Opportunity when the Shepherds were not in the Sheepfold, and falling upon the innocent Lambs, strangled half of the fattest among 'em; then carry'd 'em off in their Teeth, and fled to the Forests. The Cubs had sent Notice of their Design to the Wolves, when the Dogs, relying on their Fidelity, slept so securely, for alas! they were strangled in their Sleep, and so expeditiously, that they scarce felt the Stroke. So general was the Slaughter, that not a single Dog escap'd.— Hence we may infer, That the Wicked ought to be pursued with perpetual War. 'Tis confess'd that Peace is a Blessing in it self, but to what Purpose would it be to conclude it with Enemies, who have no Regard to Oaths?

Philomele & Progné.

Autrefois Progné l'hirondelle
 De sa demeure s'écarta ;
 Et loin des Villes s'emporta
 Dans un bois où chantoit la pauvre Philomele.
 Ma sœur, lui dit Progné, comment vous portez-vous ?
 Voici tantôt mille ans que l'on ne vous a vûë :
 Je ne me souviens point que vous soyez venuë
 Depuis le temps de Thrace habiter parmi nous.
 Dites-moi, que pensez-vous faire ?
 Ne quitterez-vous point ce séjour solitaire ?
 Ah ! reprit Philomele, en est-il de plus doux ?
 Progné lui repartit ; Et quoi, cette musique
 Pour ne chanter qu'aux animaux ?
 Tout au plus à quelque rustique ?
 Le desert est-il fait pour des talens si beaux ?
 Venez faire aux citez éclater leurs merveilles.
 Aussi bien en voyant les bois,
 Sans cesse il vous souvient que Terée autrefois
 Parmi des demeures pareilles,
 Exerça sa fureur sur vos divins appas.
 Et c'est le souvenir d'un si cruel outrage,
 Qui fait, reprit sa sœur, que je ne vous suis pas.
 En voyant les hommes, hélas !
 Il m'en souvient bien davantage.



PHILOMELA and PROGNE.

IN former Times, Progne the Swallow, flew from her Dwelling, and wing'd her Way far from Cities to a shady Grove, where unhappy Philomela us'd to pour forth her melodious Grief. Sister, says Progne, how fares it with you? 'Tis now almost a thousand Years since we set Eyes upon one another. I don't remember that you've come once to reside among us, ever since the Thracian Age saw our sad Catastrophe. But tell me; what is it you intend to do? Won't you leave your solitary Abode?— Alas! replied the winged Warbler, can a more happy Abode be found? Progne replied; did Heaven indulge you so ravishing a Pipe, merely to sing to Brutes, or at best, to tickle the Ear of some tasteless Peasant? Is the pathless Desert worthy of such excellent Talents? Come to Cities, and there display their Wonders to Persons of Judgment. Besides, the Sight of the Groves recalls perpetually to your Mind, that Tereus antiently wreak'd his Fury on your dazzling Charms, in Shades like these. The Remembrance of that barbarous Outrage, replies Philomela, is the very Reason why I must refuse to follow you; for alas! the Sight of Mankind brings it much stronger to my Memory.





La Belette entrée dans un Grenier.

DAmoiselle Belette au corps long & floüet,
Entra dans un Grenier par un trou fort étroit.
Elle sortoit de maladie.

Là vivant à discretion,
La galande fit chere lie,
Mangea, rongea ; Dieu fait la vie,
Et le lard qui perit en cette occasion.

La voila pour conclusion
Grasse, maflüe, & rebondie.

Au bout de la semaine ayant diné son fou,
Elle entend quelque bruit, veut sortir par le trou ;
Ne peut plus repasser, & croit s'être méprise.

Après avoir fait quelques tours,
C'est, dit-elle, l'endroit, me voilà bien surprise ;
J'ay passé par ici depuis cinq ou six jours.

Un Rat qui la voioit en peine
Lui dit, Vous aviez lors la panse un peu moins pleine :
Vous êtes maigre entrée, il faut maigre sortir.
Ce que je vous dis là, l'on le dit à bien d'autres.
Mais ne confondons point, par trop approfondir,
Leurs affaires avec les vôtres.





The WEASEL who had crept into a GRANARY.

A Weasel squeez'd her long, lank Carcass, through a very narrow Hole, into a Granary. Being just recovered from a Fit of Sickneſs, and at full Liberty to range, ſhe made ſweet Havock, feeding on unnumber'd Dainties; ſo that ſhe led a moſt glorious Life, and devour'd the Lord knowſ how much Bacon. But now ſhe is grown very plump, and even bloated to ſuch a Degree, that ſhe can ſcarce ſee out of her Eyes. At the End of the Week, after having eat her Belly-full, ſhe hears a little Noiſe, and was for running out at the Hole. However, ſhe could not get through again, ſo fancied ſhe was miſtaken: Upon this ſhe turns and winds to different Parts of the Granary, and cries, This certainly muſt be the Place I came in at; here I am catch'd, for I crept through this Hole but five or ſix Days ago.— A Rat, who ſaw the Perplexity ſhe was under, cried out, Friend, your Paunch waſn't then quite ſo full as 'tis now: You were very meagre at your Coming in, and muſt be in the ſame Condition before you can get out. What I now ſay to you, is ſaid to many others. But don't let us, by diving too far, confound their Affairs with yours.





Le Chat & un vieux Rat.

J' Ay leu chez un conteur de Fables
 Qu' un second Rodilard, l' Alexandre des Chats,
 L' Attila, le fleau des Rats,
 Rendoit ces derniers misérables.
 J' ay leu, dis-je, en certain auteur,
 Que ce Chat exterminateur,
 Vrai Cerbere, étoit craint une lieuë à la ronde ;
 Il vouloit de Souris dépeupler tout le monde.
 Les planches qu' on suspend sur un léger appui,
 La mort aux Rats, les Souricières,
 N' étoient que jeux au prix de lui.
 Comme il voit que dans leurs tanieres
 Les Souris étoient prisonnières ;
 Qu' elles n' osoient sortir ; qu' il avoit beau chercher ;
 Le galant fait le mort ; & du haut d' un plancher
 Se pend la tête en bas. La bête scelerate
 A de certains cordons se tenoit par la pate.
 Le peuple des Souris croit que c' est châtiment ;
 Qu' il a fait un larcin de rot ou de fromage.
 Egratigné quelqu' un, causé quelque dommage ;
 Enfin qu' on a pendu le mauvais garnement.
 Toutes, dis-je, unanimement
 Se promettent de rire à son enterrement ;
 Mettent le nez à l' air, montrent un peu la tête ;
 Puis rentrent dans leurs nids à rats ;
 Puis ressortant font quatre pas ;
 Puis enfin se mettent en quête.
 Mais voici bien une autre fête.
 Le pendu ressuscite ; & sur ses pieds tombant
 Attrape les plus paresseuses.

Nous



The CAT and an Old RAT.

I Have read in some Fabulist, that a second Rodilard, the Alexander among Cats; the Attila, the Scourge of Rats, made these Creatures very miserable. I have read, I say, in a certain Author, That this all-destroying Cat (a second Cerberus) was dreaded a League round the Place where he liv'd, and was determin'd quite to rid the World of Mice. Such Boards as are hung up slightly by way of Trap, Ratsbane, and Mouse-traps, made but a trifling Havock in comparison of the Destruction he wrought. Observing that the Mice kept snug in their Holes; immur'd themselves, did not once dare to stir out, and that he hunted and mouz'd about to no Purpose; what does Grimalkin do, but feign himself dead, and suspends himself from a Shelf with his Head downwards. The wicked, insidious Animal hung by the Paws to certain Strings. As to the Mice, they were simple enough to believe that he had been hung there for some Exploit; for making a little free with Cheese or Roast-meat; that he had scratch'd somebody, had play'd a wicked Trick; in short, that the Knave was compleatly hang'd. They all, I say, flatter themselves with the Hopes of laughing at his Burial; then thrust their Snouts out at the Holes, peep out a little, and draw their Heads in the next Moment: They next venture quite out of their Recesses, advance a Step or two, and at last embolden'd, roam about in search of Prey. But now behold a surprizing Change! for Grimalkin rises from the Dead, then coming plump upon his Feet, seizes on the hind-

Nous en savons plus d'un, dit-il en les gobant :
 C'est tour de vieille guerre ; & vos cavernes creuses
 Ne vous sauveront pas ; je vous en avertis ;

Vous viendrez toutes au logis.

Il prophetizoit vrai ; nôtre maître Mitis
 Pour la seconde fois les trompe & les affine ;

Blanchit sa robe, & s'enfarine ;

Et de la forte déguisé

Se niche & se blotit dans une huche ouverte :

Ce fut à lui bien avisé ;

La gent trôte menu s'en vient chercher sa perte.

Un Rat sans plus s'abstient d'aller flairer au tour.

C'étoit un vieux routier ; il savoit plus d'un tour ;

Même il avoit perdu sa queue à la bataille.

Ce bloc enfariné ne me dit rien qui vaille,

S'écria-t-il de loin au General des Chats.

Je soupçonne dessous encor quelque machine.

Rien ne te sert d'être farine ;

Car quand tu serois sac je n'approcherois pas.

C'étoit bien dit à lui ; j'approuve sa prudence ;

Il étoit expérimenté ;

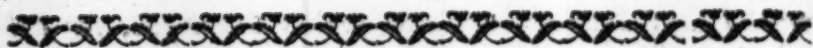
Et savoit que la méfiance

Est mere de la feureté.



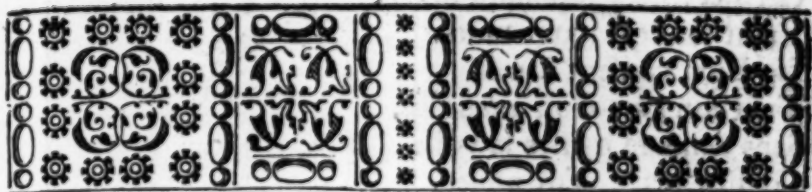
most. *We have more Stratagems than one, says Puss, as he gobbled 'em down. This is an old Trick; and remember what I say; Your hollow Caves sha'n't secure you, for I'll snap you all up one after another. Grimalkin was a true Prophet, and is too sharp for 'em a second Time; for rolling himself in the Meal, he makes his Fur as white as Milk, and in this Disguise squats himself in a Meal-tub. 'Twas an excellent Artifice; for here the Mice come running, and find their Doom. One Rat only resisted the Temptation, and forbore to go and smell round the wily Creature. This Rat was as cunning as Puss could be, and had more Tricks than one in his Budget, having even lost his Tail in an Engagement. Ha! cries he, standing at a Distance from General Grimalkin, I don't like that powder'd Log there; something whispers me there's Roguery conceal'd under it. 'Tis to no Purpose for thee to be Meal, for wert thou a Sack, I wou'd not advance.— The Rat was in the right, and his Prudence Praise-worthy. He was an arch, experienc'd Blade, and knew that Diffidence is the Parent of Security.*





Le Lion amoureux.

DU temps que les bêtes parloient,
 Les Lions entre-autres vouloient
 Etre admis dans nôtre alliance.
 Pourquoi non ? puisque leur engeance
 Valoit la nôtre en ce temps-là,
 Ayant courage, intelligence,
 Et belle hure outre cela.
 Voici comment il en alla.
 Un Lion de haut parentage
 En passant par un certain pré,
 Rencontra Bergere à son gré.
 Il la demande en mariage.
 Le pere auroit fort souhaité,
 Quelque gendre un peu moins terrible :
 La donner lui sembloit bien dur ;
 La refuser n' étoit pas sûr.
 Même un refus eut fait possible,
 Qu' on eut veu quelque beau matin
 Un mariage clandestin.
 Car outre qu' en toute maniere
 La belle étoit pour les gens fiers ;
 Fille se coëffe volontiers
 D' amoureux à longue criniere.
 Le Pere donc ouvertement
 N' osant renvoyer nôtre amant,
 Lui dit : Ma fille est delicate ;
 Vos griffes la pourront blesser
 Quand vous voudrez la caresser.
 Permettez donc qu' à chaque pate
 On vous les rogne : & pour les dents,
 Qu' on vous les lime en même-temps.



The LION in LOVE.

IN the Days of Yore when Brutes spoke, the Lions, among others, were desirous of concluding an Alliance with Mankind. And why not? since their Species might be put upon a Level with ours in that Age; they being inform'd with Courage, Understanding; and besides graced with a majestic Head. But to come to our Story.

A Lion descended from illustrious Ancestors, passing thro' a certain Meadow, there met a Shepherdes who struck his Eye. Upon this he goes to her Father, and desires to have her for a Wife. The old Man wou'd willingly have had a Son-in-law not quite so furious. He thought 'twould be barbarous to give her up to the Embraces of a Lion, and yet scarce dar'd to refuse his Request; for in that Case, he consider'd that the Quadruped would probably run away with his Daughter, and marry her clandestinely, she being resolv'd to have a brave Man for her Husband, not to mention that Girls are fond of such Lovers as boast the longest Hair. Her Father, as was pretended, not daring to give the Gallant a flat Denial, spoke thus to him: My Daughter is a soft, tender Creature, and therefore your Claws, (in your reciprocal Caresses) would hurt her. Suffer them then to be cut, and at the same time let a File be ap-

ply'd

Vos baisers en feront moins rudes,
 Et pour vous plus délicieux ;
 Car ma fille y répondra mieux
 Etant sans ces inquietudes.
 Le Lion consent à cela
 Tant son ame étoit aveuglée.
 Sans dents ni griffes le voila
 Comme place démantelée.
 On lâcha sur lui quelques chiens,
 Il fit fort peu de résistance.
 Amour, amour, quand tu nous tiens,
 On peut bien dire, Adieu prudence.



ply'd to your Teeth. Thus will your Kisses be softer, and more delicious to you, for as my Girl will then be free from these Inquietudes, she consequently will correspond with greater Ardor to your Endearments.—

Love had rais'd so thick a Mist before the Lion's Eyes, that he consents to the Proposal; when behold him despoil'd of his Teeth and Talons, like to a dismantled Fortres; and in this Condition several Dogs being let loose upon him, he made but very little Resistance.—

O Love! when once thou hast got the Ascendant, we may very justly say, Farewel Prudence.

This Moral may be thus express'd in Verse.

*When Love has once engross'd the Mind,
We give our Prudence to the Wind.*



Le Berger & la Mer.

DU rapport d'un troupeau dont il vivoit sans soins,
 Se contenta long-temps un voisin d'Amphitrîte.
 Si sa fortune étoit petite,
 Elle étoit feure tout au moins.
 A la fin les trefors déchargez sur la plage
 Le tenterent si bien qu'il vendit son troupeau ;
 Trafiqua de l'argent, le mit entier sur l'eau ;
 Cét argent perit par naufrage.
 Son maître fut réduit à garder les Brebis ;
 Non plus Berger en chef comme il étoit jadis,
 Quand ses propres Moutons païssoient sur le rivage ;
 Celui qui s'étoit veu Coridon ou Tircis
 Fut Pierrot & rien davantage.
 Au bout de quelque-temps il fit quelques profits ;
 Racheta des bêtes à laine ;
 Et comme un jour les vents retenant leur haleine
 Laïssoient paisiblement aborder les vaisseaux ;
 Vous voulez de l'argent, ô Mesdames les Eaux,
 Dit-il, adressez-vous, je vous prie, à quelque-autre ;
 Ma foi vous n'aurez pas le nôtre.

Ceci n'est pas un conte à plaisir inventé.
 Je me fers de la verité
 Pour montrer par experience,
 Qu'un fou quand il est asséuré
 Vaut mieux que cinq en esperance :
 Qu'il se faut contenter de sa condition ;
 Qu'aux conseils de la Mer & de l'Ambition
 Nous devons fermer les oreilles.
 Pour un qui s'en louëra, dix mille s'en plaindront.
 La Mer promet monts & merveilles ;
 Fiez-vous-y, les vents & les voleurs viendront.



The SHEPHERD and the OCEAN.

A Man who liv'd near the Element over which Neptune presides, had past many Years in Tranquility and Ease, supported by the Produce of his Flock. His Fortune was small, but then it was secure. At last, the various Treasures loaded on the Strand, tempted him to sell his Flock, upon which he traded with the Money, and venturing his whole Stock on the Sea, all was lost. After this sad Reverse, the Owner of it was forced to tend Sheep, but not in Quality of chief Shepherd, as formerly, when his own Sheep graz'd along the Shore. He who before was dignified with the Name of Corydon or Thyrsis, was now plain Peter, and no more. By his Care and Industry he, in a few Years, had got a little Money, upon which he bought a few Sheep. One Day, as the Winds blew very gently, and suffer'd the Vessels to come peaceably to Shore; Insidious Element, says he, what! you want a little Money? But address your self elsewhere, for not a Farthing shall you have from me.

This is not a Random Tale, but under it Truth is shadowed, in order to shew by Experience, That a Fool who stands upon sure Ground, stands a better Chance than five who depend on Hope: That we ought to be satisfied with our Condition; should be deaf to the Counsel of the Sea and of Ambition, since for one who will have Reason to be satisfied with them, ten will curse their Fate. The Sea indeed, promises Wonders, but trust to it, and your Expectations will be blasted by Winds and by Robbers.



L' Ane & le petit Chien.

NE forçons point nôtre talent ;
 Nous ne ferions rien avec grace.
 Jamais un lourdaud, quoi qu' il fasse,
 Ne sauroit passer pour galant.
 Peu de gens que le Ciel chérit & gratifie
 Ont le don d' agréer infus avec la vie,
 C' est un point qu' il leur faut laisser ;
 Et ne pas ressembler à l' Ane de la Fable,
 Qui pour se rendre plus aimable
 Et plus cher à son Maître, alla le caresser.
 Comment, disoit-il en son ame,
 Ce Chien parce qu' il est mignon
 Vivra de pair à compagnon
 Avec Monsieur, avec Madame,
 Et j' aurai des coups de bâton ?
 Que fait-il ? il donne la pate,
 Puis aussi-tôt il est baissé ;
 S' il en faut faire autant afin que l' on me flate,
 Cela n' est pas bien mal-aisé.
 Dans cette admirable pensée,
 Voyant son Maître en joye, il s' en vient lourdement ;
 Leve une corne toute usée ;
 La lui porte au menton fort amoureuxment.
 Non sans accompagner pour plus grand ornement
 De son chant gracieux cette action hardie.
 Oh oh ! quelle careffe, & quelle melodie !
 Dit le Maître aussi-tôt, Hola, Martin bâton.
 Martin bâton accourt ; l' Ane change de ton.
 Ainsi finit la Comedie.



The Ass and the Little Dog.

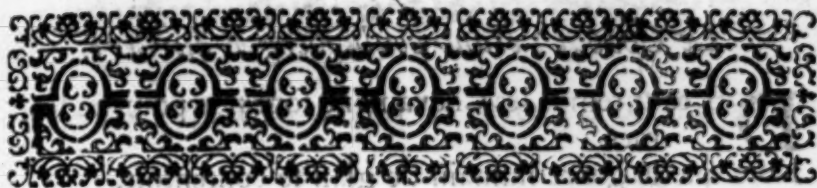
WE should never force the Talent we receiv'd from Nature, for then every Thing we do will be ungraceful. A lumpish Creature, tho' he take the utmost Pains, will never catch a graceful Air. Very few (and such are the Darlings of Heaven) are born with the Gift of Pleasing. This is a Talent we must leave to those happy Creatures, and not imitate the Ass in the Fable, who to make himself the more amiable to, and endear himself the more with his Master, went to hug him. Isn't it, says the Ass to himself, very pretty, that the Dog, because he's so dapper, shall think himself a Companion for our Master and Mistress, whilst poor I meet with nothing but Blows? And what mighty Matter does he do? He puts up his Foot, and immediately he's kiss'd. Well, if this must be done before I can be made much of, 'twill be no difficult Matter for me to do the same. Fir'd with this admirable Thought, and seeing his Master in a very good Humour, he goes up to him very awkwardly, lifts up his worn-out Hoof, and fondly strokes the Gentleman's Chin with it; not forgetting to set off this bold Action with his delightful Voice. Says the Master, What Music, what Fondling have we here? So! ho, Tom, Will, Jack, a Cudgel! The Cudgel comes, and immediately the Ass changes his Note. In this Manner the Farce ends.



Le Geay paré des plumes du Pân.

UN Pân muoit ; un Geay prit son plumage ;
 Puis après se l'accommoda ;
 Puis parmi d'autres Pâns tout fier se panada,
 Croyant être un beau personnage.
 Quelqu'un le reconnût ; il se vit basfoüé,
 Berné, sifflé, moqué, joué.
 Et par Messieurs les Pâns plumé d'étrange sorte :
 Même vers ses pareils s'étant réfugié
 Il fut par eux mis à la porte.
 Il est assez de Geais à deux piés comme lui.
 Qui se parent souvent des dépouilles d'autrui,
 Et que l'on nomme plagiaires.
 Je m'en tais, & ne veux leur causer nul ennui ;
 Ce ne sont pas là mes affaires.





The JAY adorn'd with the PEACOCK's Plumes.

A Peacock was moulting, when a Jay gather'd up the scatter'd Feathers, and afterwards decking her self with them, stalk'd majestically among the Peacocks, and fancy'd herself a vastly beautiful Creature. She happen'd however to be known, and thereupon was mock'd, ridicul'd, hiss'd at, and stripp'd of all her borrow'd Splendor, by the glorious Birds: Upon which she fled for Shelter to her Sister-Jays, who, instead of giving her a favourable Reception, booted her from among them.—

There are a Multitude of Jay-like human Creatures, who frequently enrich themselves with the Spoils of other Men, and are called Plagiaries. But I shall say no more, being resolv'd not to give 'em any Uneasiness, for 'tis an Affair that no ways concerns me.



Le Cheval s'étant voulu venger du Cerf.

DE tout temps les Chevaux ne font nez pour les hommes.

Lors que le genre humain de glair se contentoit,
Ane, Cheval, & Mule aux forêts habitoient ;
Et l'on ne voyoit point, comme au Siecle où nous sommes,

Tant de selles & tant de bâts,

Tant de harnois pour les combats,

Tant de chaïses, tant de carosses ;

Comme aussi ne voyoit-on pas

Tant de festins & tant de nœces.

Or un Cheval eut alors différent

Avec un Cerf plein de vitesse,

Et ne pouvant l'attraper en courant,

Il eut recours à l'Homme, implora son adresse.

L'homme lui mit un frein, lui sauta sur le dos,

Ne lui donna point de repos

Que le Cerf ne fût pris, & n'y laissât la vie.

Et cela fait, le Cheval remercie

L'Homme son bien-faiteur, disant, Je suis à vous.

Adieu. Je m'en retourne en mon séjour sauvage.

Non pas cela, dit l'Homme, il fait meilleur chez nous :

Je vois trop quel est vôtre usage.

Demeurez donc, vous serez bien traité,

Et jusqu'au ventre en la litiere.

Helas ! que fert la bonne chere

Quand on n'a pas la liberté ?

Le Cheval s'apperceut qu'il avoit fait folie ;

Mais il n'étoit plus temps : déjà son écurie

Etoit prête & toute bâtie.

Il y mourut en trainant son lien ;

Sage s'il eut remis une légère offense.

Quel que soit le plaisir que cause la vengeance,

C'est l'acheter trop cher, que l'acheter d'un bien

Sans qui les autres ne font rien.



Le Renard & le Buste.

LES Grands pour la plupart sont masques de theatre;
 Leur apparence impose au vulgaire idolâtre.
 L' Ane n'en fait juger que par ce qu'il en voit.
 Le Renard au contraire à fonds les examine,
 Les tourne de tout sens; & quand il s'apperçoit
 Que leur fait n'est que bonne mine,
 Il leur applique un mot qu'un Buste de Heros
 Lui fit dire fort à propos.
 C'étoit un Buste creux, & plus grand que nature;
 Le Renard en louant l'effort de la sculpture,
Belle tête, dit-il, mais de cervelle point.
 Combien de grands Seigneurs sont Bustes en ce point?



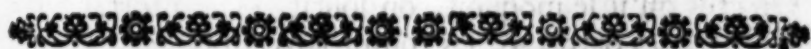
Parole de Socrate.

Socrate un jour faisant bâtir;
 Chacun censuroit son ouvrage.
 L'un trouvoit les dedans, pour ne lui point mentir,
 Indignes d'un tel personnage.
 L'autre blâmoit la face, & tous étoient d'avis,
 Que les appartemens en étoient trop petits.
 Quelle maison pour lui? L'on y tournoit à peine.
 Plut au Ciel que de vrais amis
 Telle quelle est, dit-il, elle pût être pleine!
 Le bon Socrate avoit raison
 De trouver pour ceux-là trop grande sa maison.
 Chacun se dit amy; mais fol qui s'y repose;
 Rien n'est plus commun que le nom,
 Rien n'est plus rare que la chose.



The Fox and the Bust o.

THE Great are generally mere Theatric Masks, and they impose upon the idolatrous Vulgar by a specious Outside. The Ass can judge of 'em only as they appear to his Eye. But the Fox, on the contrary, examines them thoroughly, turns 'em inside out, as it were; and when he finds they are only superficial and showy, he then applies to them a Reflexion which the Sight of a Hero's Bust had very pally suggested. This Busto was hollow and larger than the Life. The Fox applauded the Sculptor's Art, which had imitated Nature so happily. A most beautiful Head, says Renard, but Brains it has none!— How many Noblemen are Bustos in this Particular?



A Wise SAYING of SOCRATES.

AS Socrates was viewing a House that was building for himself, every one found Fault with it. One said, that if they might be allow'd to give their Opinion freely, it was not worthy of so great a Man. Others did not like the Front of it, and all were unanimously agreed, that the Apartments were too small.— Such a House fit for him, the Rooms of which were scarce large enough to swing a Cat in!— Says Socrates, Little as it is, wou'd to Heavens I could meet with Friends enough to fill it!— Socrates had Reason to believe it too large for such. Every Man indeed pretends to be a Friend, but silly is he who lays the least Stress on a Person's giving himself that Title. Nothing is more common than the Name, but for the Thing, how rarely is it met with?



Le Vieillard & ses enfans.

UN Vieillard prêt d'aller où la mort l'appelloit :
 Mes chers enfans, dit-il, (à ses fils il parloit)
 Voyez si vous romprez ces dards liez ensemble ;
 Je vous expliquerai le nœud qui les assemble.
 L'Ainé les ayant pris, & fait tous ses efforts,
 Les rendit en disant : Je les donne aux plus forts.
 Un second lui succede, & se met en posture,
 Mais en vain. Un cadet tente aussi l'aventure.
 Tous perdirent leurs temps, le faisceau résista ;
 De ces dards joints ensemble un seul ne s'éclata.
 Foibles gens ! dit le Pere, il faut que je vous montre
 Ce que ma force peut en semblable rencontre.
 On crût qu'il se moquoit, on sourit, mais à tort.
 Il separe les dards, & les rompt sans effort.
 Vous voyez, reprit-il, l'effet de la concorde ;
 Soiez joints, mes enfans, que l'amour vous accorde.
 Tant que dura son mal, il n'eut autre discours.
 Enfin se sentant prêt de terminer ses jours,
 Mes chers enfans, dit-il, je vais où sont nos Peres.
 Adieu, promettez-moi de vivre comme freres ?
 Que j'obtienne de vous cette grace en mourant.
 Chacun de ses trois fils l'en assure en pleurant.
 Il prend à tous les mains ; il meurt ; & les trois freres
 Trouvent un bien fort grand, mais fort mêlé d'affaires.
 Un creancier saisit, un voisin fait procès.
 D'abord nôtre Trio s'en tire avec succès.
 Leur amitié fut courte, autant qu'elle étoit rare ;
 Le sang les avoit joints, l'interet les separe.
 L'ambition, l'envie, avec les consultants,
 Dans la succession entrent en même-temps.

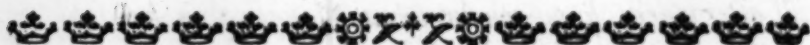
On



The Old-MAN and his SONS.

AN antient Man who was descending to the gloomy Shades, call'd his Sons to him, and spoke thus. Children, try whether you can break this Bundle of Darts. I will afterwards shew you in what Manner they are tied together. The eldest having taken 'em, and exerted his utmost Strength, gave 'em back, saying, let a stronger Man than I try what he can do. A second takes 'em, for does his utmost, but to no purpose. The youngest Son likewise endeavours to break 'em, but cannot. In short, it was left Labour to all; the Bundle being too strong for 'em, and not one of the assembled Darts would break. Feeble-Creatures! says the Father, I must now shew you what my Strength can do on this Occasion. The young Men thought he jested, and smil'd at the Fancy, but with little Reason; for the old Man took the Darts one by one, and made 'em fly with Ease.—— You see, says he, the happy Effects of Concord. Be ever united, my Sons, and let a fraternal Harmony be always found among you. This was the only Purport of his Discourse during his Illness. At last, finding his End approaching; Dear Children, says he, I shall soon descend to our Forefathers. Farewell; but before I die, promise me to live as Brothers ought to do; indulge me this Request in my expiring Moments. His three Sons promis'd, with a Flood of Tears, to follow their Father's Counsel, who taking them severally by the Hand, breath'd his last. After his Death, the three Brothers found themselves possess'd of a plentiful Estate, but very much encumber'd. First, a Creditor seizes; then a Neighbour sues the Heirs, who nevertheless get the better. However, their Friendship was as short-liv'd as it was rare and uncommon: They, indeed, were united by the Ties of Blood, but Interest soon separated them. Then Ambition, Envy, and the Lawyers, rush in at once upon the

On en vient au partage, on conteste, on chicane.
 Le Juge sur cent points tour à tour les condamne.
 Creanciers & voisins reviennent aussi-tôt ;
 Ceux-là sur une erreur, ceux-ci sur un défaut.
 Les freres des-unis sont tous d'avis contraire :
 L'un veut s'accommoder, l'autre n'en veut rien faire.
 Tous perdirent leur bien ; & voulurent trop tard
 Profiter de ces dards unis & pris à part.



L' Oracle & l' Impie.

Vouloir tromper le Ciel c'est folie à la Terre.
 Le Dedale des cœurs en ses détours n'enferme
 Rien qui ne soit d'abord éclairé par les Dieux.
 Tout ce que l'homme fait, il fait à leurs yeux ;
 Même les actions que dans l'ombre il croit faire.
 Un Payen qui sentoît quelque peu le fagot,
 Et qui croyoit en Dieu, pour user de ce mot,
 Par benefice d'inventaire,
 Alla consulter Apollon,
 Dés qu'il fut en son sanctuaire,
 Ce que je tiens, dit-il, est-il en vie ou non ?
 Il tenoit un moineau, dit-on,
 Prêt d'étouffer la pauvre bête,
 Ou de la lâcher aussi-tot,
 Pour mettre Apollon en défaut.
 Apollon reconnut ce qu'il avoit en tête :
 Mort ou vif, lui dit-il, montre-nous ton moineau,
 Et ne me tends plus de panneau ;
 Tu te trouverois mal d'un pareil stratageme.
 Je vois de loin, j'atteins de même.

Estate; and now they will divide it; they dispute, they wrangle, and the Judge condemns 'em successively on an hundred Articles. Immediately, the Creditors and Neighbours renew the Attack; the former sue upon an Error, the latter upon a Default. The Brothers being thus disunited, differ entirely in Opinion. The one is for making up Matters, whilst the other won't hearken to any thing like it. To conclude, they lost their several Possessions; and, when 'twas too late, would willingly have made Advantage of the Advice their Father gave them, in the Example of the bundled Darts.



The ORACLE and the IMPIOUS WRETCH.

MAN cannot give a greater Instance of Folly, than in attempting to impose upon Heaven. The most secret Windings, the most hidden Recesses of the Heart, are immediately known to the Gods; and every Action of Man is done in their Sight, even such as he fondly flatters himself are cover'd with the most pitchy Darknes.—

A Heathen who had imbibed several impious Tenets, and who never address'd the Gods, but from a Principle of Self-Interest, went to consult Apollo. The Instant he was got into the Chancel of that Deity: Tell me, says he, is the Thing I have in my Hand alive or dead? The Story says, that he held a Sparrow; ready to kill the poor Bird, or to let it fly, as the God should pronounce, in order to prove his Ignorance. Apollo knew his Design.— Be thy Sparrow, says he, alive or dead, draw it forth, and lay no more Snares for me. Such a Stratagem as this would prove fatal to thee; for as I see, so I strike, at a great Distance.

The



L'Avare qui a perdu son trésor.

L'Usage seulement fait la possession.
 Je demande à ces gens, de qui la passion
 Est d'entasser toujours, mettre somme sur somme,
 Quel avantage ils ont que n'ait pas un autre homme.
 Diogene là-bas est aussi riche qu'eux;
 Et l'Avare ici haut, comme lui vit en gueux.
 L'homme au trésor caché qu'Esopé nous propose,
 Servira d'exemple à la chose.
 Ce mal-heureux attendoit
 Pour jouir de son bien une seconde vie;
 Ne possédoit pas l'or; mais l'or le possédoit.
 Il avoit dans la terre une somme enfouïe,
 Son cœur avec; n'ayant autre deduit,
 Que d'y ruminer jour & nuit,
 Et de rendre sa chevance à lui-même sacrée.
 Qu'il allât ou qu'il vînt, qu'il but ou qu'il mangeât,
 On l'eut pris de bien court à moins qu'il ne songeât
 A l'endroit où gisoit cette somme enterrée.
 Il y fit tant de tours qu'un Fossoyeur le vit;
 Se douta du dépôt, l'enleva sans rien dire.
 Nôtre Avare un beau jour ne trouva que le nit.
 Voila mon homme aux pleurs; il gemit, il soupire;
 Il se tourmente, il se déchire.
 Un passant lui demande à quel sujet ses cris.
 C'est mon trésor que l'on m'a pris.
 Vôtre trésor? où pris? Tout joignant cette pierre.
 Eh sommes-nous en temps de guerre
 Pour l'apporter si loin? N'eussiez-vous pas mieux fait
 De le laisser chez vous en vôtre cabinet,
 Que de le changer de demeure?
 Vous auriez pû sans peine y puiser à toute heure.
 A toute heure? bons Dieux! Ne tient-il qu'à cela?

L'argent



The MISER who has lost his TREASURE.

TIS Use only that makes Possession. I wou'd ask those Persons, whose Darling Passion is to amass perpetually, and to build up Piles of Gold, what Advantages they enjoy above other Men. Diogenes in the Shades below is as opulent as they; and the covetous Man in these upper Regions leads as beggarly a Life as that Cynic does. This I shall illustrate by an Example, which Æsop has left us, of the Man and his hidden Treasure.— Our Wretch expected a second Life to enjoy his Riches in; and was not Master of his Gold, but a Slave to it. He had buried a Sum of Money, and his Heart along with it; and his only Pleasure was to think of it Day and Night, and to consider it as sacred. This miserly Creature, to what Place soever he was going; whether he were eating or drinking, he was eternally ruminating on the Hole where his Treasure was deposited. He had walk'd so often round it, that at last, a Ditcher spied him, who guessing that Money was hid there, came slyly and carried it off. But now the Miser coming, found indeed the Nest, but the Bird was flown. Immediately he bursts into Tears, he sighs, he sobs, he tortures himself, and tears his Hair, when a Passenger going by, ask'd him the Reason why he took on so lamentably. Alas! says he, some Villain has robb'd me of my Treasure.—Your Treasure! whence was it stole?—Close by that Stone.— Our Country, says the Passenger, is not harass'd at this Time with Wars, why then did you carry it to such a Distance? Shou'd you not have lock'd it up at home, rather than trust it abroad; for then you might have taken out any part of it daily?— Daily! Good Heavens!

L'argent vient-il comme il s'en va ?
 Je n'y touchois jamais. Dites-moi donc de grace,
 Reprit l'autre, pourquoi vous vous affligez tant.
 Puisque vous ne touchiez jamais à cet argent :
 Mettez une pierre à la place,
 Elle vous vaudra tout autant.



L'Aloüette & ses petits, avec le Maître d'un Champ.

NE t'attens qu' à toi seul, c'est un commun Proverbe.
 Voici comme Esope le mit
 En credit.

Les Aloüettes font leur nit

Dans les bleds quand ils sont en herbe :

C'est à dire environ le temps

Que tout aime, & que tout pullule dans le monde ;

Monstres marins au fond de l'onde,

Tigres dans les Forêts, Aloüettes aux champs.

Une pourtant de ces dernières

Avoit laissé passer la moitié d'un Printemps

Sans goûter le plaisir des amours printanieres.

A toute force enfin elle se resolut

D'imiter la nature, & d'être mere encore.

Elle bâtit un nid, pond, couve, & fait éclore,

A la hâte ; le tout alla du mieux qu'il pût.

Les bleds d'alentour mûrs, avant que la nichée

Se trouvât assez forte encor

Pour voler & prendre l'effor ;

De mille soins divers l'Aloüette agitée

S'en va chercher pâture ; avertit ses enfans

D'être toujourns au guet & faire sentinelle.

Si le possesseur de ces champs

Vient avecque son fils (comme il viendra) dit-elle,

Ecoutez bien : selon ce qu'il dira,

Chacun de nous décampera.

Si-tot que l'Aloüette eut quitté sa famille,

Le possesseur du champ vient avecque son fils:

Ces

Is that the Way? Does Money come in as fast as it rolls out? Why, I never touch'd a Penny of it. Be so good, Sir, says the other, since you never made the least Use of your Wealth, to tell me why you torment your self at this Rate? Only lay a Stone in its Place, and 'twill be of equal Value to you.



The LARK and her Young-ONES, and the OWNER of the FIELD.

DEpend on your self only. This is a common Proverb which Æsop brought into Vogue by the following Story.—

The Larks build their Nests in the Ground, whilst the Corn is yet in Bloom, that is to say, about the Season in which all Creatures make Love, and multiply their Kind; the Sea-Monsters in their oozy Caverns, the Tygers in the Forest, and the Larks in the Field. Now it happen'd, that the Latter had let half the Spring pass, without once tasting the delightful Love which the sweetest of Seasons inspires. However, she at last was firmly resolv'd to imitate Nature, and to be once more a Mother. Accordingly she builds a Nest, lays Eggs, sits upon, and hatches them, and this with the utmost Dispatch, and all went as she would have it. The Corn quite round her being ripe before the Brood were strong enough to fly and wing away into the Clouds; the Parent-Lark, tortur'd with numberless Cares, goes in quest of Food for her Young, and bids them be for ever on the Watch during her Absence. In case, says she, the Owner of these Fields should come with his Son, (and come he will) listen attentively to what they say, and according as they shall determine, we will either continue in, or remove from the Nest. The Lark had no sooner left her little Family, but the Proprietor of the Field, and his Son came to visit it.

Says

Ces bleds sont mûrs, dit-il, allez chez nos amis
Les prier que chacun apportant sa faucille,
Nous vienne aider demain dès la pointe du jour.

Nôtre Aloüette de retour

Trouve en alarme sa couvée.

L'un commence. Il a dit que l'Aurore levée,

L'on fit venir demain ses amis pour l'aider.

S'il n'a dit que cela, repartit l'Aloüette,

Rien ne nous presse encor de changer de retraite :

Mais c'est demain qu'il faut tout de bon écouter.

Cependant soiez gais ; voilà de quoi manger.

Eux repus, tout s'endort ; les petits & la mere.

L'aube du jour arrive ; & d'amis point du tout.

L'Aloüette à l'effort, le Maître s'en vient faire

Sa ronde ainsi qu' à l'ordinaire.

Ces bleds ne devroient pas, dit-il, être debout.

Nos amis ont grand tort, & tort qui se repose

Sur de tels paresseux à servir ainsi lents.

Mon fils allez chez nos parens

Les prier de la même chose.

L'épouvante est au nid plus forte que jamais.

Il a dit ses parens, mere, c'est à cette heure.....

Non mes enfans, dormez en paix ;

Ne bougeons de nôtre demeure.

L'Aloüette eut raison, car personne ne vint.

Pour la troisième fois le Maître se souvint

De visiter ses bleds. Nôtre erreur est extrême,

Dit-il, de nous attendre à d'autres gens que nous.

Il n'est meilleur ami ni parent que soi-même.

Retenez bien cela, mon fils, & sçavez-vous

Ce qu'il faut faire ? Il faut qu' avec nôtre famille

Nous prenions dès demain chacun une faucille ;

C'est là nôtre plus court ; & nous acheverons

Nôtre moisson quand nous pourrons.

Délors que le dessein fut sceu de l'Aloüette,

C'est ce coup qu'il est bon de partir, mes enfans.

Et les petits en même temps

Voletans, se culbutans,

Délogèrent tous sans trompette.

Says the Farmer, the Corn is ripe; go therefore to our Friends, desire every one of them to take his Sickle, and come and help us to-morrow by Day-break. The Lark being return'd, finds all her Younglings alarm'd. One of 'em begins thus— He bid his Son desire their Friends to come to-morrow by Peep of Day.— Pugh, says the Parent, if he said no more, we need not yet be in such Haste to change our Abode: But to-morrow you must listen in good earnest; in the mean time be merry, here's Viſuals for you. Having eat their Fill, they all fall asleep, the Mother-Lark as well as her young Ones. And now the Dawn appears in the Sky, but no Friend is yet come. Again the Lark soars aloft, and the Owner of the Fields goes his Rounds as usual. 'Tis Time, says he, this Corn were cut; our Friends use us very ill, and silly is he, who depends on such Loiterers. But Son, go to our Relations, and make them the same Request.— The Birds are now under greater Terror than ever: Mother, said they, he has spoke to his Relations; 'tis now— Be easy, says she, my little Creatures, sleep in Peace; we won't stir out of our Habitation. The Lark judg'd right, for not a Soul was seen.— The Owner comes and views his Corn a third Time. We are, says he, prodigiously in the Wrong, to rely upon others. There is no Friend, no Relation like one's self: Treasure up, my Son, this Saying in your Memory, and I'll tell you what must be done. Our whole Family shall to-morrow bring their Reaping-hooks; this is the shortest Way, and we'll then get in our Harvest as fast as we can.— The Moment the Parent-Lark heard this; Now Children, says she, we must go away; when immediately her Younglings fluttering about, and tumbling over one another, mov'd off without the least Noise.



Le Pot de terre & le Pot de fer.

LE Pot de fer proposa
 Au Pot de terre un voyage.
 Celui-ci s'en excusa,
 Disant qu'il feroit que sage
 De garder le coin du feu :
 Car il lui faloit si peu,
 Si peu, que la moindre chose
 De son débris feroit cause.
 Il n'en reviendrait morceau !
 Pour vous, dit-il, dont la peau
 Est plus dure que la mienne,
 Je ne vois rien qui vous tienne.
 Nous vous mettrons à couvert,
 Repartit le Pot de fer.
 Si quelque matiere dure
 Vous menace d'aventure,
 Entre deux je passerai,
 Et du coup vous sauverai.
 Cette offre le persuade.
 Pot de fer son camarade
 Se met droit à ses côtes.
 Mes gens s'en vont à trois pieds
 Clopin clopant comme ils peuvent ;
 L'un contre l'autre jettez,
 Au moindre hoquet qu'ils treuvent.
 Le Pot de terre en souffre : il n'eut pas fait cent pas
 Que par son compagnon il fut mis en éclats,
 Sans qu'il eût lieu de se plaindre.
 Ne nous associons qu'avecque nos égaux ;
 Ou bien il nous fraudra craindre
 Le destin d'un de ces pots.



The Two Pots, the Iron and the Earthen One.

THE Iron Pot propos'd a Journey to the Earthen Pot ; but the latter desir'd to be excus'd, saying, that it would be more prudent in him to keep by the Fire-side ; he being of so crazy a Constitution, that the least Thing in the World would dash him so completely to Pieces, that not the smallest Fragment of himself would return home. You indeed, says he, whose Skin is so much tougher and harder than mine, may very well venture. Never fear, says the Iron Pot, I'll screen you to Purpose ; for in case any hard Substance should threaten you with Ruin, I'll step in between you both, and save you from the Blow. The Earthen Pot was stupid enough to be won by these Words ; when immediately he and his Iron Comrade stand Cheek by Jowl.— And now our three-legg'd Gentry go hip hop, to the best of their Power, and run against one another at the least Hickcough. The Earthen Pot suffer'd miserably on this Occasion, for he had not gone an hundred Yards, before his Companion broke him to Shivers, nor had he Reason to complain.—

We should not associate with Persons above our selves, lest we meet with this Fate of the unhappy Pot.



La Laitiere & le Pot au lait.

PErrette sur sa tête ayant un Pot au lait
 Bien posé sur un couffinet,
 Pretendoit arriver sans encombre à la ville.
 Legere & court vetuë elle alloit à grands pas;
 Ayant mis ce jour-là pour être plus agile
 Cotillon simple, & souliers plats.
 Nôtre Laitiere ainsi troussée
 Contoit déjà dans sa pensée
 Tout le prix de son lait, en employoit l'argent;
 Achetoit un cent d'œufs, faisoit triple couvée;
 La chose alloit à bien par son soin diligent.
 Il m'est, disoit-elle, facile,
 D'élever des poulets autour de ma maison;
 Le Renard sera bien habile,
 S'il ne m'en laisse assez pour avoir un cochon.
 Le porc à s'engraïsser coûtera peu de son;
 Il étoit quand je l'eus de grosseur raisonnable:
 J'auray le revendant de l'argent bel & bon;
 Et qui m'empêchera de mettre en nôtre étable,
 Veux le prix dont il est, une vache & son veau,
 Que je verrai sauter au milieu du troupeau?
 Perrette là dessus faute aussi, transportée.
 Le lait tombe; adieu veau, vache, cochon, couvée;
 La Dame de ces biens, quittant d'un œil marri
 Sa fortune ainsi répandue,
 Va s'excuser à son mari
 En grand danger d'être batuë.
 Le recit en farce en fut fait;
 On l'appella le Pot au lait.

Quel esprit ne bat la campagne?
 Qui ne fait châteaux en Espagne?

Pichro-



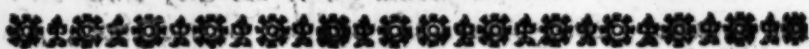
The MILKWOMAN and her PAIL,

DOLLY having set a Milk-pail fast on her Head, flatter'd herself that she should get to the City with very little Trouble. Being thin clad, and her Cloaths short, she trudg'd along very fast; having put on that Day, in order to go the nimbler, a single Petticoat only, and flat Shoes. Our rosy Milk-woman thus equipt, was already revolving in her Mind the Produce of her Milk, and laying out the Money. She bought (in Fancy) an hundred Eggs, got thrice as large a Brood of Chickens as usual, so that Matters, by her Industry, went admirably well. I may, says she, very easily rear Chickens round my little Tenement; the Fox will be arch, indeed, if so many don't escape his Paws as will purchase a Hog; the Expence for Bran will be a very Trifle: He was pretty large when I first bought him; I shall sell him for a round Sum; and what should binder me from purchasing, (considering the great Value of the Hog) and putting into our Ox-stall, a Cow and her Calf, whom I shall see frisking and skipping amidst our Flock? Dolly, transported with the Thought, frisks also, when down comes the Milk; so Adieu to the Calf, Cow, Hog and Brood of Chickens.— The Lady who own'd these Possessions, leaves, with a reluctant Eye, her Fortune thus spilt on the Ground, and hastes to make some Excuse to her dear Husband, who had like to have drubb'd her for it.

This Incident was afterwards work'd up into a Farce, and call'd, *The Milk-Pail*.

What Man does not raise visionary Scenes in his Mind?
Who does not build Castles in the Air? Pichrocole, Pyrrhus,

Pichrocole, Pyrrhus, la Laitière, enfin tous,
 Autant les sages que les fous?
 Chacun songe en veillant, il n'est rien de plus doux :
 Une flatueuse erreur emporte alors nos ames :
 Tout le bien du monde est à nous,
 Tous les honneurs, toutes les femmes.
 Quand je suis seul, je fais au plus brave un défi ;
 Je m'écarte, je vais détrôner le Sophy ;
 On m'élit Roy, mon peuple m'aime ;
 Les diadèmes vont sur ma tête pleuvant :
 Quelque accident fait-il que je rentre en moi-même ;
 Je suis gros Jean comme devant.



L'Education.

L Aridon & Cesar, freres dont l'origine
 Venoit de chiens fameux, beaux, bienfaits & hardis,
 A deux maîtres divers échûs au temps jadis
 Hantoient, l'un les forêts, & l'autre la cuisine.
 Ils avoient eu d'abord chacun un autre nom :

Mais la diverse nourriture
 Fortifiant en l'un cette heureuse nature,
 En l'autre l'alterant, un certain marmiton

Nomma celui-ci Laridon :

Son frere ayant couru mainte haute aventure,
 Mis maint Cerf aux abois, maint Sanglier abatu,
 Fut le premier Cesar que la gent chicane ait eu.
 On eut soin d'empêcher qu'une indigne maîtresse
 Ne fit en ses enfans dégénérer son sang :
 Laridon negligé témoignoit la tendresse

A l'objet le premier passant.

Il peupla tout de son engeance :

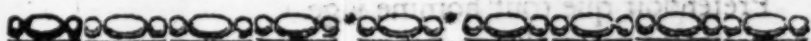
Tourne-broches par luy rendus communs en France
 Y font un corps à part, gens fuyans les hazards,

Peuple antipode des Césars.

On ne suit pas toujours ses ayeux ni son pere :
 Le peu de soin, le temps, tout fait qu'on dégénere :
 Faute de cultiver la nature & ses dons,
 O combien de Césars deviendront Laridons !

L'Avantage

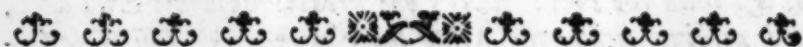
thus, the Milk-woman, in short, all of us; the wise Man no less than the Fool: Every one dreams with his Eyes open, and nothing tickles the Mind more agreeably: On these Occasions our Souls are deluded by a soothing Error; we fancy our selves Masters of the World, and possess'd of all the Honours, all the Women in it. When alone, I challenge the bravest Man; I launch out, I drive the Persian Sophy from his Throne; I am elected King, my Subjects love me; Diadems descend in Showers upon my Head. Does some Accident recall my wandring Senses? Immediately I am the insignificant Creature I was before.



EDUCATION.

Lick-Dish and his Brother Cæsar, both sprung from a famous, handsome, well-shap'd, bold Race of Dogs; happen'd, in the Days of Yore, to live under different Masters, the one roving about the Forests, and the other loitering in the Kitchen. They at first had been call'd by other Names, but their various Food having improv'd the happy Nature of the One and deprav'd that of the Other, a certain Scullion call'd the latter, Lick-Dish: But his Brother, having gone through a Variety of noble Adventures, brought many Stags to a Bay, and overpower'd many wild Boars, was the first Cæsar the Cur Kind ever boasted. Care was taken, not to let a Plebeian Mistress demean his Offspring by her ignoble Blood; but Lick-Dish being entirely neglected, lavish'd his Caresses on the first that came in his Way. In short, he fill'd every Place with his Brood. This Cur making Turn-spits very common in France, they form a separate Body; a Set of Creatures who tremble at Danger, and are the very reverse of the Cæsars.—

People don't always tread in the Steps of their Ancestors; Neglect, Time, every thing brings Degeneracy along with it. By our neglecting to cultivate Nature and her Talents, what a Multitude of Cæsars will become Lick-Dishes!



L'Avantage de la Science.

ENtre deux Bourgeois d'une Ville
 S'émeut jadis un différent.
 L'un étoit pauvre, mais habile ;
 L'autre riche, mais ignorant.
 Celui-ci sur son concurrent
 Vouloit emporter l'avantage :
 Prétendoit que tout homme sage
 Étoit tenu de l'honorer.
 C'étoit tout homme sot ; car pourquoi reverer
 Des biens dépourvus de mérite ?
 La raison m'en semble petite.
 Mon ami, disoit-il souvent
 Au savant,
 Vous vous croiez considerable ;
 Mais dites-moi, tenez vous table ?
 Que sert à vos pareils de lire incessamment :
 Ils sont toujours logez à la troisième chambre,
 Vêtus au mois de Juin comme au mois de Decembre,
 Aiant pour tout Laquais leur ombre seulement.
 La Republique a bien affaire
 De gens qui ne dépensent rien :
 Je ne fais d'homme necessaire
 Que celui dont le luxe épand beaucoup de bien.
 Nous en usons, Dieu fait : nôtre plaisir occupe
 L'Artisan, le vendeur, celui qui fait la jupe,
 Et celle qui la porte, & vous qui dédiez
 A Messieurs les gens de Finance
 De méchans livres bien paiez.
 Ces mots remplis d'impertinence
 Eurent le sort qu'ils méritoient.
 L'homme lettré se teut, il avoit trop à dire.
 La guerre le vengea, bien mieux qu'une satire.
 Mars détruisit le lieu que nos gens habitoient.

L'un



The ADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE.

IN former Times, two Inhabitants of the same City hap-
pen'd to have a Quarrel. The One was a poor, but
learned Man, and the Other a rich, but ignorant Creature.
The latter gave himself Airs, firmly resolv'd to triumph over
his Competitor; pretending 'twas a Duty incumbent on every
wise Man to respect and honour him: Every Blockhead, he
shou'd have said, for sure it cannot be asserted, with the least
Shadow of Reason, that Wealth, when unadorn'd with Me-
rit, claims our Reverence. Friend, would the Illiterato
often say to the Scholar, you fancy your self a very conside-
rable Personage; but pray now, do you keep a Table to en-
tertain your Friends? To what purpose do your Brethren of
the Quill pore incessantly over Books? they are Garreteers all
their Life-time, are clad the same in June as in December,
and their only Lacquey is their Shadow. A Government
must needs have Occasion for a Set of Creatures, who are as
poor as so many Church-Mice. Those Persons only (to my
Thinking) are useful and necessary, whose Luxury creates a
great Circulation of Money.— Such Men as I am, spend
God knows what Sums! 'Tis for our Pleasure and Satis-
faction that the Manufacturer and Shopkeeper work; those
who make Cloaths, as well as those who wear 'em; and you
also who inscribe your stupid Productions (for which you
are so amply rewarded) to Lords of the Treasury.— These
imprudent Words met with the Fate they deserv'd. The Scho-
lar held his Tongue, having but too many Things to say;
however War reveng'd his Cause much better than a Satyr
could have done. Bellona destroy'd the City in which these

L'un & l'autre quitta sa Ville.
 L'ignorant resta sans azile ;
 Il receut par tout des mépris ;
 L'autre receut par tout quelque faveur nouvelle.
 Cela décida leur querelle.
 Laissez dire les fots ; le savoir a son prix.



Le Berger & le Roi.

DEux demons à leur gré partagent nôtre vie,
 Et de son patrimoine ont chassé la raison.
 Je ne vois point de cœur qui ne leur sacrifie.
 Si vous me demandez leur état & leur nom,
 J'appelle l'un, Amour ; & l'autre, Ambition.
 Cette dernière étend le plus loin son empire ;
 Car même elle entre dans l'amour.
 Je le ferois bien voir : mais mon but est de dire
 Comme un Roi fit venir un Berger à sa Cour.
 Le conte est du bon temps, non du siècle où nous sommes.
 Ce Roi vit un troupeau qui couvroit tous les champs,
 Bien broutant, en bon corps, rapportant tous les ans,
 Grace aux soins du Berger, de tres notables sommes.
 Le berger plût au Roi par ces soins diligens.
 Tu merites, dit-il, d'être Pasteur de gens ;
 Laisse-là tes moutons, vien conduire des hommes.
 Je te fais Juge Souverain.
 Voilà nôtre Berger la balance à la main.
 Quoi qu'il n'eut gueres vû d'autres gens qu'un Hermite,
 Son troupeau, ses mâtons, le loup, & puis c'est tout,
 Il avoit du bon sens ; le reste vient en suite.
 Bref il en vint fort bien à bout.

L'Her-

People dwelt, and both were oblig'd to remove. The illiterate Creature found no Place of Shelter, but was miserably despis'd; whereas the Man of Letters was indulg'd some new Favour wherever he went; this put an End to their Divisions.—

Let Fools say what they will, still Learning has its Merit.



The SHEPHERD and the KING.

TWO Demons divide our Life, sport with it at Pleasure, and have drove Reason from its Throne. I don't know one Man in the World, who abstains from offering Incense to 'em. Should their Names and Conditions be ask'd, I answer, that the one is called Love, and the other Ambition. The latter possesses the largest Empire, for it extends even to Love. This I could prove; but my Design is to tell of a King who sent for a Shepherd to Court. The Story relates to the happy Ages of Virtue and Innocence, not to these Iron Times.—

The Monarch in question saw a Flock which was so numerous, that it cover'd a wide-extended Lawn. The Cattle were all in good Plight, brouz'd very heartily, and produc'd annually (Thanks to the Shepherd's Care) very considerable Sums. The King was so well pleas'd with the Shepherd's Industry, that he said to him; Thou justly deservest to be a Pastor over thy Fellow-Creatures: Leave thy Sheep, and thou shalt superintend Men: I appoint thee supreme Judge. Behold our Shepherd holding the Scales of Justice; he, who till then, had scarce seen any thing but a Hermit, his Flock, his Mastiffs, the Wolf, and that's all. He had excellent natural Parts, and as for the other Requisites, they are afterwards acquired. In a Word, he acquitted himself

L'Hermite son voisin accourut pour lui dire :
 Veillay-je, & n'est-ce point un songe que je vois ?
 Vous favori ! vous grand ! défiez-vous des Rois :
 Leur faveur est glissante, on s'y trompe ; & le pire,
 C'est qu'il en coûte cher ; de pareilles erreurs.
 Ne produisent jamais que d'illustres malheurs.
 Vous ne connoissez pas l'attrait qui vous engage.
 Je vous parle en ami. Craignez tout. L'autre rit,
 Et nôtre Hermite poursuivit :
 Voiez combien déjà la Cour vous rend peu sage.
 Je crois voir cet aveugle, à qui dans un voyage
 Un serpent engourdi de froid
 Vint s'offrir sous la main ; il le prit pour un fouët.
 Le sien s'étoit perdu tombant de sa ceinture.
 Il rendoit grace au Ciel de l'heureuse aventure,
 Quand un passant cria : Que tenez-vous ? ô Dieux !
 Jetez cet animal traître & pernicieux,
 Ce serpent. C'est un fouët. C'est un serpent, vous dis-je :
 A me tant tourmenter quel intérêt m'oblige ?
 Pretendez-vous garder ce trésor ? Pourquoi non ?
 Mon fouët étoit usé ; j'en retrouve un fort bon ;
 Vous n'en parlez que par envie.
 L'aveugle enfin ne le crut pas,
 Il en perdit bientôt la vie :
 L'animal dégourdi piqua son homme au bras.
 Quant à vous, j'ose vous prédire
 Qu'il vous arrivera quelque chose de pire.
 Eh, que me fauroit il arriver que la mort ?
 Mille dégouts viendront, dit le Prophete Hermite.
 Il en vint en effet ; l'Hermite n'eut pas tort.
 Mainte peste de Cour, fit tant par maint ressort,
 Que la candeur du Juge, ainsi que son mérite,
 Furent suspects au Prince. On cabale, on suscite
 Accusateurs & gens grevez par ses arrêts.
 De nos biens, dirent-ils, il s'est fait un Palais.
 Le Prince voulut voir ses richesses immenses,
 Il ne trouva par tout que mediocrité,
 Louanges du desert & de la pauvreté ;
 C'étoient-là ses magnificences.

to Admiration.— The Hermit his Neighbour comes running to him. Old Friend, says he, am I awake? Surely I must be in a Dream! You a Favourite! You a great Man! Alas! rely not upon Kings; their Favour is very slippery, and imposes speciously on the Mind; but the worst Circumstance is, Men pay very dear for it, Errors like these being ever productive of illustrious Misfortunes. You don't see the Danger that lies conceal'd under the alluring Bait, I speak to you as a Friend: Be for ever upon your Guard.— The Statesman smil'd, and the Hermit went on: How imprudent the Court has already made you! Methinks I see the blind Creature, who, in a Journey, happen'd to lay his Hand on a Snake that was benumm'd with Cold. Unhappily he took it for his Whip, his own having dropt from his Girdle. The mistaken Wretch was thanking Heaven for his Prize, when a Passenger cries out, Gods! what's that you've laid hold of! Shake off that treacherous, that pernicious Animal, that Serpent.— 'Tis a Whip.— 'Tis a Serpent, I say: what Interest can I have, to be so anxious about you? Do you intend to keep this fancied Treasure?—Why not? my Whip was worn out, and I've happily found a very good one; Envy only makes you solicitous. To conclude; the blind Man would not believe the other, and so lost his Life a little after; for the Serpent reviv'd, and stung him in the Arm.— With regard to your self, says the Anchorit, I am bold enough to prophecy, that something still more unhappy will befall you.— Alas! what have I to fear but Death?— Ten thousand Inquiries, says the prophetic Hermit. The Anchorit spoke Truth, for several envious Men (those Pests in Courts) set so many Engines at Work, that the Monarch not only suspected the Judge's Integrity, but even his Capacity. Faction raises her Hydra Head; a Multitude of Persons were suborn'd, who all pretended to have been injured by his Decisions; and affirmed, that he had built himself a Palace with the Moneys extorted from them. The King, upon hearing these Accusations, desired to have a Sight of this Statesman's immense Possessions. But what did he see and hear? Decency and Moderation wherever he cast his Eyes, and Elogiums of Poverty and the Desert; such was that Magnificence he boasted.

Upon

Son fait, dit-on, consiste en des pierres de prix.
 Un grand coffre en est plein, fermé de dix serrures.
 Lui-même ouvrit ce coffre, & rendit bien surpris
 Tous les machineurs d'impostures.
 Le coffre étant ouvert, on y vit des lambeaux,
 L'habit d'un gardeur de troupeaux,
 Petit chapeau, jupon, panetière, houlette,
 Et je pense aussi sa musette.
 Doux trésors, ce dit-il, chers gages qui jamais
 N'atirâtes sur vous l'envie & le mensonge,
 Je vous reprends: sortons de ces riches Palais
 Comme l'on fortiroit d'un songe.
 Sire, pardonnez-moi cette exclamation.
 J'avois prévu ma cheute en montant sur le faite.
 Je m'y suis trop complû ; mais qui n'a dans la tête,
 Un petit grain d'ambition ?



Upon this, his Enemies declared, that his *Wealth* consisted wholly in Jewels, he having a large Chest, fastned with ten Locks, fill'd with the glittering *Treasure*.— He himself opens the Chest, which struck the malicious *Accusers* dumb; for nothing was seen in it but Rags, the *Weeds* he wore when he superintended his Flock, his little Hat, his Doublet, Scrip, Crook; and, if I forget not, his Bag-pipe.— Delicious *Treasure*! says he, dear Pledges! which never were the Objects of *Envy* and *Falshood*, with *Extasy* I resume you: Let me fly from these rich Palaces: The whole now appears as a *Dream*.— Your Majesty will be so good as to excuse this *Transport*. The Instant I was rais'd so high, something whisper'd to me that I should fall. I was too much delighted with my *Exaltation*, but who has not some little *Hankering* after *Ambition*?



Le Vieillard, & les trois jeunes hommes.

UN octogenaire plantoit.

 Passe encor de bâtir ; mais planter à cet âge !

 Disoient trois jouvenceaux enfans du voisinage,

 Assurément il radotoit.

 Car au nom des Dieux, je vous prie,

 Quel fruit de ce labeur pouvez-vous recueillir ?

 Autant qu'un Patriarche il vous faudroit vieillir.

 A quoi bon charger vôt're vie

Des soins d'un avenir qui n'est pas fait pour vous ?

 Ne songez désormais qu' à vos erreurs passées :

 Quittez le long espoir, & les vastes pensées ;

 Tout cela ne convient qu' à nous.

 Il ne convient pas à vous mêmes,

Repartit le Vieillard. Tout établissement

Vient tard & dure peu. La main des Parques blêmes,

De vos jours, & des miens se jouë également.

Nos termes sont pareils par leur courte durée.

 Qui de nous des clartez de la voûte azurée

Doit jouïr le dernier ? Est-il aucun moment

Qui vous puisse assurer d'un second seulement ?

 Mes arriere neveux me devront cet ombrage :

 Hé bien défendez-vous au Sage

De se donner des soins pour le plaisir d'autrui ?

 Cela même est un fruit que je goûte aujourd'hui :

 J'en puis jouïr demain, & quelques jours encore ;

 Je puis enfin conter l'Aurore

 Plus d'une fois sur vos tombeaux.

Le Vieillard eut raison ; L'un des trois jouvenceaux

Se noia dès le port allant à l'Amerique.

L'autre afin de monter aux grandes dignitez,

Dans les emplois de Mars servant la Republique,

Par un coup impréveu vit ses jours emportez.

 Le troisiéme tomba d'un arbre

 Que lui-même il voulut enter :

Et pleurez du Vieillard, il grava sur leur marbre

 Ce que je viens de raconter.



The Old MAN and the Three STRIPLINGS.

A Man who was fourscore Years of Age, planted a Nursery of Trees. Said three Youngsters, who liv'd in the Neighbourhood: To build would not be so ridiculous, but to plant at that Age! the old Creature must certainly doat. In the Name of Wonder, cried the young Fellows to him, what Benefit can you reap from all your Toil? To reap any, you must live to the Age of an Antediluvian. Wherefore do you perplex your self for the Service of future Years, which you can never reach? Reflect only on your past Errors; suppress all far-distant Hopes, all capacious Ideas, for these become Persons of our Age only.— They do not become even you, reply'd the old Man. Every Establishment, says he, is long in its Growth, and but of short Duration. The Hand of the fatal Sisters sports no less with your Lives than with mine. The Shortness of Man's Life in general makes 'em all equal. Who among us will last behold the Splendor of yon heavenly Arch? Can a single Moment insure you even so much as the next? My great-grand Children will bask under this Shade: Would you then forbid the Sage to labour for the Pleasure of others? Yet this is even an Advantage I my self now possess; I possibly may enjoy it to morrow, and several Days after; in fine, I perhaps may stand over your Graves, and see many a rising Sun.— It happen'd directly as the old Man said: One of the Striplings was drown'd in America, just as the Vessel was coming into the Harbour: The second, in order to raise himself in the Field, embrac'd a military Life, but was kill'd by an unforeseen Shot; and the third fell from a Tree he was grafting; and all three were wept by the old Man, who engrav'd on their Tombs the Story I have now related.

Le Laboureur & ses Enfans.

TRavaillez, prenez de la peine.
 C'est le fonds qui manque le moins.
 Un riche Laboureur sentant sa mort prochaine,
 Fit venir ses enfans, leur parla sans témoins.
 Gardez-vous, leur dit-il, de vendre l'héritage,
 Que nous ont laissé nos parens.
 Un trésor est caché dedans.
 Je ne sçais pas l'endroit; mais un peu de courage
 Vous le fera trouver, vous en viendrez à bout.
 Remuez votre champ dès qu'on aura fait l'Oust.
 Creusez, fouillez, bêchez, ne laissez nulle place
 Où la main ne passe & repasse.
 Le pere mort, les fils vous retournent le champ,
 Deçà, delà, par tout; si bien qu'au bout de l'an
 Il en rapporta davantage.
 D'argent, point de caché. Mais le Pere fut sage
 De leur montrer avant sa mort,
 Que le travail est un trésor.

Le Cerf se voyant dans l'eau.

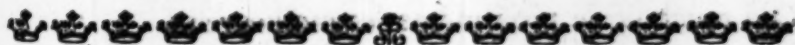
DAns le cristall d'une fontaine,
 Un Cerf se mirant autrefois,
 Louoit la beauté de son bois,
 Et ne pouvoit qu'avecque peine
 Souffrir ses jambes de fuseaux,
 Dont il voyoit l'objet se peindre dans les eaux.
 Quelle proportion de mes pieds à ma tête,
 Disoit-il en voyant leur ombre avec douleur:
 Des taillis les plus hauts mon front atteinr le faite;
 Mes piés ne me font point d'honneur,
 Tout en parlant de la sorte,

Un



The PLOUGHMAN and his CHILDREN.

WORK, take Pains, and you'll find Labour is the most secure Estate.— A wealthy Ploughman finding himself come to the Verge of Life, sent for his Children, when they and himself only being in the Room, he address'd them thus. Be sure, says he, not to sell the Estate which our Forefathers left us, for a Treasure lies hid in it, but whereabouts I cannot tell; however, be industrious in your Search, and I don't doubt but you'll find it. As soon as your Harvest is all in, turn up your Field; dig, plough, and let not a single Spot escape your laborious Hand. The Instant the old Man's Eyes were clos'd, his Sons threw up the Land on this, on that Side, with so much Vigour and Industry, that the next Year it yielded a more plentiful Crop, but no bidden Treasure was found. However, their Father was very wise and prudent, in inculcating to his Children before he died, That Labour it self is a Treasure.



The STAG Viewing himself in the STREAM.

A Stag formerly surveying himself in a limpid Stream, applauded the Gracefulness of his Horns, but cou'd not bear his Spindle Shanks, the Image of which almost disappear'd in the Water. What a Disproportion there is between my Head and my Feet, says he with a deep Sigh, as he gaz'd upon the Shadow of them in the Water! These Horns, which are so great an Embellishment to my Head, equal the tallest Coppice Wood in Height, but my Feet are a Disgrace to me. Scarce had he spoke these Words, when a Blood-

K

Hound

Un Limier le fait partir ;
 Il tâche à se garentir ;
 Dans les forêts il s'emporte.
 Son bois dommageable ornement,
 L'arrêtant à chaque moment,
 Nuit à l'office que lui rendent
 Ses pieds, de qui ses jours dépendent.
 Il se dedit alors, & maudit les presens
 Que le Ciel lui fait tous les ans.

Nous faisons cas du beau, nous méprisons l'utile ;
 Et le beau souvent nous détruit.
 Ce Cerf blâme ses pieds qui le rendent agile :
 Il estime un bois qui lui nuit.



Le songe d'un habitant du Mogol.

Jadis certain Mogol vid en songe un Vizir,
 Aux Champs Elisiens possesseur d'un plaisir,
 Aussi pur qu'infini, tant en prix qu'en durée ;
 Le même songeur vid en une autre contrée
 Un Hermite entouré de feux,
 Qui touchoit de pitié même les malheureux.
 Le cas parut étrange, & contre l'ordinaire,
 Minos en ces deux morts sembloit s'être mépris.
 Le dormeur s'éveilla tant il en fut surpris.
 Dans ce songe pourtant soupçonnant du mystere,
 Il se fit expliquer l'affaire.
 L'interprete lui dit : Ne vous étonnez point,
 Vôte songe à du sens, & si j'ai sur ce point
 Aquis tant soit peu d'habitude,
 C'est un avis des Dieux. Pendant l'humain séjour
 Ce Vizir quelquefois cherchoit la solitude ;
 Cét Hermite aux Vizirs alloit faire sa cour.

Hound forc'd him to fly. He takes to a Forest, hoping to meet with an Asylum there, but unhappily his Horns, (a prejudicial Ornament) are entangled every Moment in the Boughs, and thus interfere with the kind Office that his Legs, on which his Safety depends, did him. This made him change his Note, and curse the Gift which Nature bestows upon him every Year.

We esteem beautiful Things, but despise those of Use, and the former often prove fatal to us. The Stag censures his Legs, which make him so fleet, and sets a high Value on his Horns which are his Destruction.



The DREAM of a NATIVE of MOGUL.

IN antient Times a certain Inhabitant of Mogul had a Dream, when he imagin'd himself convey'd into the Elysian Fields, where he saw a Vizier, possess'd of pure, infinite, eternal Bliss. The Vision afterwards wasted our Mogul into another Country, where he beheld a Hermit, frying in surrounding Flames, and in such Tortures, that the unhappy Souls themselves were touch'd with Pity. The Dreamer seem'd surpriz'd at this Vision, which appear'd to him very extraordinary and uncommon, and therefore he imagin'd that the infernal Judge had mistook in the Sentence he pronounc'd on these two Men. His Surprise was so great that it wak'd him; but concluding afterwards that something mysterious was couch'd under this Dream, he caus'd it to be unravel'd. Says the Interpreter to him, Be not astonish'd, there is a Meaning in your Dream; and if I have any Skill in these Matters, 'tis sent from the Gods.— That Vizier during his Abode in these sublunary Regions, sometimes sought for Solitude, and the Hermit frequently made his Court to the Viziers.

Si j'osois ajouter au mot de l'interprete,
 J'inspirerois ici l'amour de la retraite :
 Elle offre à ses amans des biens sans embarras,
 Biens purs, presens du Ciel, qui naissent sous les pas.
 Solitude où je trouve une douceur secrete,
 Lieux que j'aimai toujours, ne pourrai-je jamais,
 Loin du monde & du bruit goûter l'ombre & le frais !
 O qui m'arrêtera sous vos sombres aziles !
 Quand pourront les nœuf Sœurs, loin des cours & des
 Villes,

M'occuper tout entier, & m'apprendre des Cieux
 Les divers mouvemens inconnus à nos yeux,
 Les noms & les vertus de ces clartez errantes,
 Par qui sont nos destins & nos mœurs differentes ?
 Que si je ne suis né pour de si grands projets,
 Du moins que les ruisseaux m'offrent de doux objets !
 Que je peigne en mes Vers quelque rive fleurie !
 La Parque à filets d'or n'ourdira point ma vie ;
 Je ne dormirai point sous de riches lambris.
 Mais voit-on que le somme en perde de son prix ?
 En est-il moins profond, & moins plein de délices ?
 Je lui vouë au desert de nouveaux sacrifices.
 Quand le moment viendra d'aller trouver les morts,
 J'aurai vécu sans soins, & mourrai sans remords.



Could I presume to add to the Interpreter's Explanation, I would inspire a Love for the rural Recess. The Country offers its Votaries pure, unperplex'd Possessions; celestial Presents which spring up wherever we tread. O Solitude! which fills me with a secret, delicious Pleasure! Ye green Retreats, which have always been my Delight, shall I never taste the Sweets you dispense, in the cool, shady Bower, far remov'd from the Care and Tumults of Towns! When shall I be allow'd to spend my Days in your gloomy Coverts! When will the tuneful Sisters (my self far remov'd from Courts and Cities) inhabit this Breast, and teach me the various Motions of the celestial Orbs, conceal'd from the Eye of Mortals, with the Names and Virtues of those wand'ring Luminaries, which influence our Fate and shape our various Manners? But if I am not born to such exalted Things, at least let murmuring Rivulets offer me the sweetest Objects, and let me paint some enamel'd Bank in my Numbers. My Thread of Life, indeed, will not be spun by such of the Destinies as weave with golden Twine, and I shall not sleep beneath gild-ed Roofs: But do these add Sweetness to our Slumbers, or are they deeper and more delicious than those enjoy'd in the humble Tenement? Were my Wish indulg'd, I would offer up fresh Sacrifices to Morpheus; and when Death steals gently o'er all my Senses, I shall have liv'd free from Anxiety, and die without Remorse.





Le Cochet, le Chat & le Souriceau.

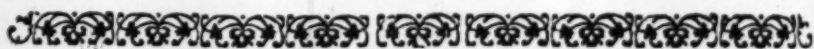
UN Souriceau tout jeune, & qui n'avoit rien veu,
 Fut presque pris au dépourveu.
 Voici comme il conta l'avanture à sa mere.
 J'avois franchi les Monts qui bornent cét Etat ;
 Et trotois comme un jeune Rat
 Qui cherche à se donner carrière,
 Lors que deux animaux m'on arrêté les yeux ;
 L'un doux, benin & gracieux ;
 Et l'autre turbulent & plein d'inquietude.
 Il a la voix perçante & rude ;
 Sur la tête un morceau de chair ;
 Une sorte de bras dont il s'éleve en l'air,
 Comme pour prendre sa volée ;
 La queue en panache étalée.
 Or c'étoit un Cochet dont nôtre Souriceau
 Fit à sa mere le tableau,
 Comme d'un animal venu de l' Amerique.
 Il se batoit, dit-il, les flancs avec ses bras,
 Faisant tel bruit & tel fracas,
 Que moi, qui grace aux Dieux de courage me pique,
 En ay pris la fuite de peur,
 Le maudissant de très-bon cœur.
 Sans lui j'aurois fait connoissance
 Avec cet animal qui m'a semblé si doux.
 Il est velouté comme nous,
 Marqueté, longue queue, une humble contenance ;
 Un modeste regard, & pourtant l'œil luisant :
 Je le crois fort sympathisant
 Avec Messieurs les Rats ; car il a des oreilles
 En figure aux nôtres pareilles.
 Je l'allois aborder ; quand d'un son plein d'éclat
 L'autre m'a fait prendre la fuite.
 Mon fils, dit la Souris, ce doucet est un Chat,
 Qui sous son minois hypocrite



The COCKRIL, the CAT and the young MOUSE.

A Very young Mouse, who was quite new to the World, had like to have been snapt up at unawares.— The whole Adventure, as he related it to his Parent, was thus.— I had climb'd, says he, those Mountains which are the Boundaries of our Country, and was trotting along, with the Air of a young Mouse, who is in quest of Diversion, when my wand'ring Eye fix'd on two Animals; the One gentle, benign, courteous, and the Other turbulent and uneasy. The latter has a shrill, harsh Voice, a Bit of Flesh on his Head, a kind of Arms by which he raises himself, as tho' he were going to soar aloft, and a Tail in the Form of a Plume.— Now 'twas a Cockril our young Mouse was imaging to his Parent, as tho' it had been some strange West-Indian Creature.— He lash'd, said the Mouse, his Sides with his Arms, and made so horrid a Din, that I who, Thanks to Providence, boast some Valour, fled away for Fear, and curs'd him very sincerely. Had it not been for this Varlet, I should have scrap'd Acquaintance with that other Creature, who appear'd so gentle. He is cloath'd (like us) in a soft, Velvet Skin, but spotted; has a long Tail, an humble Countenance, a modest Look, and yet a sparkling Eye. I fancy this Animal is almost of our Kind, for his Ears are shap'd like ours. I was going to accost the dear Creature, when the other set up his shrill Pipe, and forc'd me to fly that Instant.— Son, says the Parent Mouse, this Sweetner is a Cat, who under a soft, hypocritical Face, conceals the most

Contre toute ta parenté
 D'un malin vouloir est porté.
 L'autre animal tout au contraire,
 Bien éloigné de nous mal faire,
 Servira quelque jour peut être à nos repas ;
 Quant au Chat ; c'est sur nous qu'il fonde sa cuisine.
 Garde-toy tant que tu vivras
 De juger des gens sur la mine.



Le Milan & le Rossignol.

A Prés que le Milan, manifeste voleur,
 Eût répandu l'alarme en tout le voisinage,
 Et fait crier sur luy les enfans du village,
 Un Rossignol tomba dans ses mains, par malheur.
 Le heraut du Printemps luy demande la vie.
 Aussi bien que manger en qui n'a que le son ?
 Ecoûtez plutôt ma chanson ;
 Je vous raconteray Terée & son envie.
 Qui, Terée ? est-ce un mets propre pour les Milans ?
 Non pas, c'étoit un Roy dont les feux violens
 Me firent ressentir leur ardeur criminelle :
 Je m'en vais vous en dire une chanson si belle
 Qu'elle vous ravira : mon chant plaît à chacun.
 Le Milan alors lui replique :
 Vraiment nous voici bien lors que je suis à jeun,
 Tu me viens parler de musique.
 J'en parle bien aux Rois : Quand un Roy te prendra,
 Tu peux luy conter ces merveilles :
 Pour un Milan, il s'en rira :
 Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.

inveterate Hatred against our whole Family. But the other Animal, so far from annoying either you or I, will perhaps one time or other be fed upon by us. As for that Rogue the Cat, he subsists entirely upon Mice.— Whilst you live, my Son, never trust to Looks.



The KITE and the NIGHTINGALE.

A Kite, that notorious Thief, having fill'd a whole Neighbourhood with Alarms, and excited the Clamour of all the Boys in the Village, happen'd at last to fall upon a Nightingale (unhappily for the poor Creature). The Herald of the Spring begg'd the rapacious Bird to spare him. You will not, surely, says he, prey upon me who am nothing but Sound; listen rather to my Voice; I'll relate to you the Story of Tereus and his Cruelty.— Whose Story, says the Kite, Tereus? Is that a Dish fit for Kites? No, replied Philomel; He was a King, whose burning Passion prov'd fatal to me. I'll sing you so charming a Song on that Subject, will quite enchant you; all are delighted with my Harmony. The Kite then makes this Reply: How admirably well you time Things! talk to me of Musick, when I have not yet broke my Fast!— I talk of it even to Kings, answer'd the Warbler.— You may trumpet these Wonders, said the Kite, when you fall into a Monarch's Hands; but as for a Kite, he'll only laugh at it.— The famish'd Belly has no Ears.



La femme noyée.

JE ne suis pas de ceux qui disent, Ce n'est rien ;
 C'est une femme qui se noye.
 Je dis que c'est beaucoup ; & ce sexe vaut bien
 Que nous le regretions, puisqu'il fait nôtre joye.
 Ce que j'avance ici n'est point hors de propos ;
 Puisqu'il s'agit en cette Fable
 D'une femme qui dans les flots
 Avoit fini ses jours par un sort déplorable.
 Son époux en cherchoit le corps,
 Pour lui rendre en cette aventure
 Les honneurs de la sepulture.
 Il arriva que sur les bords
 Du fleuve auteur de sa disgrâce
 Des gens se promenoient ignorans l'accident.
 Ce mari donc leur demandant
 S'ils n'avoient de sa femme apperçu nulle trace.
 Nulle, reprit l'un d'eux, mais cherchez la plus bas ;
 Suivez le fil de la riviere.
 Un autre repartit : Non, ne le suivez pas ;
 Rebrouffez plutôt en arriere,
 Quelle que soit la pente & l'inclination
 Dont l'eau par sa course l'emporte,
 L'esprit de contradiction
 L'aura fait floter d'autre sorte.
 Cet homme se railloit assez hors de saison.
 Quant à l'humeur contredisante,
 Je ne sai s'il avoit raison.
 Mais que cette humeur soit ou non
 Le défaut du sexe & sa pente ;
 Quiconque avec elle naîtra,
 Sans faute avec elle mourra,
 Et jusqu'au bout contredira,
 Et, s'il peut, encor par de là.



The Drown'd W O M A N.

I AM not one of those who cry, 'Tis nothing,—only a Woman that's drowning. On the contrary, I say, 'Tis a Matter of Consequence: As the Fair Sex form our Delight, they surely deserve one Sigh. What I advance on this Occasion is not ill-tim'd, because the present Fable relates to a Woman, who had perish'd miserably in the Waves. Her Husband sought for her Corps, in order to honour it with the Rites of Burial. Now it happen'd that some People who knew nothing of the sad Accident, were walking on the Banks of the River, which had swallow'd up the unhappy Creature. Her Husband asking whether they had not seen any Traces of his Wife's Corps? Not the least, replied one of 'em, but look for her farther down; follow the Current of the Water. Another answer'd, Don't follow it; rather go backward: How strong soever the Stream may be, she yet certainly floats against it, from a Spirit of Contradiction.— This Man's Raillery was a little unseasonable.— I cannot say if he were right or not in his Assertion, with regard to her contradictory Temper; but whether this Temper be an Imperfection in the Sex, and their natural Tendency; 'tis certain that whosoever is born with such a Turn of Mind, will infallibly die with it; will contradict to the last Gasps, and (if possible) beyond it.

The



Le Dépositaire infidèle.

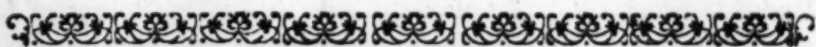
UN trafiquant de Perse
 Chez son voisin, s'en allant en commerce,
 Mit en dépôt un cent de fer un jour.
 Mon fer, dit-il, quand il fut de retour.
 Vôte fer? il n'est plus: J'ai regret de vous dire,
 Qu'un Rat l'a mangé tout entier.
 J'en ay grondé mes gens: mais qu'y faire? un Grenier
 A toujours quelque trou. Le trafiquant admire
 Un tel prodige, & feint de le croire pourtant.
 Au bout de quelques jours il détourne l'enfant
 Du perfide voisin; puis à souper convie
 Le pere qui s'excuse, & lui dit en pleurant;
 Dispensez moi, je vous supplie:
 Tous plaisirs pour moi sont perdus.
 J'aimois un fils plus que ma vie:
 Je n'ai que lui; que dis je? hélas! je ne l'ai plus,
 On me l'a dérobé. Plaignez mon infortune.
 Le Marchand repartit: Hier au soir sur la brune
 Un chat-huant s'en vint vôte fils enlever.
 Vers un vieux bâtiment je le lui vis porter.
 Le pere dit; Comment voulez-vous que je croye
 Qu'un Hibou pût jamais emporter cette proie?
 Mon fils en un besoin eût pris le Chat-huant,
 Je ne vous dirai point, reprit l'autre, comment,
 Mais enfin je l'ai veu, veu de mes yeux, vous dis-je,
 Et ne vois rien qui vous oblige
 D'en douter un moment après ce que je dis.
 Faut-il que vous trouviez étrange
 Que les Chat-huans d'un pays
 Où le quintal de fer par un seul Rat se mange,
 Enlevent un garçon pesant un demi cent?
 L'autre vit où tendoit cette feinte avanture.



The Faithless TRUSTEE.

A Persian Merchant going one Day upon his Traffick, left an hundred Weight of Iron, in Trust, with his Neighbour. Being come back, return me, says he, my Iron.— Your Iron, says the other, 'tis gone: I'm very much griev'd to tell you, but a Rat has eat up every Bit of it. I rated my Servants very heartily upon that Account, but what can be done? There always is some Hole or other in a Garret. The Trader was astonish'd at the Prodigy, and yet pretended to believe it. A few Days after he privately convey'd away the Son of his perfidious Neighbour, and then invites the Father to Supper. The latter excus'd himself, and begg'd him, with Tears, not to insist upon his Going. Alas! said he, I am now dead to every Pleasure; I had a Son who was dearer to me than Life: He is my only Comfort; but what do I say? alas! He is no more. Some Wretch has stole him from me, Oh! pity my sad Fate. The Merchant replied: Yesterday, in the Dusk of the Evening, a Screech-Owl rush'd upon your Son, and carried him off: I saw the Creature wing away with the Child towards an Edifice that lies in Ruins. Says the Father, D' ye think I can believe that an Owl was able to carry off so mighty a Prey? On the contrary, my Son would, upon Occasion, have carried off the Screech-Owl. I won't, says the Trader, tell you in what Manner; but, in short, I my self saw him; saw him, I declare, with these Eyes; surely, after such Assertions, you won't scruple, in any Manner, the Truth of what I tell you. Can you think it extraordinary, that the Screech-Owls of a Country, in which an hundred Weight of Iron is swallow'd up by a single Rat, should carry off a Boy that weighs not above half so much? The other perceiv'd the Drift

Il rendit le fer au Marchand
 Qui lui rendit sa geniture.
 Même dispute avint entre deux voyageurs.
 L'un d'eux étoit de ces conteurs
 Qui n'ont jamais rien vu qu'avec un microscope.
 Tout est Geant chez eux: Ecoutez les, l'Europe
 Comme l'Afrique aura des monstres à foison.
 Celui-ci se croyoit l'hyperbole permise.
 J'ay vu, dit-il, un chou plus grande qu'une maison.
 Et moi, dit l'autre, un pot aussi grand qu'une Eglise.
 Le premier se moquant, l'autre reprit: tout doux;
 On le fit pour cuire vos choux.
 L'homme au pot fut plaisant; l'homme au fer fut habile.
 Quand l'absurde est outré, l'on lui fait trop d'honneur
 De vouloir par raison combattre son erreur;
 Encherir est plus court, sans s'échauffer la bile.



*Le Marchand, le Gentilhomme, le Pâtre & le Fils
 de Roi.*

Quatre chercheurs de nouveaux mondes,
 Presque nuds échapez à la fureur des ondes,
 Un Trafiquant, un Noble, un Patre, un Fils de
 Roi,
 Reduits au fort de Bellizaire, *
 Demandoient aux passans de quoi
 Pouvoir soulager leur misere.
 De raconter quel sort les avoit assemblez,
 Quoi que sous divers points tous quatre ils fussent nez,
 C'est un recit de longue haleine.
 Ils s'affirent enfin au bord d'une fontaine.
 Là le conseil se tint entre les pauvres gens.
 Le Prince s'étendit sur le malheur des grands.

L:

* Bellizaire étoit un grand Capitaine, qui aiant commandé les Armées de l'Empereur & perdu les bonnes grâces de son Maître, tomba dans un tel point de misere, qu'il demandoit l'aumône sur les grands chemins.

of this pretended Accident, and thereupon gave the Merchant his Iron, who restor'd him his Son.—

A like Dispute happen'd between two Travellers. The One was of those Romancers who view every thing in a Microscope. All things appear to their Eye of a gigantic Size. If you believe them, Europe abounds with as great a Number of Monsters as Africa. The Person in question imagin'd he might be allow'd to employ the Hyperbola. I have seen, says he, a Cabbage bigger than a House: And I, says the Other, a Porridge-Pot as large as a Church. The first ridiculing what he said, the Other replies; Soft a little,—This Porridge-Pot was made to boil your Cabbage in. The Man with his Porridge-Pot was a Wag; and the Merchant, with his Iron, a Man of Abilities. When Absurdity is exaggerated, we should not attempt to combat it by Reason, for this would be doing it too great an Honour: The best Way is, to improve calmly upon the Romance, and not put ourselves into a Passion about it.



THE TRADER, the GENTLEMAN, the HERDS- MAN and the KING'S SON.

FOUR chimerical Creatures, a Trader, a Nobleman, a Herdsman and a King's Son, all of them stark-naked, and just escap'd the Fury of the Waves, were reduc'd to the wretched Condition of * Bellifarius, and forc'd to beg Alms of such Travellers as pass'd by. Our Story would spin to too great a Length, should we relate, what Chance bad associated People who were born to so different a State of Life. At last they seated themselves by a Spring, and there our unfortunate People held a Council. The Prince open'd it, by expatiating on the Unhappiness of the Great. As to the Herdsman

* Bellifarius was an illustrious Warrior, who after having commanded the Forces of the Empire, and lost the Favour of his Sovereign, was reduc'd to so deplorable a State, that he was forc'd to beg Alms in the High-way.

Le Pâtre fut d'avis qu'éloignant la pensée
 De leur aventure passée
 Chacun fit de son mieux, & s'appliquât au soin
 De pourvoir au commun besoin.
 La plainte, ajouta-t-il, guerit-elle son homme?
 Travaillons ; c'est de quoi nous mener jusqu' à Rome.
 Un Pâtre ainsi parler ! ainsi parler ; croit-on
 Que le Ciel n'ait donné qu'aux têtes couronnées
 De l'esprit & de la raison,
 Et que de tout Berger comme de tout mouton,
 Les connoissances soient bornées ?
 L'avis de celui-ci fut d'abord trouvé bon
 Par les trois échoëz aux bords de l'Amerique.
 L'un, c'étoit le Marchand, savoit l'Arithmetique ;
 A tant par mois, dit-il, j'en donnerai leçon.
 J'enseignerai la politique,
 Reprit le Fils de Roi. Le Noble poursuivit :
 Moi je fais le blason ; j'en veux tenir école :
 Comme si devers l'Inde on eut eu dans l'esprit
 La sottise vanité de ce jargon frivole.
 Le Pâtre dit : Amis, vous parlez bien ; mais quoi,
 Le mois a trente jours, jusqu' à cette échéance
 Jeûnerons-nous par vôtre foi ?
 Vous me donnez une esperance
 Belle, mais éloignée ; & cependant j'ai faim.
 Qui pourvoira de nous au dîner de demain ?
 Ou plutôt sur quelle assurance
 Fondez-vous, dites moi, le souper d'aujourd'hui ?
 Avant tout autre c'est celui
 Dont il s'agit : vôtre science
 Est courte là-dessus ; ma main y suppléra.
 A ces mots le Pâtre s'en va
 Dans un bois : il y fit des fagots dont la vente
 Pendant cette journée & pendant la suivante,
 Empêcha qu'un long jeûne à la fin ne fit tant
 Qu'ils allassent là bas exercer leur talent.
 Je conclus de cette aventure,
 Qu'il ne faut pas tant d'art pour conserver ses jours ;
 Et grâce aux dons de la nature,
 La main est le plus seur & le plus prompt secours.

Herdsmen, he concluded, That 'twas their Business, not to revolve their past Misfortunes; that each ought to exert himself, and use his utmost Endeavours to provide for their common Necessities. Will Complaints, added he, remedy ill Fortune? Let us work; by our Labour we shall be enabled to get to Rome— A Herdsman deliver himself with so much Wisdom!— With so much Wisdom? Has Heaven indulg'd crown'd Heads only with Wit and Sense; and are the intellectual Faculties of every Shepherd confin'd to as narrow Limits as those of his Sheep?— The Latter's Advice was at first approv'd of by the three Persons who were shipwreck'd on the Coast of America. Says the Merchant, who was skill'd in Accompts, I'll teach them at so much a Month. As for me, says the King's Son, I'll instruct Others in Politicks. And with regard to my self, continues the Nobleman, I'm well-skill'd in Heraldry, and therefore will set up a School for teaching it; as tho' the Indians were so stupidly vain, as to trouble themselves with the, trifling ridiculous Jargon of that Science. The Herdsman added; Really, my Friends, you all speak to Admiration; but consider, every Month consists of thirty Days; and would you pretend to make us fast so long? The Hopes, indeed, that you would inspire me with, are beautiful, but then they are remote, and I am vastly hungry. Who will provide us a Dinner for to-morrow? Or rather, tell me, are you sure to get even a Supper to-night? This is the first thing to be look'd after; and on this Occasion your Knowledge is at a Stand; however, my Hand shall supply the Defects of it. The Herdsman, a Moment after he had said these Words, runs into a Wood, and there cuts down Fagots, the Sale of which prevented, during that Day and the next, Famine from preying upon his wretched Brethren, who otherwise must have gone to the other World, there to exercise their various Talents.—

The Moral I draw from this Story, is, That very little Art is required to preserve Life; and, Thanks to the Gifts of Nature, the Hand gives the most secure, and at the same time, the most expeditious Assistance.



Les deux Perroquets, le Roi & son fils.

DEUX Perroquets, l'un pere & l'autre fils,
Du rôl d'un Roi faisoient leur ordinaire.
Deux demi-dieux, l'un fils & l'autre pere,
De ces oyseaux faisoient leurs favoris.

L'âge lioit une amitié sincere
Entre ces gens: les deux peres s'aimoient ;
Les deux enfans, malgré leur cœur frivole,
L'un avec l'autre aussi s'accoutumoient,
Nourris ensemble, & compagnons d'école.
C'étoit beaucoup d'honneur au jeune Perroquet ;
Car l'enfant étoit Prince & son pere Monarque.
Par le temperament que lui donna la parque,
Il aimoit les oiseaux. Un Moineau fort coquet,
Et le plus amoureux de toute la Province,
Faisoit aussi sa part des delices du Prince.
Ces deux rivaux un jour ensemble se joüans

Comme il arrive aux jeunes gens,
Le jeu devint une querelle.
Le passereau peu circonspec,
S'attira de tels coups de bec,
Que demi mort & traînant l'aîle,
On crut qu'il n'en pourroit guerir.
Le Prince indigné fit mourir

Son Perroquet. Le bruit en vint au pere.

L'infortuné vieillard crie & se desespera.

Le tout en vain ; ses cris sont superflus :
L'oiseau parleur est déjà dans la barque :
Pour dire mieux, l'oiseau ne parlant plus
Fait qu'en fureur sur le fils du Monarque
Son pere s'en va fondre, & lui creve les yeux.

Il se sauve aussi-tôt, & choisit pour azile

Le haut d'un Pin. Là dans le sein des Dieux,
Il goute sa vengeance en lieu seur & tranquille.



The TWO PARROTS, the MONARCH and his SON.

TWO Parrots, Father and Son, fed on Dainties from a King's Table; and two Demi-Gods, as nearly related as the Birds, made these their Favourites. A Likeness of Age united these People in the sincerest Friendship: the two Fathers were fond of each other, and the two Children, notwithstanding their roving Tempers, were delighted in each others Company. They were School fellows, and brought up together, a Circumstance which reflected the greatest Honour on the young Parrot; his Companion being a Prince, a Son to a King. The Fates had inspir'd the former with an Affection for Birds: And a coquettish Sparrow, the most amorous, billing Creature in the whole Country, had also a Share in the Prince's Favour. Now it happen'd one Day, that our two Rivals, wantoning together, (as is natural for young Folks to do) their Play rose at last to a Quarrel. In the Fray, the unguarded Sparrow was attack'd so furiously by the Bill of his Adversary, that he was half kill'd; and dragg'd his Wing so heavily, that 'twas judg'd he cou'd not recover. The Prince, exasperated against his Parrot, wrung his Neck off, which waking the Parent-Bird, the unhappy old Creature made lamentable Moan, and tore his Feathers, but all in vain; his Complaints were superfluous, for the tatling Bird is already in Charon's Bark; or to speak with more Propriety, the Bird being now dumb, the Parent was so greatly enrag'd, that he flew upon the King's Son, and peck'd his Eyes out. Immediately he takes his Flight, and makes the lofty Top of a Pine-tree his Asylum. There, protected by the Gods, he enjoys the Sweetness of Revenge in a secure, peace-

Le Roi lui-même y court, & dit pour l'attirer,
 Ami, reviens chez moi : que nous sert de pleurer ?
 Haine, vengeance & deuil, laissons tout à la porte.

Je suis contraint de déclarer,
 Encor que ma douleur soit forte,
 Que le tort vient de nous ! mon fils fut l'agresseur.
 Mon fils ! non ; C'est le sort qui du coup est l'auteur.
 La Parque avoit écrit de tout temps en son livre
 Que l'un de nos enfans devoit cesser de vivre,

L'autre de voir, par ce malheur.
 Consolons-nous tous deux, & reviens dans ta cage.
 Le Perroquet dit : Sire Roi,

Crois-tu qu'après un tel outrage
 Je me doive fier à toi ?
 Tu m'allegues le sort ; prétens-tu par ta foi
 Me leurrer de l'appât d'un profane langage ?
 Mais que la providence ou bien que le destin
 Regle les affaires du monde,

Il est écrit là-haut qu'au faite de ce pin
 Ou dans quelque Forêt profonde
 J'acheverai mes jours loin du fatal objet
 Qui doit t'être un juste sujet
 De haine & de fureur. Je sai que la vengeance
 Est un morceau de Roi, car vous vivez en Dieux ;
 Tu veux oublier cette offense :

Je le crois : cependant, il me faut pour le mieux
 Eviter ta main & tes yeux.

Sire Roi mon ami, va t'en, tu perds ta peine,
 Ne me parle point de retour ;

L'absence est aussi bien un remède à la haine
 Qu'un appareil contre l'amour.

able Place. The King himself runs thither, and cries, in order to allure him, Friend, return to my Palace: what ~~all~~ our Tears avail? Let us lay aside Hatred, Revenge and Mourning. I am forc'd to own, notwithstanding the deep Affliction which oppresses me, that 'tis We did the Injury: My Son was the Aggressor. My Son! no: the sad Accident is owing to Fate. The Destinies bad, from all Ages, writ in their Book, that one of our Children should die, and the other lose his Sight, by this sad Accident. Let us console our selves; come, return to thy Cage.— Says the Parrot, O King, dost thou think I ought, after so mighty a Wrong, to put the least Confidence in Thee? You tell me 'tis Fate: Dost thou fancy, by my Faith, to make profane, impious Words a Bait to entice me? But whether Providence or Destiny superintend the Affairs of the World, 'tis written in the Stars, that either on the Summit of this Pine, or in some gloomy Forest, I shall end my Days, far remov'd from the fatal Object, which may very justly raise thy Fury and Indignation. I know that Vengeance is a Morsel for a King, for you live like Gods. You will erase the Injury from your Mind; I believe it: However, 'twill be best for me to fly both your Arm and your Eyes. O King! my Friend, be gone; 'tis all lost Labour, and therefore talk no more to me of returning back. Absence is equally a Remedy for Hatred and for Love.





La Lionne & l'Ourse.

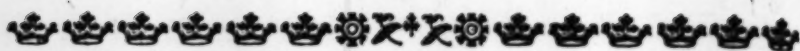
MERE Lionne avoit perdu son fân.
 Un Chasseur l'avoit pris. La pauvre infortunée
 Pouffoit un tel rugissement
 Que toute la Forêt étoit importunée.
 La nuit ni son obscurité,
 Son silence & ses autres charmes,
 De la Reine des bois n'arrêtoit les vacarmes.
 Nul animal n'étoit du sommeil visité.
 L'Ourse enfin lui dit : Ma commere,
 Un mot sans plus ; tous les enfans
 Qui sont passés entre vos dents,
 N'avoient-ils ni pere ni mere ?
 Ils en avoient. S'il est ainsi,
 Et qu'aucun de leur mort n'ait nos têtes rompües,
 Si tant de meres se font teües,
 Que ne vous taisez-vous aussi ?
 Moi me taire ? moi malheureuse !
 Ah j'ai perdu mon fils ! il me faudra trainer
 Une vieillesse douloureuse.
 Dites-moi, qui vous force à vous y condamner ?
 Helas ! c'est le destin qui me hait. Ces paroles
 Ont été de tout temps en la bouche de tous.
 Miserables humains, ceci s'adresse à vous :
 Je n'entens resonner que des plaintes frivoles.
 Quiconque en pareil cas se croit haï des Cieux,
 Qu'il considere Hecube, il rendra grace aux Dieux.



The LIONESS and the SHE-BEAR.

A Lioness had lost her Cub, which had fallen a Prey to the Hunter. The desponding Dam roar'd so loud, that the Echo reach'd all Parts of the Forest. Neither the Night nor its Gloom, its Silence and the rest of its Charms, cou'd suspend the mournful Wailings of the Queen of the Groves; so that not a single Creature in-all the Neighbourhood cou'd get one Wink of Sleep. At last the She-Bear said to her, My very good Friend, let me speak but one Word: Had not all those Children, whom you've devour'd, Fathers and Mothers? They had both, answer'd the Lioness. If 'twere so, continued the Bear, and yet none of them ever distracted our Ears with lamenting their Death; if so many Mothers were silent upon those Occasions, why are not you silent also?— Me be silent! unhappy Wretch that I am! Oh! I've lost my Son! I now must be forc'd to spend my ebbing Years in Grief and Misery.— But what forces you to it?— Alas! Fate bears me a mortal Enmity.—

All Men have employ'd these Words in every Age. Wretched human Creatures, this is directed to you: Frivolous Complaints are the only Sounds I hear. Let any Man who, on a like Occasion, fancies himself hated by the Gods, only reflect on the unhappy Hecuba, and he'll offer them up the warmest Thanks.



Les Poissons & le Berger qui jouë de la flûte.

TYRCIS qui pour la seule Annette
 Faisoit reſonner les accords
 D'une voix & d'une muſette,
 Capables de toucher les morts,
 Chantoit un jour le long des bords
 D'une onde arroſant des prairies,
 Dont Zephire habitoit les campagnes fleuries.
 Annette cependant à la ligne pêchoit ;
 Mais nul poiſſon ne s'approchoit.
 La Bergere perdoit ſes peines.
 Le berger qui par ſes chanſons
 Eut attiré des inhumaines,
 Crut, & crut mal, attirer des poiſſons.
 Il leur chanta ceci. Citoiens de cette onde,
 Laiſſez vôte Nayade en ſa grotte profonde.
 Venez voir un objet mille fois plus charmant.
 Ne craignez point d'entrer aux priſons de la Belle :
 Ce n'eſt qu' à nous qu'elle eſt cruelle :
 Vous ſerez traités doucement,
 On n'en veut point à vôte vie :
 Un vivier vous attend plus clair que ſin criſtal.
 Et quand à quelques-uns l'appat ſeroit fatal,
 Mourir des mains d'Annette eſt un fort que j'envie.
 Ce diſcours éloquent ne fit pas grand effet :
 L'auditoire étoit ſourd auſſi bien que muet.
 Tyrcis eut beau prêcher : ſes paroles miellées
 S'en étant aux vents envolées,
 Il tendit un long rets. Voilà les poiſſons pris,
 Voilà les poiſſons mis aux pieds de la Bergere.
 O vous Paſteurs d'humains & non pas de brebis :
 Rois qui croyez gagner par raiſons les eſprits
 D'une multitude étrangere,
 Ce n'eſt jamais par-là que l'on en vient à bout :
 Il y faut une autre maniere,
 Servez-vous de vos rets, la poiſſance fait tout.



The FISH, and the SHEPHERD playing on his
FLUTE.

THYRSIS, *who to please his dear Nancy only, us'd to sing, and play so ravishingly on his Bagpipe, that his Strains were capable of touching the Dead; sung one Day on the mossy Banks of a Stream, which water'd a Variety of Meads, where the Zephyrs chose to inhabit. Nancy was angling at the same time, but not a single Fish would come near, and consequently the Shepberdess lost her Labour. The Shepberd, whose Harmony was so exquisite, that it might have attracted the most savage Creatures, imagin'd, but falsely, that he should allure the Fish.— This was his Song.*—

Inhabitants of the liquid Element, leave your lovely Naiad in her Coral Grott; come, come and behold an Object that is infinitely more charming! Be not afraid of the Captivity into which the delightful Nymph will lead you, for she is cruel to us only. You will meet with the gentlest Treatment, and she is far from having a Design upon your Lives, but will convey you into a Fish-Pond, whose Waters vie in Whiteness with Crystal. And tho' the Bait should prove fatal to some of you, yet, to die by the Hand of Nancy, is a Fate I envy.—

This eloquent Harangue had very little Effect, the Audience being deaf as well as dumb. Thyrsis preach'd to no manner of Purpose; and finding that his honey'd Words were all given to the Winds, he threw out a long Net. Immediately the Fish were caught, and that Moment were laid at the Feet of the Shepberdess.—

You who are Shepherds over Mankind, not over Sheep; ye Kings, who hope to win over a foreign Populace by Reason, believe me, 'tis not the Way to engage their Affections. A quite different Method must be us'd, and you must throw out your Net.— Power effects all Things.

The

*Le mal marié,*

QUE le bon soit toujours camarade du beau,
 Dès demain je chercherai femme;
 Mais comme le divorce entre eux n'est pas nou-
 veau,

Et que peu de beaux corps hôtes d'une belle ame
 Assemblent l'un & l'autre point,
 Ne trouvez pas mauvais que je ne cherche point.
 J'ai vu beaucoup d'Himens, aucuns d'eux ne me ten-
 tent :

Cependant des humains presque les quatre parts
 S'exposent hardiment au plus grand des hazards;
 Les quatre parts aussi des humains se repentent.

J'en vais alleguer un qui s'étant repenti,
 Ne put trouver d'autre parti,
 Que de renvoyer son épouse
 Querelleuse, avare, & jalouse.

Rien ne la contentoit, rien n'étoit comme il faut,
 On se levoit trop tard, on se couchoit trop tôt.
 Puis du blanc, puis du noir, puis encore autre chose;
 Les valets enrageoient, l'époux étoit à bout;
 Monsieur ne songe à rien, Monsieur dépense tout,
 Monsieur court, Monsieur se repose.

Elle en dit tant, que Monsieur à la fin
 Lassé d'entendre un tel lutin,
 Vous la renvoye à la campagne

Chez ses parens. La voila donc compagne
 De certaines Philis qui gardent les dindons
 Avec les gardeurs de cochons.

Au bout de quelque-temps qu'on la crut adoucie,
 Le mari la reprend. Eh bien qu'avez-vous fait?

Comment passiez-vous vôtre vie?
 L'innocence des champs est-elle vôtre fait?

Assez,



The MAN who was unhappily married.

IF Sweetness of Temper were inseparable from Beauty, I would seek me a Wife to-morrow. But as they often are separated, and that a beautiful Soul and Body seldom unite in the same Person, don't take it amiss, if I forbear to look out a Partner for Life. I have seen a great Number of Marriages, but never one that tempted me to put on the Hymeneal Fetters. Yet three Parts in four of Mankind boldly venture into the most hazardous of all States; and indeed three Parts in four repent their Rashness.— I shall entertain my Readers with a Man, who repenting that he ever married, found no other Way to make himself easy, than by sending back his Wife, who was a quarrelsome, avaricious, jealous Creature. Nothing cou'd please her; all Things went wrong; the Servants rose too late, and went to Bed too soon. Now, she wou'd have a Thing this Way; the next Moment, another; and the next a quite different Way again; insomuch, that the Servants were distracted, and the Husband at his Wits End. My Husband, wou'd this Xantippe say, thinks of nothing in the World; is for ever a squand'ring; now is rambling about, now doing nothing.— She made such an Uproar, that her Husband quite weary of it, resolves to send the Hobgoblin back to her Relations.— Behold her now the Companion of certain Country Wenches, who look'd after Turkeys; and of Hog-Herds.— Some Months after, the Husband imagining her Temper was a little softened, takes her home again. Well, says he, how have you spent your Time? Does the Innocence of the rural Life suit your Inclinations?

Affez, dit-elle ; mais ma peine
 Etoit de voir les gens plus paresseux qu'ici :
 Ils n'ont des troupeaux nul souci.
 Je leur savois bien dire, & m'attirois la haine
 De tous ces gens si peu soigneux.
 Eh, Madame, reprit son époux tout à l'heure,
 Si vôtre esprit est si hargneux
 Que le monde qui ne demeure
 Qu'un moment avec vous, & ne revient qu'au soir,
 Est déjà lassé de vous voir,
 Que feront des valets qui toute la journée
 Vous verront contre eux dechainée ?
 Et que pourra faire un époux
 Que vous voulez qui soit jour & nuit avec vous ?
 Retournez au village : adieu : si de ma vie
 Je vous rappelle, & qu'il m'en prenne envie,
 Puissai-je chez les morts avoir pour mes pechez,
 Deux femmes comme vous sans cesse à mes côtez.



nations? Pretty well, says she; but I was very uneasy to find the People there fifty times more lazy than at our House: To be sure, they don't take the least Care of their Cattle. I scolded them very heartily, and so was hated by all those indolent Wretches.— Madam, replies the Husband that Instant, if your Temper is so vastly crabbed, that Folks who are but a Moment with you, and at home only in the Evening, are already weary of you; how will it be possible for Servants to bear with your eternal Clack? And what must a Husband do, poor Wretch! whom you wou'd not allow to be a Moment out of your Sight? For Heaven's Sake, go back: Adieu; and if ever I should be inclin'd to send for you home again, may my Punishment after Death be, to have two such Vixens as you perpetually at my Elbow.



Tircis & Amarante.

TIRCIS disoit un jour à la la jeune Amarante ;
 Ah ! si vous connoissiez comme moi certain mal
 Qui nous plait & qui nous enchante !
 Il n'est bien sous le Ciel qui vous parût égal :
 Souffrez qu'on vous le communique ;
 Croiez-moi ; n'aiez point de peur ;
 Voudrois-je vous tromper, vous pour qui je me pique
 Des plus doux sentimens que puisse avoir un cœur ?
 Amarante aussi-tôt replique ;
 Comment l'appellez-vous ce mal ? quel est son nom ?
 L'amour. Ce mot est beau : Dites-moi quelque marque
 A quoi je le pourrai connoître : que sent-on ?
 Des peines près de qui le plaisir des Monarques
 Est ennuyeux & fade : on s'oublie, on se plaît
 Toute seule en une forêt.
 Se mire-t-on près un rivage ?
 Ce n'est pas soi qu'on voit, on ne voit qu'une image
 Qui sans cesse revient & qui suit en tous lieux :
 Pour tout le reste on est sans yeux.
 Il est un Berger du village
 Dont l'abord, dont la voix, dont le nom fait rougir :
 On soupire à son souvenir :
 On ne fait pas pourquoi ; cependant on soupire ;
 On a peur de le voir encor qu'on le desire.
 Amarante dit à l'instant
 Oh ! oh ! c'est là ce mal que vous me préchez tant ?
 Il nè m'est pas nouveau : je pense le connoître.
 Tircis à son but croioit être,
 Quand la belle ajoûta, Voilà tout justement
 Ce que je sens pour Clidamant.
 L'autre pensa mourir de dépit & de honte.
 Il est force gens comme lui
 Qui pretendent n'agir que pour leur propre compte,
 Et qui font le marché d'autrui.



THYRSIS and SILVIA.

SAYS Thyrsis one Day to the blooming Silvia, *Ab! were you as well acquainted as I am with a certain Evil, which pleases and enchants, you wou'd look upon all other Blessings under the Sun as inferior to it. Let me, dearest Creature, communicate it to you. Believe what I say; be not under the least Apprehension; can you suppose I ever wou'd deceive you; I who profess to love you with the utmost Excess of Passion?—* Silvia immediately reply'd; *What is this Evil call'd? tell me its Name?— 'Tis Love.— A very pretty Word: By what Mark, what Symptoms may I know it? what is it we feel on that Occasion?— Pains, compar'd to which the Pleasure of Monarchs is dull and inspid: We are lost to our selves, we are delighted tho' alone in a Forest. Do we gaze in a Crystal Stream? 'Tis not our selves we survey; we see nothing but a Shadow, an Image, which returns each fleeting Moment, and follows us wherever we go: Every other Object dies in our Sight!— There is a certain Shepherd in our Village, whose Approach, whose Voice, whose Name raises a Blush in our Cheeks: We sigh whenever we think of him, but why we cannot tell, and yet we sigh; we dread to see him, tho' there's nothing we so earnestly pant after. Says Silvia that Moment, Oh! is this the Evil you have harangu'd so long about? 'Tis no new Thing to me; I am strangely mistaken, or I know it.—* Thyrsis thought he now had gain'd his Point, when the Fair-One added: *All this is exactly what I feel for Clidamant— The disappointed Lover was ready to burst with Spite and Confusion at this unexpected Turn.—*

Many Persons fancy that they, like Thyrsis, are transacting for themselves, at the same time that they are doing other People's Business.

The

La Tortuë & les deux Canards.

U N E Tortuë étoit, à la tête legere,
 Qui lassé de son trou voulut voir le pays.
 Volontiers on fait cas d'une terre étrangere;
 Volontiers gens boiteux haïssent le logis.
 Deux Canards à qui la Commere
 Communiqua ce beau dessein,
 Lui dirent qu'ils avoient dequoi la satisfaire :
 Voyez-vous ce large chemin ?
 Nous vous voiturerons par l'air en Amerique.
 Vous verrez mainte Republique,
 Maint Roiaume, maint peuple ; & vous profiterez
 Des différentes mœurs que vous remarquerez.
 Ulyssé en fit autant. On ne s'attendoit guere
 De voir Ulyssé en cette affaire.
 La Tortuë écouta la proposition.
 Marché fait, les oiseaux forgent une machine
 Pour transporter la pelerine.
 Dans la gueule en travers on lui passe un bâton.
 Serrez-bien, dirent-ils ; gardez de lâcher prise ;
 Puis chaque Canard prend ce bâton par un bout.
 La Tortuë enlevée on s'étonne par tout
 De voir aller en cette guise
 L'animal lent & sa maison,
 Justement au milieu de l'un & l'autre Oïson.
 Miracle, crioit-on ; Venez voir dans les nuës
 Passer la Reine des Tortuës.
 La Reine : Vraiment oui ; Je la suis en effet ;
 Ne vous en moquez point. Elle eût beaucoup mieux fait
 De passer son chemin sans dire aucune chose ;
 Car lâchant le bâton en desserrant les dents,
 Elle tombe, elle creve aux pieds des regardans.
 Son indiscretion de sa perte fut cause.
 Imprudence, babil & sotte vanité,
 Et vaine curiosité,
 Ont ensemble étroit parentage ;
 Ce sont enfans tous d'un lignage.

Les

The TORTOISE and the Two DUCKS.

A Tortoise, a most inconsiderate Creature, was weary of the solitary Hole she liv'd in, and resolv'd to visit foreign Countries. People form the most advantageous Ideas of Places they are Strangers to, and the same have an Aversion to home.— Two Ducks, whom the giddy Tortoise acquainted with her noble Design, said, they cou'd easily oblige her on that Occasion. Do you see, said they, the wide, extended Prospect! We will conduct you thro' the Air into America. You will survey many Republicks, Kingdoms and Nations; and the different Manners and Customs you'll be a Spectator of, will be of the highest Advantage to you. *This Ulysses did.*—

The Reader hardly expected to hear Ulysses mention'd on this Occasion.—

The Tortoise listned to the Proposal, and the Bargain being struck, the Birds form'd a Machine to convey the Pilgrim. Upon this, they thrust a Staff thro' her Mouth, with this Caution;— Hold it fast; be sure not to let go your Hold.— After this, each Duck took the Staff by the End.— The Tortoise soaring aloft, every one was surpriz'd to see the slow Animal and her Tenement travelling in that Manner, between the two Ducks. A Prodigy! cried they all, come and behold the Queen of the Tortoises shaping her Course thro' the Air.— The Queen! says the transported Creature; yes, indeed am I: None of your Ridicule, I beseech you.— However, she had much better have held her Tongue, for opening her Mouth, she let go the Stick, so down she fell, and dash'd to Pieces in Presence of the Gazers. Her Indiscretion destroy'd her.—

Imprudence, Tattle, stupid Vanity and idle Curiosity, are very nearly related, and descend all from the same Parent.

Les Poissons & le Cormoran.

IL n'étoit point d'étang dans tout le voisinage
Qu'un Cormoran n'eût mis à contribution.

Viviers & réservoirs lui payoient pension :

Sa cuisine alloit bien ; mais lors que le long âge

Eut glacé le pauvre animal,

La même cuisine alla mal.

Tout Cormoran se feroit de pourvoir lui-même.

Le nôtre un peu trop vieux pour voir au fond des eaux,

N'ayant ni filets ni rezeaus,

Souffroit une disette extreme.

Que fit-il ? le besoin, docteur en stratagème,

Lui fournit celui-ci. Sur le bord d'un Etang

Cormoran vit une Ecrevisse.

Ma commere, dit-il, allez tout à l'instant

Porter un avis important

A ce peuple : Il faut qu'il perisse :

Le maître de ce lieu dans huit jours péchera :

L'Ecrevisse en hâte s'en va

Contre le cas : grande est l'émute.

On court, on s'assemble, on députe

A l'oiseau. Seigneur Cormoran,

D'où vous vient cet avis ? quel est votre garand ?

Etes-vous seur de cette affaire ?

• N'y savez-vous remède ? & qu'est-il bon de faire ?

Changer de lieu, dit-il. Comment le ferons-nous ?

N'en soyez point en soin : je vous porterai tous

L'un après l'autre en ma retraite.

Nul que Dieu seul & moi n'en connoît les chemins,

Il n'est demeure plus secrette.

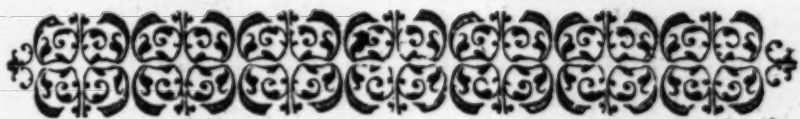
Un vivier que nature y creusa de ses mains,

Inconnu des traitres humains,

Sauvera votre republique.

On le crut. Le peuple aquatique

L'un après l'autre fut porté



The FISHES and the CORMORANT.

A Cormorant had laid every Pond in his whole Neighbourhood under Contribution. Not a single Fish-Pond or Basen but made him their Pensioner. His Kitchen was well provided : but after that Age had chill'd the poor Creature's Faculties, his Kitchen was thinly furnish'd. Every Cormorant is his own Purveyor. That in Question, whose Sight was grown so dim, that he cou'd not see to the Bottom of the Stream, having no Nets, was almost famish'd. What does he do ? Necessity, the fruitful Mistress of Stratagems, suggested at last the following.—

The Cormorant spies a Cray-fish at the Bottom of a Pond,—Harkee, Friend, says he ; go this Instant, and carry a Message to your Brethren of the watry Element : They will all be destroy'd ; for the Master of this Pond is determin'd to drag it a Week hence.— The Cray-fish hies away immediately, and spreads the News ; which occasion'd a mighty Uproar. All the Cray-fish run, they assemble, they send a Deputation to the Bird. Most noble Cormorant, said these, from what Hands had you this Information ? What is your Authority ? Can you put us in a Way how to divert the Storm ? In short, what must be done ?— You must, said he, change your Habitation.— But how will it be possible ?— Take no Care about that ; I'll carry them one after another to my Haunt ; God and my self only know the Way to it, and no Place in the World can be more secret : A Fish-Pond, scoop'd by the Hand of Nature, and unknown to Men, (treacherous Wretches !) will save your Republick.— He was believ'd— The Tenants of the Flood were carried one after
M 2
another

Sous ce rocher peu fréquenté.
 Le Cormoran le bon apôtre
 Les ayant mis en un endroit
 Transparent, peu creux, fort étroit,
 Vous les prenoit sans peine, un jour l'un, un jour l'autre.
 Il leur aprit à leurs depens,
 Que l'on ne doit jamais avoir de confiance
 En ceux qui sont mangeurs de gens.
 Ils y perdirent peu ; puis que l'humaine engeance
 En auroit aussi bien croqué sa bonne part ;
 Qu'importe qui vous mange ? homme ou Loup ; toute
 panse
 Me paroît une à cet égard ;
 Un jour plutôt, un jour plus tard,
 Ce n'est pas grande différence.



*L'homme qui court après la Fortune, & l'homme
 qui l'attend dans son lit.*

QUI ne court après la Fortune ?
 Je voudrois être en lieu d'où je pûsse aisément
 Contempler la foule importune
 De ceux qui cherchent vainement
 Cette fille du sort de Royaume en Royaume,
 Fideles courtisans d'un volage fantôme.
 Quand ils sont près du bon moment,
 L'inconstante aussi-tôt à leurs desirs échape :
 Pauvres gens, je les plains, car on a pour les fous
 Plus de pitié que de courroux.
 Cet homme, disent-ils, étoit planteur de choux,
 Et le voila devenu Pape :
 Ne le valons nous pas ? Vous valez cent fois mieux ;
 Mais que vous sert vôtre merite ?
 La fortune a-t-elle des yeux ?
 Et puis la papauté vaut-elle ce qu'on quite,
 Le repos, le repos, trésor si précieux,
 Qu'on en faisoit jadis le partage des Dieux ?
 Rarement la Fortuné à ses hôtes le laisse.

another into a solitary Rock, where the Cormorant (that arch Hypocrite) laying them in a transparent, shallow, narrow Hole, devour'd 'em at his Ease, one Day after another.— This ravenous Bird taught the Fish, but by too fatal Experience, that we ought never to repose the least Confidence in those who devour Men. The Fish however were no great Losers, since Mankind wou'd have snapp'd up a good part of them.— What signifies it who swallows us, whether Men or Wolves?— Every Paunch appears to me the same in that Respect, and a Day sooner or later makes no great Difference.



The Two MEN; One who runs after FORTUNE,
the Other who waits for Her.

WHAT Man among us does not run after Fortune? I wou'd gladly stand on some Eminence, where I might easily contemplate the importunate Multitude, who idly pursue, from Kingdom to Kingdom, that Daughter of Fate; faithful Courtiers of a fickle Phantom. When they are just within the Reach of what they aim'd at, the wav'ring Being flies still farther. Unhappy Wretches! I pity 'em, for we rather commiserate, than are angry with Fools.— Such a Man, will these Persons say, us'd to plant Cabbages, and now behold him rais'd to the Papal Throne. Are not our Abilities as great as his?— An hundred times greater: But what Service does your Merit do you? Is not Fortune blind? and can the Papal Dignity be put in Competition with what we abandon for its sake, I mean Tranquillity, that Treasure, once esteem'd so precious, that 'twas look'd upon as the peculiar Lot of the Gods? Fortune seldom indulges her Votaries

M 3

that

Ne cherchez point cette Déesse,
 Elle vous cherchera ; son sexe en use ainfi.
 Certain couple d'amis en un bourg établi,
 Possédoit quelque bien : l'un soupiroit sans cesse
 Pour la Fortune ; il dit à l'autre un jour :
 Si nous quitions nôtre séjour ?
 Vous sçavez que nul n'est prophete
 En son païs : Cherchons nôtre aventure ailleurs.
 Cherchez, dit l'autre ami, pour moi je ne souhaite
 Ni climats ni destins meilleurs.
 Contentez-vous ; suivez vôtre humeur inquiete ?
 Vous reviendrez bien-tôt. Je fais vœu cependant
 De dormir en vous attendant.
 L'ambitieux, ou si l'on veut, l'avare,
 S'en va par voye & par chemin.
 Il arriva le lendemain
 En un lieu que devoit la Déesse bizarre
 Frequenter sur tout autre ; & ce lieu c'est la cour.
 Là donc pour quelque-temps il fixe son séjour,
 Se trouvant au coucher, au lever, à ces heures
 Que l'on fait être les meilleures ;
 Bref se trouvant à tout, & n'arrivant à rien ;
 Qu'est ceci ? ce dit-il ; Cherchons ailleurs du bien,
 La Fortune pourtant habite ces demeures.
 Je la vois tous les jours entrer chez celui-ci,
 Chez celui-là ; D'où vient qu'aussi
 Je ne puis heberger cette capricieuse ?
 On me l'avoit bien dit, que des gens de ce lieu
 L'on n'aime pas toujours l'humeur ambitieuse.
 Adieu Messieurs de cour ; Messieurs de cour adieu.
 Suivez jusques au bout une ombre qui vous flate.
 La Fortune a, dit-on, des temples à Surate ;
 Allons-là. Ce fut un de dire & s'embarquer.
 Ames de bronze, humains, celui-là fut sans doute
 Armé de diamant, qui tenta cette route,
 Et le premier osa l'abîme défier.
 Celui-ci pendant son voyage
 Tourna les yeux vers son village
 Plus d'une fois, effuiant les dangers
 Des Pyrates, des vents, du calme & des rochers,

Ministres

that Blessing. Don't therefore seek for this Deity, and she'll seek for you; 'tis the Way of her Sex.—

Two Friends, who were settled in a certain Town, possess'd a moderate Competency; the one was wishing incessantly for Fortune. Says this Man one Day to his Friend, suppose we should leave our Abode; you are sensible, that no Man is a Prophet in his own Country, let us therefore go in quest of Adventures. That you may do, replies the other, if 'tis your Inclination; as for my own part, I don't desire to be bless'd with a happier Climate, or more indulgent Stars. Satisfy your Curiosity; follow the Bent of your roving Genius; you'll soon come home again. In the mean time, I promise you to sleep till your Return.

This ambitious (or, if the Reader pleases, covetous) Man, travels over Hills and Dales, and the next Day arrives at a Place, which the fantastic Goddesses ought particularly to frequent; and what Place can this be, but the Court? He makes this his Residence for some time, never failing to attend at the Levee, and all such Hours as are known to be most proper. In short, after dancing Attendance upon every Occasion, to no Purpose; What can all this mean? says he, let us seek elsewhere for Riches. And yet Fortune inhabits these Mansions. I see her daily going into this, into that Man's Apartment; why therefore can't I get that capricious Deity to lodge under my Roof. I indeed have been told, that the ambitious Temper of the Inhabitants of this Place was not always agreeable. Courtiers, I therefore leave you, Adieu to you all. Follow, till you die, a Shadow which ever eludes your Pursuit.— But I am told, that Temples are rais'd to Fortune in Surat. Let us visit it. He had no sooner form'd his Resolution, than he embark'd.—

Ye Souls of Brags! ye human Creatures! That Man was certainly arm'd with Diamond, who attempted this Course, and first presum'd to brave the Abyss.—

Our Traveller turn'd his Eyes more than once towards his Village, being perpetually expos'd a Prey to Pyrates, to Winds, to Calms, and to Rocks, those fatal Ministers of
M 4 Death.—

Ministres de la mort. Avec beaucoup de peines ;
 On s'en va la chercher en des rives lointaines,
 La trouvant assez-tot sans quitter la maison.
 L'homme arrive au Mogol ; on lui dit qu'au Japon
 La Fortune pour lors distribuoit ses graces.

Il y court ; les mers étoient lasses

De le porter ; & tout le fruit

Qu'il tira de ses longs voyages,

Ce fut cette leçon que donnent les sauvages.

Demeure en ton païs par la nature instruit.

Le Japon ne fut pas plus heureux à cet homme.

Que le Mogol l'avoit été ;

Ce qui lui fit conclurre en somme,

Qu'il avoit à grand tort son village quitté.

Il renonce aux courses ingrates,

Revient en son païs, voit de loin ses pénates,

Pleure de joye, & dit : Heureux qui vit chez soi ;

De regler ses desirs faisant tout son emploi.

Il ne fait que par ouïr dire

Ce que c'est que la cour, la mer, & ton empire,

Fortune, qui nous fais passer devant les yeux

Des dignitez, des biens, que jusqu'au bout du monde

On suit sans que l'effet aux promesses réponde.

Desormais je ne bouge, & feray cent fois mieux.

En raisonnant de cette sorte,

Et contre la Fortune ayant pris ce conseil,

Il la trouve assise à la porte

De son ami plongé dans un profond sommeil.



Death.— *We seek, thro' a Variety of Dangers, for the King of Terrors, in far-distant Shores, and frequently meet with him without stirring from our own Homes.— Our Fortune-Hunter lands in Mogul, and is inform'd, that the fickle Goddess was dealing out her Favours at that Time in Japan. He hastes to that Country; the Seas were wearied with carrying him; and the only Advantage he gain'd by his long Perambulations was, the following Instruction which Savages give:— Stay in your own Country, as Nature prompts you to do.— Japan was as unsuccessful to our Wanderer as Mogul had been; which makes him at last conclude that he had acted very imprudently in leaving his Village. Accordingly he ceases his fruitless Peregrinations, returns to his own Country, sees his Household Gods at a Distance, when he weeps for Joy, and breaks out into this pathetic Exclamation: Thrice happy He, who spends his Days in his own Country! whose Study is to subdue his Passions. He knows only by Hear-say the Court, the Seas, and thy Empire, O Fortune! who cheatest us with the Images of Dignities and of Blessings, which we pursue to the Extremity of the World, and at last find the whole a vain, empty Chimeræ.— Henceforwards I'll never stir from my native Place, for this will be infinitely more to my Advantage.*

As he was thus arguing and forming this Resolution against Fortune, he found her sitting at the Door of his Friend, who was plung'd in a deep Sleep.





Le Savetier & le Financier.

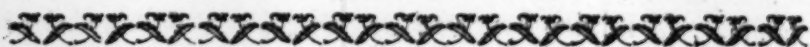
UN Savetier chantoit du matin jusqu'au soir :
 C'étoit merveilles de le voir,
 Merveilles de l'oïr : il faisoit des passages,
 Plus content qu'aucun des sept sages.
 Son voisin au contraire, étant tout cousu d'or,
 Chantoit peu, dormoit moins encor.
 C'étoit un homme de finance.
 Si sur le point du jour par fois il sommeilloit,
 Le Savetier alors en chantant l'éveilloit,
 Et le Financier se plaignoit,
 Que les soins de la Providence
 N'eussent pas au marché fait vendre le dormir,
 Comme le manger & le boire.
 En son hôtel il fait venir
 Le chanteur, & lui dit: Or ça, sire Gregoire,
 Que gagnez-vous par an? par an? ma foi Monsieur,
 Dit avec un ton de rieur
 Le gaillard Savetier, ce n'est point ma maniere
 De compter de la sorte; & je n'entasse guere
 Un jour sur l'autre: il suffit qu'à la fin
 J'attrape le bout de l'année:
 Chaque jour amene son pain.
 Et bien que gagnez-vous, dites-moi, par journée?
 Tantôt plus, tantôt moins: le mal est que toujours;
 (Et sans cela nos gains seroient assez honnêtes,)
 Le mal est que dans l'an s'entremêlent des jours
 Qu'il faut chommer; on nous ruine en Fêtes.
 L'une fait tort à l'autre; & Monsieur le Curé,
 De quelque nouveau Saint charge toujours son prône.
 Le Financier riant de sa naïveté,
 Lui dit: Je vous veux mettre aujourd' hui sur le trône.
 Prenez ces cent écus: gardez les avec soin,
 Pour vous en servir au besoin.



The COBLER and the RECEIVER-General of the
FINANCES.

A Cobler us'd to sing from Morning to Night. Wonderful it was both to see and hear him. He wou'd quaver it away gloriously, more contented than the Wise Men of Greece. Divito, his Neighbour, on the contrary, who roll'd in Gold, sung but seldom, and very rarely got a Wink of Sleep. This Man was Receiver-General of the Revenues. If Divito happen'd at any time to slumber about Day-break, the Cobler wak'd him with his Trills, on which Occasion Divito would murmur against Providence, for not selling Sleep in Markets, as well as Provisions. Divito at last sends for the Warbler to his splendid Edifice, and says to him: Harkee, Friend Davy, pray what may you get a Year?— A Year? Faith and Troth, Sir, says the facetious Cobler with a Grin, I don't use to reckon that Way: I seldom board up a Penny; 'tis enough for me, if I can make both Ends meet when the Year's out; and Thanks to the Lord, I never want a Meal's Meat.— Well, but tell me then, how much you get a Day?— Why, sometimes more, sometimes less, just as it happens; the Misfortune is (otherwise I should get a comfortable Living) there are so many Holy-days in the Year: Ah! these Saints Days quite ruin us. They injure one another; and our Parson is always larding his Sermon with some new Saint.— Divito, smiling at his Simplicity, spoke thus: Davy, I'll this Moment make a King of thee. Here, take this hundred Crowns, board them up very carefully, till such time as you may want 'em.—

Le Savetier crut voir tout l'argent que la terre
 Avoit depuis plus de cent ans
 Produit pour l'usage des gens.
 Il retourne chez lui: dans sa cave il enferme
 L'argent & sa joye à la fois.
 Plus de chant; il perdit la voix
 Du moment qu'il gagna ce qui cause nos peines.
 Le sommeil quitta son logis,
 Il eut pour hôtes les fous, les
 Les soupçons, les alarmes vaines.
 Tout le jour il avoit l'œil au guet; Et la nuit,
 Si quelque chat faisoit du bruit,
 Le chat prenoit l'argent: A la fin le pauvre homme
 S'en courut chez celui qu'il ne reveilloit plus.
 Rendez-moi, lui dit-il, mes chansons & mon somme,
 Et reprenez vos cent écus.

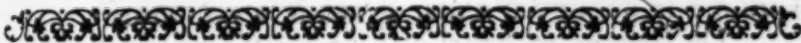


Les Femmes & le Secret.

R IEN ne pese tant qu'un secret:
 Le porter loin est difficile aux Dames:
 Et je fais même sur ce fait
 Bon nombre d'hommes qui sont femmes.
 Pour éprouver la sienne un mari s'écria
 La nuit étant près d'elle: ô dieux! qu'est-ce cela?
 Je n'en puis plus; on me déchire;
 Quoi j'accouche d'un œuf! d'un œuf! le voila
 Frais & nouveau pondu: gardez bien de le dire:
 On m'appelleroit poule. Enfin n'en parlez pas.
 La femme neuve sur ce cas,
 Ainsi que sur mainte autre affaire,
 Crut la chose, & promit ses grands dieux de se taire.
 Mais ce ferment s'évanouit
 Avec les ombres de la nuit.
 L'épouse indiscrete & peu fine,
 Sort du lit quand le jour fut à peine levé:

Et

The *Cobler* fancied he saw all the *Money* that the *Earth* had produced within upwards of an hundred Years, for the *Service* of *Mankind*. Home he goes, and in his *Cellar* locks up the *Money* and his *Mirth* along with it. But now he sings no more, for his *Voice* forsook him the *Instant* he was possess'd of what causes our *Anxiety*. Sleep fled his *Hovel*; and *Cares*, *Suspensions* and vain *Alarms* lodged in its stead.— All the *Day* long his *Eye* was fix'd on the *Place* where his *Treasure* lay; and when *Night* came, if ever a *Cat* made the least *Noise*, he fancied *Grimalkin* was *plundering* him. In short, poor *Davy*, grew so weary of this carking *Life*, that he ran to the *Gentleman* whom now he wak'd no more.— Take back, says he, your hundred *Crowns*, and restore me my *Songs* and my *Sleep*.



The WOMAN and the SECRET.

Nothing is so hard to keep as a *Secret*. The *Ladies* find it a very difficult *Matter* to carry one far; and I even know a great many *Men*, who are mere *Females* on this *Head*.—

A *Man*, in order to try his *Wife*, said to her one *Night* as she was lying by his *Side*: *Heavens!* what's this! I shall burst; I am tore to *Pieces*. *Strange!* I'm brought to *Bed* of an *Egg!*— Of an *Egg?* says his *Wife*.— *Yes;* here 'tis, laid this *Instant*. But, don't blab for the *World*; for every *Body* would call me *Hen*. In short; not a *Word* of the *Matter*.— The good *Woman*, who was a *Novice* in this, as well as in a great many other *Things*, was silly enough to believe her *Bed-fellow*, and swore by all that's sacred, never to open her *Lips* about it. Nevertheless, the *Oath* fled away with the *Shades* of *Night*. Scarce did the *Dawn* begin to peep, but the silly, indiscreet *Creature* gets out of *Bed*, and

runs

Et de courir chez sa voisine.

Ma commere, dit-elle, un cas est arrivé :

N'en dites rien sur tout, car vous me feriez battre.

Mon mary vient de pondre un œuf gros comme quatre.

Au nom de Dieu gardez-vous bien

D'aller publier ce mystere.

Vous moquez-vous ? dit l'autre : Ah, vous ne sçavez
guere

Quelle je suis. Allez, ne craignez rien.

La femme du pondeur s'en retourne chez elle.

L'autre grille déjà de conter la nouvelle :

Elle va la répandre en plus de dix endroits.

Au lieu d'un œuf elle en dit trois.

Ce n'est pas encor tout, car une autre commere

En dit quatre, & raconte à l'oreille le fait,

Precaution peu necessaire,

Car ce n'étoit plus un secret.

Comme le nombre d'œufs, grace à la renommée,

De bouche en bouche alloit croissant,

Avant la fin de la journée

Ils se montoient à plus de cent.



runs to one of her Neighbours.— Goody, says she, what d'ye think ; the strangest Thing has happen'd : But hush ; for my Husband would break my Bones. To be sure he has just laid an Egg, as big— ay as big as four. For Heaven's Sake don't go and tell this strange Story about.— How you joke, says the other.— Ah! 'tis a Sign you don't know me, cries Mrs. Credulous.— You may depend upon what I say.— The Egg-layer's Wife then goes home, and the other had already a violent Itch to spread the News. Immediately she runs out, and blabs it in more than ten Places, and instead of one Egg, declares there were three. This was not all, for another Goody protested there were four, but whispers it however,— a Caution which was altogether unnecessary, it being now no longer a Secret. As the Number of Eggs, when once got into Fame's Mouth, increas'd ; they swell'd to above an hundred, before the Sun was down.





Le Glan & la Citroüille.

DIEU fait bien ce qu'il fait. Sans en chercher la
preuve

En tout cet Univers, & l'aller parcourant,
Dans les Citroüilles je la treuve.

Un villageois considerant
Combien ce fruit est gros, & sa tige menuë,
A quoi songeoit, dit-il, l'Auteur de tout cela ?
Il a bien mal placé cette Citroüille-là ?

Hé parbleu, je l'aurois pendue

A l'un des chênes que voilà.

C'eût été justement l'affaire ;

Tel fruit, tel arbre, pour bien faire.

C'est dommage, Garo, que tu n'es point entré

Au conseil de celui que préche ton Curé ;

Tout en eût été mieux : car pourquoi par exemple
Le glan, qui n'est pas gros comme mon petit doigt,

Ne pend-il pas en cet endroit ?

Dieu s'est mépris ; plus je contemple

Ces fruits ainsi placez, plus il semble à Garo

Que l'on a fait un *quiproquo*.

Cette reflexion embarrassant notre homme ;

On ne dort point, dit-il, quand on a tant d'esprit.

Sous un chêne aussi-tôt il va prendre son somme.

Un glan tombe ; le nez du dormeur en patit.

Il s'éveille ; & portant la main sur son visage,

Il trouve encor le Glan pris au poil du menton.

Son nez meurtri le force à changer de langage ;

Oh, oh, dit-il, je saigne ! & que seroit-ce donc

S'il fut tombé de l'arbre une masse plus lourde,

Et que ce Glan eût été gourde ?

Dieu ne l'a pas voulu : sans doute il eut raison ;

J'en vois bien à present la cause.

En louant Dieu de toute chose

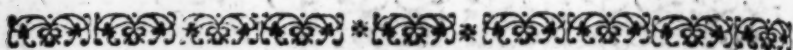
Garo retourne à la maison.



The ACORN and the GOURD.

ALL Things created by God are form'd to the best Advantage.— Without seeking the Proof of this, and rambling thro' the World for that Purpose; I find it exemplified in the Gourd.—

A Peasant who was considering how vastly large this Fruit is, in comparison of its Shank; What, says he, cou'd the Creator of all this be thinking of? That Gourd there is very ill plac'd. Oons, I wou'd have hung it upon yonder Oak: That wou'd have done the Business to a Hair: Such a Fruit wou'd have hung cleverly upon such a Tree. 'Tis Pity, says Garo to himself, thou wast not admitted into the Council of Him whom thy Parson preaches to thee about, for then all Things wou'd have been order'd better. For Example, Since yon Acorn is less than my little Finger, why doesn't it hang up there? God was certainly mistaken.— The more Garo contemplates these Fruits thus situated, the stronger he is persuaded there was a Qui-pro-quo in the Affair.— Greatly puzzled at the Reflexion; A Man, says he, who has so much Sense as I, can't sleep a Wink.— A Moment after he takes a Nap under an Oak, and by and by an Acorn falls plum on the Sleeper's Nose. Starting he wakes, and stroking his Face, finds the Acorn sticking in his Beard. His Nose being bruis'd, he was forc'd to change his Note. How! says he, my Nostril's bloody! What a Pickle should I have been in, had a more bulky Thing fallen from the Tree? Mercy! had this Acorn been a Gourd! but God wou'd not have it so; he certainly was in the right. I now plainly perceive the Cause of it.— Upon this, Garo return'd home, praising God for all Things.



Le Ricur & les Poissons.

ON cherche les Ricurs & moy je les évite.
 Cet art veut sur tout autre un suprême merite,
 Dieu ne crea que pour les fots
 Les méchans diseurs de bons mots.
 J'en vais peut-être en une Fable
 Introduire un ; peut-être aussi
 Que quelqu'un trouvera que j'auray réussi.
 Un rieur étoit à la table
 D'un Financier ; & n'avoit en son coin
 Que de petits poissons ; tous les gros étoient loin.
 Il prend donc les menus, puis leur parle à l'oreille ;
 Et puis il feint à la pareille
 D'écouter leur réponse. On demeura surpris :
 Cela suspendit les esprits.
 Le Rieur alors d'un ton sage
 Dit qu'il craignoit qu'un sien amy
 Pour les grandes Indes party,
 N'eût depuis un an fait naufrage.
 Il s'en informoit donc à ce menu fretin :
 Mais tous luy répondoient qu'ils n'étoient pas d'un âge
 A sçavoir au vray son destin ;
 Les gros en sçauroient davantage.
 N'en puis je donc, Messieurs, un gros interroger ?
 De dire si la compagnie
 Prit gout à sa plaisanterie,
 J'en doute ; mais enfin, il les sceut engager
 A luy servir d'un monstre assez vieux pour luy dire
 Tous les noms des chercheurs de mondes inconnus
 Qui n'en étoient pas revenus,
 Et que depuis cent ans sous l'abyssme avoient veus
 Les anciens du vaste empire.



The WAG and the FISHES.

MOST People are fond of Wags, but I generally shun their Company. Nothing is more difficult to hit upon than beautiful Raillery. Heaven created insipid Jokers to delight Blockheads only. Perhaps I may introduce one of this Cast in the following Fable: Perhaps too, some may think him a truly-pleasant Fellow.——

A Wag was at Dinner with a Receiver of the Revenues, and being seated at one Corner of the Table, none but little Fishes were set before him, all the large ones being at the upper End. Observing this, he takes some of the former, and whispers 'em in the Ear, and pretends to listen to their Answers. This surpriz'd all the Company, who did nothing but gaze at the uncommon Spectacle.— The Wag declar'd, with the utmost Solemnity of Countenance, That he was afraid one of his Friends, who sail'd for India, was ship-wreck'd a Year ago: He therefore was inquiring about it of the little Fry; but these had unanimously answer'd, They all were too young to know directly what was become of his Friend; however, that the large ones wou'd be better able to inform him.— Mayn't I therefore, says he, Gentlemen, inquire of a bigger Fish?

I very much question whether the Company were pleas'd with the Joke; however, he prevail'd so far, that they handed him a Monster, old enough to tell him the Names of all the Ramblers after unknown Worlds, who never return'd from them; and whom the Antients of the wide-extended Empire in the deep Abyss had seen for an hundred Years past.



Les Devinereſſes.

C'Est ſouvent du hazard que nâit l'opinion ;
 Et c'eſt l'opinion qui fait toujourns la vogue.
 Je pourrois fonder ce prologue
 Sur gens de tous états ; tout eſt prévention,
 Cabale, entêtement, point ou peu de juſtice :
 C'eſt un torrent ; qu'y faire ? il faut qu'il ait ſon cours,
 Cela fut & ſera toujourns.
 Une femme à Paris faiſoit la Pythoniſſe.
 On l'alloit conſulter ſur chaque événement :
 Perdoit-on un chifon, avoit-on un amant,
 Un mari vivant trop au gré de ſon épouſe.
 Une mere fâcheuſe, une femme jalouſe ;
 Chez la Devineuſe on couroit,
 Pour ſe faire annoncer ce que l'on deſiroit.
 Son fait conſiſtoit en adreſſe.
 Quelques termes de l'art, beaucoup de hardieſſe,
 Du hazard quelquefois, tout cela concouroit :
 Tout cela bien ſouvent faiſoit crier miracle.
 Enfin quoi qu'ignorante à vingt & trois carats,
 Elle paſſoit pour un oracle.
 L'oracle étoit logé dedans un galetas.
 Là cette femme emplit ſa bourſe,
 Et ſans avoir d'autre reſſource,
 Gagne dequoi donner un rang à ſon mari :
 Elle achete un office, une maiſon auſſi.
 Voilà le galetas rempli
 D'une nouvelle hôteſſe, à qui toute la ville,
 Femmes, filles, valets, gros Meſſieurs, tout enfin,
 Alloit comme autrefois demander ſon deſtin.
 Le galetas devint l'ancre de la Sibylle.
 L'autre femelle avoit achalandé ce lieu.
 Cette derniere femme eut beau faire, eut beau dire,

Moi



The Female FORTUNE-TELLERS.

Chance often gives Esteem, and Esteem always brings in to Vogue.— I might prove the Maxim in this Preamble from Persons of all Conditions: Every thing is Prepossession, Cabal, Entbusiasm; and Justice is seldom or never perform'd. 'Tis a Flood; but what can be done on this Occasion? It must be suffer'd to run on. This was, and ever will be the Case.—

A Woman set up for a Fortune teller in Paris. Presently all flock'd to ask her Advice about a thousand Things.— Had any one lost a Rag, or doated upon a Sweet-heart: Did a Wife want to get rid of her Husband: Was there a fourtemper'd Mother, or a jealous Wife; every one ran to the Fortune-teller, in order to know what they earnestly desired to be told. Her Talent consisted in Cunning, in a few Terms of Art, much Impudence, Chance sometimes; all these conspir'd, and were often so efficacious, that she was thought to work Miracles. In a Word, this Creature, tho' supremely ignorant, was yet consider'd as an Oracle. Our Oracle was situated in a Star-Chamber; there this Woman gets Money in Abundance, and by this Expedient gains sufficient to purchase her Husband a petty Title; she buys him an Employment and a House also.— But now she leaves her Garret, and 'tis tenanted by another Woman; when immediately the whole City, Wives, Maidens, Servants, Country 'Squires, in short, every one flock'd to this Woman as they had done to the former, in order to have their Fortunes told. The Fortune-teller had brought so much Custom, that her quondam Garret became as famous as the Sibyl's Cave.— The latter Tenant, who was no Conjurer, was surpriz'd to see such Multitudes croud to her.— For Heaven's Sake,

Moi Devine ! on se moque ; Eh Messieurs, say-je lire ?
 Je n'ai jamais appris que ma croix de pardieu.
 Point de raison ; salut deviner & predire,

Mettre à part force bons ducats,
 Et gagner mal-gré soi plus que deux Avocats.
 Le meuble, & l'équipage aidoient fort à la chose :
 Quatre sieges boiteux, un manche de balai,
 Tout sentoît son sabat, & sa metamorphose !

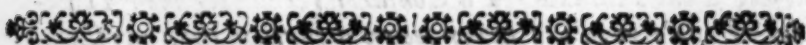
Quand cette femme auroit dit vrai
 Dans une chambre tapissée,
 On s'en seroit moqué ; la vogue étoit passée
 Au galetas ; il avoit le credit :
 L'autre femme se morfondit.
 L'enseigne fait la chalandise.

J'ai veu dans le Palais une robe mal-mise
 Gagner gros : les gens l'avoient prise
 Pour maître tel, qui traînoit apres soi
 Force écoutans ; Demandez-moi pourquoi,



says she, *what's all this? I a Conjuror! You jeer me! Lack-a-day, I can't read: I never learn'd further than my Cris-Cross-Row.— All these Affeverations however, were to no Purpose; the People would absolutely force her to tell Fortunes, and by that Means they made her, whether she would or not, pocket more Money than any two Lawyers cou'd have done in the Time. The Furniture and every thing about her, beight'ned the Solemnity of her Incantations; four crazy Chairs, a Broom staff; in short all things denoted the Witch, and her Transformation from a Cat.— Had this Woman declar'd the Truth in a Room that was not bare Walls, she would have been scorn'd; 'twas the Garret that gain'd the Reputation; so that her Predecessor in Fortune-telling gave Attendance in her well-furnish'd Apartment to no Purpose.— 'Tis the Sign that brings Custom.— I my self have seen, in a Court of Justice, a sable Robe, hung on awkwardly, gain considerable Sums: People took it for Counsellor * * *, who had always a great Train of Auditors after him:— Ask me how this comes to pass.*





Les deux Amis.

DEux vrais amis vivoient au Monomotapa :
L'un ne possédoit rien qui n'appartint à l'autre :
Les amis de ce pais-là

Valent bien dit-on ceux du nôtre.

Une nuit que chacun s'occupoit au sommeil,
Et mettoit à profit l'absence du Soleil,
Un de nos deux amis sort du lit en alarme :
Il court chez son intime, éveille les valets :
Morphée avoit touché le seuil de ce palais.
L'amy couché s'étonne, il prend sa bourse, il s'arme ;
Vient trouver l'autre, & dit ; Il vous arrive peu
De courir quand on dort ; vous me paroissiez homme
A mieux user du temps destiné pour le somme ;
N'auriez-vous point perdu tout vôtre argent au jeu ?
En voici : s'il vous est venu quelque querelle,
J'ay mon épée, allons : Vous ennuyez-vous point
De coucher toujours seul ? une esclave assez belle
Etoit à mes côtes, voulez vous qu'on l'appelle ?
Non, dit l'amy, ce n'est ni l'un, ni l'autre point :

Je vous rends grace de ce zele.

Vous m'étes en dormant un peu triste apparu ;
J'ay crainct qu'il ne fût vray, je suis vite accouru.

Ce maudit songe en est la cause.

Qui d'eux aimoit le mieux, que t'en semble Lecteur ?
Cette difficulté vaut bien qu'on la propose.

Qu'un amy veritable est une douce chose !

Il cherche vos besoins au fond de vôtre cœur ;

Il vous épargne la pudeur

De les luy découvrir vous-même.

Un Songe, un rien, tout luy fait peur

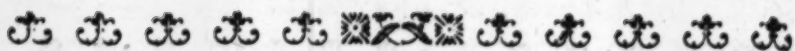
Quand il s'agit de ce qu'il aime.



The TWO FRIENDS.

TWO real Friends liv'd in Monomotapa. *What either of them possess'd, the other might call his own.— We are told, that the Friends of that Country are full as valuable as those in ours.— A certain Night, that both of 'em were buried in Slumbers, and taking Advantage of the Sun's Absence; one of the Friends flings out of Bed, runs to the Man whom he lov'd so tenderly, and awakes all the Servants.— Morpheus had struck the Threshold of this Palace with his Wand.— This Friend starts from his Sleep in the utmost Astonishment, takes up his Purse, his Sword, and comes to the other, and cries, Dearest of Friends! you are not us'd to ramble about in the Dead of Night; I really thought you employ'd the Hours allotted to Sleep better. But come; have you play'd deep, and lost your Money? Here's a Supply. Have you quarrell'd with any Person? You may command my Sword: Let me follow you. Are you weary of lying alone? I've left a beautiful Slave in Bed; shall I call her up? She's at your Service.— Says his Friend, 'tis nothing of all this. I return you a thousand Thanks for so sincere a Testimony of your Friendship; but thus it was,— Methought I saw you, in Sleep, all pale and dejected. Fearing that some Evil had befallen you, I started from my Bed, and ran hither with the utmost Speed:— Accuse therefore the frightful Vision for the Trouble I have given you.— Which of these two Friends, gentle Reader, show'd the strongest Affection? 'Tis a Query that is worthy of our Examination.— How sweet a Blessing is a true Friend! Such a one seeks, in the inmost Recesses of your Heart, for all your Wants, and spares you the Confusion of revealing them to him. A Dream, a mere nothing, every thing fills him with Alarms, if they relate to the Man who is dear to him.*

The



L'Ours & l'Amateur des Jardins.

Certain Ours montagnard, Ours à demi leché,
 Confiné par le fort dans un bois solitaire,
 Nouveau Bellerophon vivoit seul & caché.
 Il fut devenu fou ; la raison d'ordinaire
 N'habite pas long temps chez les gens sequestrez.
 Il est bon de parler, & meilleur de se taire,
 Mais tous deux sont mauvais alors qu'ils sont outrez.

Nul animal n'avoit affaire
 Dans les lieux que l'Ours habitoit ;
 Si bien que tout Ours qu'il étoit
 Il vint à s'ennuyer de cette triste vie.
 Pendant qu'il se livroit à la mélancolie,
 Non loin de la certain vieillard
 S'ennuyoit aussi de sa part.
 Il aimoit les jardins, étoit Prêtre de Flore.
 Il l'étoit de Pomone encore :

Ces deux emplois sont beaux ; Mais je voudrois parmy
 Quelque doux & discret amy.

Les jardins parlent peu ; si ce n'est dans mon livre ;
 De façon que lassé de vivre

Avec des gens muets nôtre homme un beau matin
 Va chercher compagnie, & se met en campagne.

L'Ours porté d'un même dessein

Venoit de quitter sa montagne :

Tous deux par un cas surprenant

Se recontrent en un tournant.

L'homme eut peur : mais comment esquiver, & que faire ?

Se tirer en Gascon d'une semblable affaire

Est le mieux : Il sceut donc dissimuler sa peur.

L'Ours tres-mauvais complimenteur

Luy dit ; Vien-t'en me voir. L'autre reprit, Seigneur,

Vous voyez mon logis ; si vous me vouliez faire

Tant d'honneur que d'y prendre un champêtre repas,

J'ay des fruits, j'ay du lait : Ce n'est peut-être pas

De



The BEAR, and the MAN who delighted in
GARDENS.

A certain high-land Bear, an ugly, deform'd Creature, confin'd by Fate to a solitary Wood, liv'd Bellephoron-like alone, and hid from all the World. He was grown frantic; and indeed Reason seldom resides long among Anchorets.— 'Tis good to speak, but better to be silent, and neither, when in Extremes, are good — No Animal had any Call to the gloomy Forest inhabited by our Bruin; inso-much that at last this Creature, tho' a Bear, grew quite sick of this uncomfortable Life.— Whilst he was thus prey'd upon by Melancholy, not far from thence there liv'd a certain old Man, who likewise was weary of the lonely Life he led. This Hermit took great Pleasure in Gardens, was Priest of the Goddess Flora, and of Pomona also. Both these Employments are delightful, but then I wou'd have them sweetned with some kind, discreet Friend. Gardens discourse but very little, unless it be in my Book;— so that our Hermit, now grown quite tir'd of living among mute People, gets up one Morning with a Resolution to seek for Company, and accordingly sets out upon his Ramble.— The Bear, prompted by the same Motive, was a little before come down from his Mountain. Now it happen'd, (and very extraordinary it was) that both met at a Turning. The Man was in a terrible Fright: But how shall he escape, and what can he do on this Occasion? The safest Way to extricate one's self from a Difficulty of this Kind, is to play the Gascoon:— Accordingly the Hermit dissembled his Fear.— Bruin, who was very awkward at Compliments, says to him, Harkee you; come and see me. The Man answer'd, My Lord, you see my Habitation yonder; if you wou'd do me so much Honour as to take a rural Repast in it;— I have Fruits, I have Milk: Possibly their Lordships the Bears

De Nosseigneurs les Ours le manger ordinaire,
Mais j'offre ce que j'ay. L'Ours l'accepte ; & d'aller.
Les voilà bons amis avant que d'arriver.

Arrivez, les voilà, se trouvant bien ensemble ;

Et bien qu'on soit à ce qu'il semble

Beaucoup mieux seul qu'avec des sots,

Comme l'Ours en un jour ne disoit pas deux mots

L'homme pouvoit sans bruit vaquer à son ouvrage.

L'Ours alloit à la chasse, apportoit du gibier,

Faisoit son principal métier

D'être bon émoucheur, écartoit du visage

De son amy dormant ce parasite ailé

Que nous avons mouche apellé.

Un jour que le vieillard dormoit d'un profond somme

Sur le bout de son nez une allant se placer

Mit l'Ours au desespoir, il eut beau la chasser.

Je t'attraperay bien, dit-il. Et voici comme.

Aussi-tôt fait que dit ; le fidele émoucheur

Vous empoigne un pavé, le lance avec roideur,

Casse la tête à l'homme en écrasant la mouche,

Et non moins bon archer que mauvais raisonneur :

Roide mort étendu sur la place il le couche.

Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un ignorant amy ;

Mieux vaudroit un sage ennemy.



Bears are not us'd to such mean Food, but I offer what I have. Bruin accepts the Invitation; they set out together, and were mighty good Friends before they got to the Man's Hovel, where they at last arrive, and grow very well pleas'd with one another; and altho' one wou'd imagine, that a Man had better be alone than with Fools; yet as the Bear spoke scarce three Words all Day long, the Man could do his Work without Noise or Disturbance. Bruin, on his Side, us'd to follow the Chase, and brought home Abundance of Game; but that to which he apply'd himself most, was, the driving away from the Face of his Friend, when asleep, that wing'd Parasite to whom we have given the Name of Fly.

One Day that the old Man was buried in Slumbers, a Fly settling upon the Tip of his Nose, the Bear strove to drive him away, but to no Purpose, which made him very angry.— I'll have thee, said Bruin, and I know how.— No sooner said, no sooner done.— The faithful Fly-Disperser seizes a huge Stone, and hurling it with all his Might, kills the fluttering Insect, and beats the Man's Brains out: Bruin was an expert Marksman, but a very poor Logician, in thus killing his Friend upon the Spot.—

Nothing is so dangerous as an ignorant Friend; and we had better be oppos'd by a judicious Enemy.



La jeune Veuve.

LA perte d'un époux ne va point sans soupirs.
 On fait beaucoup de bruit, & puis on se console.
 Sur les aîles du temps la tristesse s'envole ;
 Le temps ramène les plaisirs.
 Entre la Veuve d'une année,
 Et la Veuve d'une journée,
 La difference est grande. On ne croiroit jamais
 Que ce fut la même personne.
 L'une fait fuir les gens, & l'autre a mille attraits
 Aux soupirs vrais ou faux celle-là s'abandonne :
 C'est toujours même note, & pareil entretien :
 On dit, qu'on est inconsolable ;
 On le dit mais il n'en est rien,
 Comme on verra par cette Fable,
 Ou plutôt par la verité.
 L'Epoux d'une jeune beauté
 Partoit pour l'autre monde. A ses côtez sa femme
 Lui crioit, Attends-moi ; je te suis ; & mon ame
 Aussi bien que la tienne, est prête à s'envoler.
 Le Mari fait seul le voyage.
 La Belle avoit un pere homme prudent & sage :
 Il laissa le torrent couler.
 A la fin pour la consoler,
 Ma fille, lui dit-il, c'est trop verser de larmes :
 Qu'a besoin le défunt que vous noiez vos charmes ?
 Puisqu'il est des vivans, ne songez plus aux morts.
 Je ne dis pas que tout à l'heure
 Une condition meilleure
 Change en des nôces ces transports :
 Mais après certain temps souffrez qu'on vous propose
 Un époux beau, bien fait, jeune, & tout autre chose
 Que le défunt. Ah ! dit-elle aussi-tôt,

Un



The young Widow.

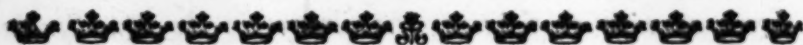
THE Death of a Husband must certainly cost a few Sighs. Women at first make a heavy Bustle, but they afterwards admit of Consolation. Sorrow flies away on the Wings of Time, who returns back with the lovely Train of Pleasures. There is so wide a Difference between the Widow of a Year, and the Widow of a Day, that one wou'd never believe they were the same Person. The latter scares every body from her, whereas the former has numberless Attractions. The Widow of a Day devotes her self entirely to Sighs, or true or fictitious; is always in the same Strain, and never changes the Subject of her Discourse: She declares that she is inconsolable, but her Declarations are affected, as this Fable, or rather Truth will show.—

The Husband of a beautiful, young Creature was just embark'd for the other World. His Wife, who was lying by his Side, cried out, O stay I conjure thee! I follow thee, thou dearest of Creatures! My Soul, as well as thine, is ready to take its Flight.— The Husband however performs the Journey alone.—

Now our lovely Relië had a Father, who being a prudent, sagacious Man, did not once attempt to stop the Flood of her Tears. At last, judging that it was proper to give her some Consolation, Daughter, says he, 'tis Time you dry your Eyes: What will it benefit your deceas'd Husband, tho' you shou'd weep away your Charms? Since he is now rank'd among the Living, think no more of the Dead. 'Tis not that I wou'd desire to see these Transports of Grief exchang'd this Moment, for hymeneal Joys: But then, don't take it amiss, if, some time hence, a handsome, well-shap'd young Consort, in short, an infinitely more agreeable Man than him you buried, shou'd be propos'd to you.— Ab! no, says she, a

Convent

Un Cloître est l'époux qu'il me faut.
 Le pere lui laissa digerer sa disgrâce.
 Un mois de la sorte se passe.
 L'autre mois, on l'employe à changer tous les jours
 Quelque chose à l'habit, au linge, à la coiffure.
 Le deuil enfin sert de parure,
 En attendant d'autres atours.
 Toute la bande des Amours
 Revient au colombier : les jeux, les ris, la danse
 Ont aussi leur tour à la fin.
 On se plonge soir & matin
 Dans la fontaine de Jouvence.
 Le Pere ne craint plus ce défunt tant cheri.
 Mais comme il ne parloit de rien à nôtre Belle,
 Où donc est le jeune mari
 Que vous m'avez promis, dit-elle?



Le Tresor, & les deux Hommes.

UN homme n'ayant plus ni credit, ni ressource,
 Et logeant le Diable en sa bourse,
 C'est à dire, n'y logeant rien,
 S'imagina qu'il feroit bien
 De se pendre, & finir lui-même sa misere ;
 Puis qu'aussi bien sans lui la faim le viendrait faire,
 Genre de mort qui ne duit pas
 A gens peu curieux de goûter le trépas.
 Dans cette intention une vieille mazure
 Fut la scene où devoit se passer l'aventure.
 Il y porte une corde ; & veut avec un clou
 Au haut d'un certain mur attacher le licou.
 La muraille vieille & peu forte,
 S'ébranle aux premiers coups, tombe avec un tresor.
 Nôtre desespéré le ramasse, & l'emporte ;
 Laisse là le licou ; s'en retourne avec l'or ;
 Sans conter : ronde ou non, la somme plût au Sire.

Tandis

Convent is the only Husband I wish for.— Her Father suffer'd her to go on with her Wailings, which continu'd a Month. However, she spent the second Month in making some little Alterations in her Gown, her Linnen and her Head-dress. At last she look'd upon her Weeds as an Ornament; fully determin'd to launch out, at a proper Season, into all the Gayeties of Dress. By this Time the whole Band of little Loves return, and hover about her, and these bring on Sports, Smiles and Dances. And now she is Morning, Noon and Night so immers'd in Pleasure, that her Father is no longer under any Apprehensions from her once so dear, deceas'd Partner. But as he did not, for some time, take the least Notice of any thing to her.— Pray, says our lovely Widow, where's this young Husband you promis'd me?



The Two MEN and the TREASURE.

A Man whose Credit was so completely ruin'd, that he had no Refuge left, and lodg'd the Devil in his Purse, that is, hadn't a Cross in it; fancied that the best thing he cou'd do wou'd be to hang himself, and put a Period to his Misery with his own Hand, since otherwise Hunger wou'd do it; a Kind of Death not very agreeable to such Persons as have no great Curiosity to taste of it. Having taken this Resolution, the Ruins of a House was to be the Scene of this Adventure. Accordingly he carries a Rope thither, and goes to fasten, with a Nail, the Halter to a certain Wall; but this being old and crazy, gave way with the first Pull, when down it falls, and a Treasure comes rattling after. The despairing Wretch, in the utmost Astonishment, gathers up the Treasure, leaves the Halter behind him, and carries off the Gold, not staying to count it; overjoy'd with the Sum he had found, whether exact or not.—

Tandis que le galant à grands pas se retire,
L'homme au trésor arrive & trouve son argent

Absent.

Quoi, dit-il, sans mourir je perdrai cette somme ?

Je ne me pendrai pas ? & vraiment si ferai,

Ou de corde je manquerai.

Le lacs étoit tout prêt, il n'y manquoit qu'un homme.

Celui-ci se l'attache, & se pend bien & beau.

Ce qui le consola peut-être,

Fut qu'un autre eût pour lui fait les frais du cordeau.

Aussi-bien que l'argent le licou trouva maître.

L'avare rarement finit ses jours sans pleurs.

Il a le moins de part au trésor qu'il enferme,

Thésaurizant pour les voleurs,

Pour ses parens, ou pour la terre.

Mais que dire du troc que la fortune fit ?

Ce sont là de ses traits ; elle s'en divertit.

Plus le tour est bizarre, & plus elle est contente.

Cette Déesse inconstante

Se mit alors en l'esprit

De voir un homme se pendre ;

Et celui qui se pendit

S'y devoit le moins attendre.



Le Mary, la Femme, & le Voleur.

U N Mary fort amoureux,

Fort amoureux de sa femme,

Bien qu'il fût jouissant se croioit malheureux.

Jamais œillade de la Dame,

Propos flateur & gracieux,

Mot d'amitié, ni doux sourire,

Deffiant le pauvre Sire,

N'avoient fait soupçonner qu'il fut vraiment cheri ;

Je le crois, c'étoit un mary.

Il ne tint point à l'hymenée

Que content de sa destinée

Whilst that this Fellow was scampring off, the Owner of the Treasure arrives, and finding it gone,— Shall I, says he, survive the Loss of so much Money? Shall I not hang my self? But I'll do it if there's a Halter to be met with.— The Nooze was ready, and there wanted only a Man. Accordingly this Creature slips it over his Head, and hangs himself to all Intents and Purposes.— Perhaps 'twas some Consolation to him, that another had been at the Expence of the Rope. The Halter had found a Master as well as the Money.— The covetous Man seldom descends to the Grave without Tears; enjoys the least Share of the Treasures he locks up; boarding always for Thieves, for his Relations, or for the Earth.— But what shall we say of the exchange Fortune made on this Occasion? These are some of her Tricks, and they are a Diversion to Her. The more whimsical the Catastrophe is, the more she is delighted with it.— That fickle Goddess had then a Mind to see a Man hang himself, and the Wretch who swung, had the least Reason to believe he wou'd come to so untimely an End.



The HUSBAND, his WIFE, and the THIEF.

A Man who had a most fond Passion for his Wife, fancied himself very unhappy, tho' she was every Night in his Arms. As his Partner had never blest'd him with one kind Glance, had never favour'd him with a soothing Expression, had not indulg'd him one soft Word or tender Smile; he cou'd never persuade himself that she really lov'd him. All this I can easily believe, for he was a Husband.— Hymen however had done his utmost, to make him happy; but yet

Il n'en remerciât les Dieux ;
 Mais quoy ? Si l'amour n'affaïsonne
 Les plaisirs que l'hymen nous donne,
 Je ne vois pas qu'on en soit mieux.
 Nôtre épouse étant donc de la sorte bâtie,
 Et n'ayant caressé son mari de sa vie,
 Il en faisoit sa plainte une nuit. Un voleur
 Interrompt la doleance,
 La pauvre femme eut si grand peur,
 Qu'elle chercha quelque assurance
 Entre les bras de son époux.

Amy Voleur, dit-il, sans toy ce bien si doux
 Me feroit inconnu ; Pren donc en recompense
 Tout ce qui peut chez-nous être à ta bienveillance :
 Pren le logis aussi. Les voleurs ne sont pas
 Gens honteux ni fort delicats :

Celuy-ci fit sa main. J'infere de ce conte
 Que la plus forte passion
 C'est la peur ; elle fait vaincre l'averfion,
 Et l'amour quelquefois ; quelquefois il la dompte :
 J'en ay pour preuve cet amant,
 Qui brûla sa maison pour embrasser sa Dame,
 L'emportant à travers la flame :
 J'aime assez cet emportement :
 Le conte m'en a plû toujours infiniment ;
 Il est bien d'une ame Espagnole,
 Et plus grande encore que folle.



yet, if the Delights which the God of Marriage dispenses, are not heightned and improv'd by Love, methinks a Man does not change his Condition for the better.—

Our Wife then being of the Character we just now described, and having never caress'd her Husband so much as once in her Life, he one Night vented his Complaints upon that Account. Now it happen'd, that a Thief interrupting his Sighs, the poor Woman was in so terrible a Fright, that she flew to her Husband's Arms for Refuge.— *Worthy Thief*, says the Man, in Raptures, had it not been for thee, I never shou'd have tasted the sweetest of Blessings; as a Reward therefore, take whatever may best suit thee; every thing is heartily at thy Service; take even the House.—

Thieves are not vastly shame-fac'd, nor very scrupulous;— so that we may believe the Villain in question made a rare Hand on't.—

I infer from this Tale, that of all Passions, Fear is the strongest: It sometimes conquers Aversion, sometimes Love; and sometimes it subdues it.— This I can prove by the *In-amorato* who fir'd his House purely that he might have an Opportunity of embracing the Woman he doated upon. I am well enough pleas'd with this Fire and Extravagance, and the Story always delighted me excessively. 'Tis natural for a Spaniard to act in this Manner, and 'tis an Indication of Greatness of Soul rather than of Folly.



*Le Héron. La Fille.*

UN jour sur ses longs pieds alloit je ne fais où,
 Le Héron au long bec emmanché d'un long cou.
 Il côtoyoit une riviere.
 L'onde étoit transparente ainsi qu'aux plus beaux jours;
 Ma commere la carpe y faisoit mille tours
 Avec le brochet son compere.
 Le Héron en eut fait aisément son profit :
 Tous approchoient du bord, l'oiseau n'avoit qu'à pren-
 dre ;
 Mais il crut mieux faire d'attendre
 Qu'il eut un peu plus d'appetit.
 Il vivoit de regime, & mangeoit à ses heures.
 Après quelque momens l'appetit vint ; l'oiseau
 S'approchant du bord vit sur l'eau
 Des Tanches qui sortoient du fond de ces demeures.
 Le mets ne lui plût pas ; il s'attendoit à mieux ;
 Et montrait un gout dédaigneux
 Comme le rat du bon Horace.
 Moi des Tanches ? dit-il, moi Héron que je fasse
 Une si pauvre chere ? & pour qui me prend on ?
 La Tanche rebutée il trouva du goujon.
 Du goujon ! c'est bien là le diné d'un Heron !
 J'ouvrerois pour si peu le bec ! aux Dieux ne plaise.
 Il l'ouvrit pour bien moins : tout alla de façon
 Qu'il ne vit plus aucun poisson.
 La faim le prit ; il fut tout heureux & tout aise
 De rencontrer un limaçon.
 Ne soions pas si difficiles :
 Les plus accommodans ce sont les plus habiles :
 On hazarde de perdre en voulant trop gagner.
 Gardez-vous de rien dédaigner ;
 Sur tout quand vous avez à peu près vôtre compte.

Bien



The HERON. The MAIDEN.

ONE Day, the long-bill'd, long-neck'd, long-legg'd Heron, was going I know not whither. He was walking on the Bank of a River, whose Waters were as clear and transparent as Crystal. The Carp, and its Comrade the Pike, were wantoning and sporting up and down the Stream. These the Heron might have snapt up. All the Fishes swam close to the Bank, so that the Bird might have prey'd upon them at Leisure; but he thought 'twou'd be better for him to stay till his Appetite was a little keener. He liv'd by Rule, and eat only at stated Hours.

A little after, the Heron finding his Stomach up, drew near to the River, where he saw Tenches rising from the sandy Bottom. Still those are not delicate enough for his Palate, so he resolv'd to wait for better Fare, and discover'd (like Friend Horace's Mouse) a most fantastically nice Taste.— Shall I, says he, take up with Tenches? A Heron feed upon such silly Viſuals? I'd fain know who they take me for?— Having thus despis'd Tenches, he next sees a great Number of Gudgeons! says he, Ha, ha; here's a Dinner for a Heron! I open my Bill for such paltry Stuff! Heavens forbid it!— Our Bird however open'd it for much less; for Matters went so bad, that at last, not so much as one Fish appear'd. His Hunger was then extreme, and he thought himself happy to meet with even a Snail.—

'Tis not good to be so very difficult: The easiest Tempers discover most Judgment, and the Over-greedy are often disappointed.— Beware how you condemn any thing, especially when you have got pretty near what you want. A great Number of People are often cozen'd on these Occasions.

Bien des gens y sont pris ; ce n'est pas aux Hérons
Que je parle ; écoutez, humains, un autre conte ;
Vous verrez que chez vous j'ai puisé ces leçons.

Certaine fille un peu trop fiere

Prétendoit trouver un mary

Jeune, bien-fait, & beau, d'agreable maniere,
Point froid & point jaloux ; notez ces deux points-ci.

Cette fille vouloit aussi

Qu'il eût du bien, de la naissance,

De l'esprit, enfin tout : mais qui peut tout avoir ?
Le destin se montra soigneux de la pourvoir :

Il vint des partis d'importance.

La belle les trouva trop chetifs de moitié.

Quoi moi ? quoi ces gens-là ? l'on radote, je pense.

A moi les proposer ! hélas ils font pitié.

Voiez un peu la belle espee !

L'un n'avoit en l'esprit nulle delicatessè :

L'autre avoit le nez fait de cette façon-là ;

C'étoit ceci, c'étoit cela,

C'étoit tout, car les précieuses.

Font dessus tout les dédaigneuses.

Après les bons partis les mediocres gens

Vinrent se mettre sur les rangs,

Elle dé se moquer. Ah vraiment je suis bonne

De leur ouvrir la porte : ils pensent que je suis

Fort en peine de ma personne.

Grace à Dieu je passe les nuits

Sans chagrin, quoi qu'en solitude.

La belle se sçut gré de tous ses sentimens.

L'âge la fit déchoir ; adieu tous les amans.

Un an se passe & deux avec inquietude.

Le chagrin vient en suite ; elle sent chaque jour

Déloger quelque Ris, quelques jeux, puis l'amour ;

Puis ses traits choquer & déplaire ;

Puis cent sortes de fards. Ses soins ne purent faire

Qu'elle échapât au temps cet insigne larron :

Les ruines d'une maison

Se peuvent reparer ; que n'est cet avantage

Pour les ruines du visage !

Sa preciosité changea lors de langage.

I do not address this to Herons; Listen, Mankind, to another Tale, and you'll find that 'tis from your selves I draw these Instructions.

A certain Nymph, of the baughty Sort, was resolv'd to get a young, finely-shap'd, handsome, well-accomplish'd Husband; a Man not inclin'd to Jealousy, or cold in his Affections, (Mark these two Articles). This Girl was determin'd that he shou'd likewise be rich, of a good Family, witty; in short, one who boasted every Perfection; but where is such a one to be found?— Fate was very assiduous in providing her with Suitors, and several considerable Ones address'd her, however she turn'd up her Nose at them all. Lud! I, says she, marry such Fellows! Surely, the Folks are all distracted. Propose such Mortals to me! Ah! they make me quite sick. Never sure were such paultry Animals seen.— One was a dull, phlegmatic Soul: Another's Nose was so shap'd, the Lord knows how! 'twas this, 'twas that,— for Prudes, of all Creatures, are the greatest Scoffers.—

The considerable Suitors were succeeded by those of an indifferent Figure, and our Beauty is again very liberal of her Jeers.— How good-natur'd, says she, am I, to open my Door to such Wretches! They surely must think I'm in furious Want of a Husband; but thank Heavens, tho' I lie alone, I yet spend the Nights very comfortably.

The Nymph was not a little pleas'd with her own Conduct, but at last, Age lessen'd her Charms, and all her Lovers forsook her. She continu'd pretty easy for a Year or two, but began to fret, when she perceived that every Day robb'd her of some Grace, some Smile; afterwards of Love himself, and finally, that her Features grew even hideous. To repair these Injuries, she made use of an hundred Sorts of Paint; but all her Art and Industry cou'd not prevent her falling a Prey to Time, that notorious Purloiner.—

The Ruins of a House may be repair'd; Alas! why is not the same Advantage allow'd a decay'd Face! The Fair-One's Prudery then chang'd its Note. Her Looking-Glass gave

Son miroir lui disoit, prenez vite un mari :
 Je ne fais quel desir le lui disoit aussi ; -
 Le desir peut loger chez une precieuse :
 Celle-ci fit un choix qu'on n'auroit jamais crû,
 Se trouvant à la fin tout aisé & tout heureuse
 De rencontrer un malotru.



Les Souhails.

IL est au Mogol des folets
 qui font office de valets,
 Tiennent la maison propre,
 Ont soin de l'équipage,
 Et quelquefois du jardinage.
 Si vous touchez à leur ouvrage,
 Vous gêtez tout. Un d'eux près du Gange autrefois
 Cultivoit le jardin d'un assez bon Bourgeois.
 Il travailloit sans bruit, avoit beaucoup d'adresse,
 Aimoit le maître & la maîtresse,
 Et le jardin sur tout. Dieu fait si les zephirs
 Peuple ami du Demon l'assistoient dans sa tâche :
 Le folet de sa part travaillant sans relâche
 Combloit ses hôtes de plaisirs.
 Pour plus de marques de son zele
 Chez ces gens pour toujours il se fut arrêté,
 Nonobstant la legereté
 A ses pareils si naturelle ;
 Mais ses confreres les esprits
 Firent tant que le chef de cette republique,
 Par caprice ou par politique,
 Le changea bientôt de logis.
 Ordre lui vient d'aller au fond de la Norvege
 Prendre le soin d'une maison
 En tout temps couverte de neige ;
 Et d'Indou qu'il étoit on vous le fait Lapon.
 Avant què de partir l'esprit dit à ses hôtes :
 On m'oblige de vous quitter :

gave her the following Advice;— Marry quickly; and some I know not what Wish, whisper'd the same thing; for Wishes may inhabit a Prude's Breast. This in question made such a Choice, as no one wou'd ever have believ'd; thinking herself at last very happy, that an awkward, pitiful Fellow wou'd accept of her for a Wife.



The WISHES.

THERE are in Mogul a sort of Hobgoblins, who do the Business of Men-Servants; keeping the House clean, taking Care of the Furniture, and sometimes of the Gardens. But touch their Work ever so little, and you spoil all.— One of these, in former Days, cultivated the Garden of a pretty considerable Man, who liv'd not far from the River Ganges. Our Sprite, who was very dextrous, work'd with the utmost Silence; and was vastly fond of his Master, his Mistress, but especially of the verdant Spot. Heaven only knows whether the Zephyrs, who were Friends to our Dæmon, assisted him in his Labour. With regard to the Hobgoblin, he was for ever toiling, and thereby made those, whose Servant he was, very happy. As a greater Testimony of his Affection, he had promis'd, notwithstanding the Fickleness so natural to those of his Species, never to leave 'em. However, his sitting Brethren prevail'd so far, that the Chief of their Republick, either out of Caprice or Policy, forc'd our gentle Hobgoblin to change his Habitation. Orders came for him to go to the most remote Parts of Norway, there to take Care of a House, cover'd with eternal Snows; and thus our Indian must be made a Laplander.—

The Sprite, before he went away, spoke thus to those with whom he dwelt,— I am forc'd to leave you: What Fault I have committed, is unknown to me; but go I must. I can stay but a very little longer with you, a Month; perhaps, but a Week:— Make the best Use of the Time: Form therefore three Wishes, for so many I can accomplish; just three,
and

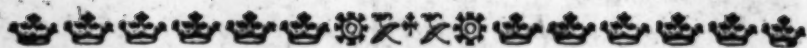
Je ne sçais pas pour quelles fautes ;
 Mais enfin il le faut, je ne puis arrêter
 Qu'un temps fort court, un mois, peut-être une semaine.
 Employez-la ; formez trois souhaits, car je puis
 Rendre trois souhaits accomplis ;
 Trois sans plus. Souhaiter ce n'est pas une peine
 Etrange & nouvelle aux humains.
 Ceux-ci pour premier vœu demandent l'abondance ;
 Et l'abondance à pleines mains
 Verse en leurs cofres la finance,
 En leurs greniers le bled, dans leurs caves les vins ;
 Tout en creve. Comment ranger cette chevance ?
 Quels registres, quels soins, quel temps il leur salut !
 Tous deux sont empêchez si jamais on le fut.
 Les voleurs contre eux comploterent ;
 Les grands Seigneurs leur emprunterent ;
 Le Prince les taxa. Voila les pauvres gens
 Malheureux par trop de fortune.
 Otez-nous de ces biens l'affluence importune,
 Dirent-ils l'un & l'autre ; heureux les indigens !
 La pauvreté vaut mieux qu'une telle richesse.
 Retirez-vous trefors, fuyez : & toi Deesse,
 Mere du bon esprit, compagne du repos,
 O mediocrité, revien vite. A ces mots
 La mediocrité revient ; on lui fait place ;
 Avec elle ils rentrent en grace,
 Au bout de deux souhaits étant aussi chanceux
 Qu'ils étoient, & que sont tous ceux
 Qui souhaitent toujours, & perdent en chimeres
 Le temps qu'ils feroient mieux de mettre à leurs affaires
 Le folet en rit avec eux.
 Pour profiter de sa largesse,
 Quand il voulut partir, & qu'il fut sur le point,
 Ils demanderent la sagesse ;
 C'est un trefor qui n'embarasse point.

and no more.— To form *Wishes*, is no new or uncommon thing to *Mortals*.— The People in question began by asking for *Plenty*; when presently *Plenty* showers down such prodigious Quantities of Money in their Coffers, so much Corn in their Granaries, and Wine in their Cellars, that all Places were ready to burst with 'em.— Where cou'd they possibly stow this Profusion? How much Writing, what great Care, how long Time all this requir'd! If ever People had Employment, 'twas the Couple in question. Thieves now conspir'd against them, Noblemen borrow'd their Money, and the Monarch loaded them with Taxes.— Thus were they made unhappy by too great Abundance.— Remove from us, said they both, the importunate Affluence of these Possessions; thrice happy the Indigent! Poverty is preferable to Wealth like ours. Begone, ye Treasures; fly away on the swiftest Wing: And thou Goddess, Parent of good Sense, thou inseparable Companion of Tranquillity, O Mediocrity! Return instantly.—

These Words were no sooner utter'd, than Mediocrity returns; Room is made for the smiling Deity, and they are restor'd to her Favour.

Having, in two *Wishes*, been thus poor, as indeed are all who are for ever wishing, and trifle away in empty Chimeras, the Time which would be employ'd to much better Purpose in Business: The Hobgoblin laugh'd heartily along with them, at the Folly of such a Conduct.

But now our Pair, in order to profit by the *Dæmon's* Generosity, who was just upon the Point of going away, ask'd for *Wisdom*: This is a Treasure that never encumbers the Possessor.



L' Homme & la Couleuvre.

UN homme vid une Couleuvre,
 Ah! méchante, dit-il, je m'en vais faire une œuvre
 Agreable à tout l'univers.
 A ces mots l'animal pervers.
 (C'est le serpent que je veux dire,
 Et non l'homme, on pourroit aisément s'y tromper.)
 A ces mots le serpent se laissant attraper
 Est pris, mis en un sac, & ce qui fut le pire,
 On resolut sa mort, fût-il coupable ou non.
 Afin de le payer toutefois de raison,
 L'autre lui fit cette harangue.
 Symbole des ingrats, être bon aux méchans
 C'est être sot, meurs donc; ta colere & tes dents
 Ne me nuiront jamais. Le Serpent en sa langue
 Reprit du mieux qu'il put: S'il faloit condamner
 Tous les ingrats qui sont au monde,
 A qui pourroit-on pardonner?
 Toi-même tu te fais ton procès. Je me fonde
 Sur tes propres leçons; jette les yeux sur toi.
 Mes jours sont en tes mains, tranche les: ta justice
 C'est ton utilité, ton plaisir, ton caprice;
 Selon ces loix condamne moi:
 Mais trouve-bon qu'avec franchise
 En mourant au moins je te dise,
 Que le symbole des ingrats
 Ce n'est point le serpent, c'est l'homme. Ces paroles
 Firent arrêter l'autre; il recula d'un pas.
 Enfin il repartit. Tes raisons sont frivoles:
 Je pourrois décider; car ce droit m'appartient:
 Mais rapportons nous en. Soit fait, dit le reptile.
 Une vache étoit là, l'on l'appelle, elle vient,
 Le cas est proposé, c'étoit chose facile.
 Faloit-il pour cela, dit-elle, m'appeller?



The MAN and the SNAKE.

A Man cast his Eye upon a Snake. *Detested Creature!* say's he, I'll now do an *Action* will please the whole World. At these Words, the wicked Animal (the Snake, I mean, not the Man; the Reader might easily mistake on this Occasion:) At these Words, I say, the Snake suffering himself to be taken, is catch'd, put into a Bag; and the worst Circumstance of all is, his Death is resolv'd upon, whether guilty or innocent. However, the Man being willing to give some Sort of Reason for what he did, harangu'd the Snake as follows.—

Thou Emblem of the Ingrate! to indulge Tenderneſs to the Wicked is Folly; die therefore; neither thy Anger nor thy Teeth ſhall ever injure me more.—

The Snake made the beſt Answer he could in his Language.— If, ſays he, all the Ungrateful were condemn'd, who cou'd hope for a Pardon? Thou art thine own Accuſer. This I prove from thine own Maxims; reflect inwardly on thy ſelf. My Life is in thy Hands, cut the Thread of it: What thou calleſt Juſtice, is in Reality thy Pleaſure, thy Caprice; condemn me therefore purſuant to thoſe Laws. However, let me be ſo free as to tell thee, with my expiring Breath, That Man, not the Serpent, is the Emblem of the Ingrate.—

At theſe Words, the Other ſuſpended the Stroke, drew back a Step or two, and at laſt made this Reply.— Thy Reaſons, O Snake, are frivolous and trifling; I my ſelf, indeed, cou'd determine, (a Right that is inherent in me) but let us chuſe an Umpire.— With all my Heart, ſays the Reptile.— A Cow was bard by, who being call'd, comes up; and the Cauſe, (an eaſy one indeed) is propos'd to her.— Was it worth while, ſays ſhe, to call me for this? The Snake

La Couleuvre a raison, pourquoi dissimuler ?
 Je nourrois celui-ci depuis longues années ;
 Il n'a sans mes bienfaits passé nulles journées ;
 Tout n'est que pour lui seul ; mon lait & mes enfans,
 Le font à la maison revenir les mains pleines ;
 Même j'ay rétabli sa santé que les ans

Avoient alterée, & mes peines
 Ont pour but son plaisir ainsi que son besoin.
 Enfin me voilà vieille ; il me laisse en un coin
 Sans herbe ; s'il vouloit encor me laisser paître !
 Mais je suis attachée, & si j'eusse eu pour maître
 Un serpent, eût-il sceu jamais pousser si loin
 L'ingratitude ? Adieu. J'ai dit ce que je pense.
 L'homme tout étonné d'une telle sentence
 Dit au serpent : Faut-il croire ce qu'elle dit ?
 C'est une radoteuse, elle a perdu l'esprit.
 Croions ce Bœuf. Croions, dit la rempante bête.
 Ainsi dit, ainsi fait. Le Bœuf vient à pas lents.
 Quand il eut ruminé tout le cas en sa tête,

Il dit que du labeur des ans
 Pour nous seuls il portoit les soins les plus pesans,
 Parcourant sans cesser ce long cercle de peines
 Qui revenant sur soi ramenoit dans nos plaines
 Ce que Cères nous donne, & vend aux animaux.

Que cette suite de travaux
 Pour récompense avoit de tous tant que nous sommes,
 Force coups, peu de gré ; puis quand il étoit vieux,
 On croyoit l'honorer chaque fois que les hommes
 Achetoient de son sang l'indulgence des Dieux.
 Ainsi parla le Bœuf. L'homme dit : Faisons taire

Cet ennuyeux déclamateur,
 Il cherche de grands mots, & vient ici se faire,
 Au lieu d'arbitre, accusateur.

Je le refuse aussi. L'arbre étant pris pour juge,
 Ce fut bien pis encor. Il servoit de refuge
 Contre le chaud, la pluie, & la fureur des vents :
 Pour nous seuls il ornoit les jardins & les champs.
 L'ombrage n'étoit pas le seul bien qu'il sçut faire ;
 Il courboit sous les fruits ; cependant pour salaire
 Un rustre l'abatoit, c'étoit là son loyer ;

Quoi

is certainly in the right; why should I dissemble? For many Years have I fed this Man; not a single Day pass'd, but he receiv'd some Kindness from me; all Things are for his Use only; my Milk, my Children, load him daily with Plenty; I even recover'd his Health, which Age had impair'd; and I labour'd for his Pleasure and Necessities only. But now, Alas! grown old, he leaves me in a Corner, without so much as a single Blade of Grass; Would he indeed let me graze! But I am fastned! Had a Snake been my Master, cou'd he possibly have been so ungrateful! Adieu,— I have spoke my Thoughts.—

The Man astonish'd at this Decision, says to the Serpent:—Are we to believe the Cow? The Creature doats; she's quite out of her Senses.— Let us refer the Matter to the Ox. Agreed, says the growling Animal. Thus said, thus done.— The Ox advances with tardy Steps. After revolving the whole Cause, he declar'd, That of the Labour of Years, he submitted merely for our Sakes, to the most weighty Cares; running perpetually thro' that long Circle of Toils, which returning upon him, brought again to our blooming Plains, the Presents which Ceres gives liberally to us, but sells to Animals. That this long Series of Labours met with no other Reward from Man, than a Multitude of Blows, and little or no Acknowledgment. Then, when he was oppress'd with Years, Mankind thought that they purchas'd Indulgence of the Gods with his Blood:— Thus spoke the Ox.—

Says the Man, Let us stop that tedious Haranguer's Mouth. He studies for pompous Expressions, and instead of making himself Umpire, turns Accuser. I reject his Testimony also. The Tree being admitted as Judge, Matters went much worse.— He was an Asylum to Man against Heat, Rain, and the Impetuosity of Winds: That merely for us he embellish'd the Gardens and the Fields. The Shade was not the only Blessing he afforded; he stoop'd beneath the Weight of Fruit; and what Wages had he for all this? A Peasant cuts him down; this was his only Reward, altho' all

Quoi que pendant tout l'an liberal il nous donne
Ou des fleurs au Printemps ; ou du fruit en Automne,
L'ombre, l'Eté ; l'Hyver, les plaisirs du foyer.
Que ne l'émondoit-on sans prendre la cognée ?
De son temperament il eût encor vécu.

L'homme trouvant mauvais que l'on l'eut convaincu,
Voulut à toute force avoir cause gagnée.

Je suis bien bon, dit-il, d'écouter ces gens-là.

Du sac & du serpent aussi-tôt il donna

Contre les murs, tant qu'il tua la bête.

On en use ainsi chez les grands.

La raison les offense : ils se mettent en tête

Que tout est né pour eux, quadrupedes, & gens,
Et serpens.

Si quelqu'un deserre les dents,

C'est un sot. J'en conviens. Mais que faut-il donc faire ?

Parler de loin ; ou bien se taire.



the Year round be generously bestow'd upon us, either Flowers in Spring, Fruits in Autumn, Shade in Summer, and in Winter, the Pleasures of the Fire-side.— Why therefore must the Ax be employ'd in pruning him, when he might, from the usual Course of Nature, have liv'd many Years longer.—

The Man was offended to hear the Cause given against him, and was determin'd, right or wrong, to have it in his Favour.— How silly, says he, am I, to give Ear to these Wretches! Immediately he dash'd the Bag and Snake against the Wall, and kill'd the Creature.—

In this Manner do the Great behave: Reason is very grating to their Ears: They are puff'd up with the vain Notion, that all Things were created for their Use, Quadrupeds, Men and Snakes.— Any Man who murmurs against them, is call'd a Blockhead: I own it.— But how must one act on these Occasions? Either speak at a Distance, or be silent.





Les Oreilles du Lievre.

UN animal cornu blessa de quelques coups
 Le Lion, qui plein de courroux,
 Pour ne plus tomber en la peine,
 Bannit des lieux de son domaine
 Toute bête portant des cornes à son front.
 Chevres, Beliers, Taureaux aussi-tôt délogerent,
 Daims, & Cerfs de climat changerent ;
 Chacun à s'en aller fut prompt.
 Un Lievre appercevant l'ombre de ses oreilles,
 Craignit que quelque inquisiteur
 N'allât interpreter à cornes leur longueur :
 Ne les soutint en tout à des cornes pareilles.
 Adieu voisin Grillon, dit-il, je pars d'ici ;
 Mes oreilles enfin seroient cornes aussi :
 Et quand je les aurois plus courtes qu'une Autruche,
 Je craindrois même encor. Le Grillon repartit.
 Cornes cela? vous me prenez pour cruche ;
 Ce sont oreilles que Dieu fit.
 On les fera passer pour cornes,
 Dit l'animal craintif, & cornes de Licornes.
 J'auray beau protester ; mon dire & mes raisons
 Iront aux petites Maisons.





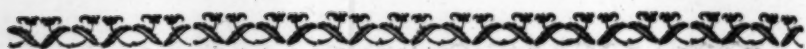
The HARE's EARS.

A Beast happen'd to gore the Lion with his Horns, which exasperated the Monarch of the Plains. He, to prevent his being hurt again in that Manner, banish'd from his Territories all Beasts who wore Horns.

Immediately Goats, Rams, Bulls, went away: Does and Stags remov'd to other Climates, and every Animal troop'd off with Speed.—

A Hare perceiving the Shadow of his Ears, was apprehensive, that some Inquisitor wou'd interpret their Length into Horns, and assert that they were like to Horns in all Respects.— By'e, Neighbour Cricket, says he, I leave these Dominions: My Ears will at last be Horns also. Tho' mine were shorter than those of an Ostrich, I yet shou'd be afraid.— The Cricket reply'd,— Those Horns?— You surely take me for a Ninny.— They are Ears, and such God made 'em.— They'll be declar'd Horns, says the trembling Creature; nay, Unicorns Horns.— 'Twill be to no Purpose for me to swear they are not so; for my Speeches and Arguments will be all sent to the Mad-house.





Le Singe & le Leopard.

LE Singe avec le Leopard
 Gagnoient de l'argent à la foire :
 Ils affichioient chacun à part.
 L'un d'eux disoit : Messieurs, mon merite & ma gloire
 Sont connus en bon lieu ; le Roi m'a voulu voir ;
 Et si je meurs il veut avoir
 Un manchon de ma peau ; tant elle est bigarrée,
 Pleine de taches, marquetée,
 Et vergetée, & mouchetée.
 La bigarrure plait ; partant chacun le vit,
 Mais ce fut bientôt fait, bientôt chacun sortit,
 Le Singe de sa part disoit : Venez de grace,
 Venez Messieurs ; Je fais cent tours de passe passe.
 Cette diversité dont on vous parle tant,
 Mon voisin Leopard l'a sur soi seulement ;
 Moi je l'ai dans l'esprit : vôtre serviteur Gille,
 Cousin & gendre de Bertrand,
 Singe du Pape en son vivant,
 Tout fraîchement en cette ville
 Arrive en trois bateaux, exprés pour vous parler ;
 Car il parle, on l'entend, il fait danser, baler,
 Faire des tours de toute sorte,
 Passer en des cerceaux ; & le tout pour six blancs :
 Non Messieurs, pour un sou ; si vous n'êtes contens
 Nous rendrons a chacun son argent à la porte.
 Le Singe avoit raison ; ce n'est pas sur l'habit
 Que la diversité me plait, c'est dans l'esprit :
 L'une fournit toujours des choses agreables ;
 L'autre en moins d'un moment lasse les regardans.
 O que de grands Seigneurs au Leopard semblables,
 N'ont que l'habit pour tous talens !

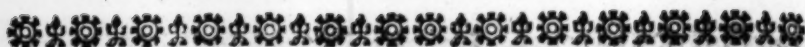


The MONKEY and the LEOPARD.

THE Monkey and the Leopard got Money at the Fair. Each posted up his Bills separately.— Says the latter,— Gentlemen; my great Talents, my Glory, are known in exalted Places: His Majesty wou'd see me, and when I die, is resolv'd to make a Muff of my Skin, 'tis variegated so beautifully, is so full of Spots, so finely streak'd and speckled.— A Diversity of Colours delights the Eye, and therefore All took a Sight of him, but they soon had enough, and came out immediately.—

The Monkey, on the other Side, harangu'd thus.— Gentlemen; be so good as to walk in; Hocus, Pocus, I play an hundred Tricks. The Diversity which the Folks there cry up so much, is merely outside, on my Neighbour the Leopard's Coat only; but my Diversity is in the Mind.— Your most obedient Servant, Humphrey, Cousin and Son-in-law of Bertrand, Monkey to his Holiness in his Life-time, is this Moment arriv'd in this City, just come in three Boats, purposely to exchange a Word or so with you: For Humphrey can talk, is understood, dances charmingly, plays Tricks of every Kind, runs thro' the Hoop, and — all this for Sixpence— no, Gentlemen, for a Penny. If the Show does not please you, the Money shall be return'd to every one at the Door.—

The Monkey was in the right.— I am pleas'd with Diversity, not in the Dress, but in the Mind. This exhibits Things which delight always; whereas That tires the Spectator in an Instant.— O how many great Lords, like the Leopard, have no other Merit than what their Dress gives 'em!



Le Coche & la Mouche.

DAns un chemin montant, sablonneux, mal-aisé,
Et de tous les côtez au Soleil exposé,
Six forts chevaux tiroient un Coche.

Femmes, Moines, vieillards, tout étoit descendu.

L'attelage fuoit, souffloit, étoit rendu.

Une mouche survient, & des chevaux s'approche ;

Prétend les animer par son bourdonnement ;

Pique l'un, pique l'autre, & pense à tout moment,

Qu'elle fait aller la machine ;

S'affied sur le timon, sur le nez du Cocher ;

Aussi-tôt que le char chemine,

Et qu'elle voit les gens marcher,

Elle s'en attribue uniquement la gloire ;

Va, vient, fait l'empressee ; il semble que ce soit

Un Sergent de bataille allant en chaque endroit

Faire avancer ses gens, & hâter la victoire.

La Mouche en ce commun besoin

Se plaint qu'elle agit seule, & qu'elle a tout le soin ;

Qu'aucun n'aide aux chevaux à se tirer d'affaire.

Le Moine disoit son Breviaire ;

Il prenoit bien son temps ! une femme chantoit ;

C'étoit bien de chansons qu'alors il s'agissoit !

Dame Mouche s'en va chanter à leurs oreilles,

Et fait cent sotises pareilles.

Après bien du travail le Coche arrive au haut.

Respirons maintenant, dit la Mouche aussi-tôt :

J'ay tant fait que nos gens sont enfin dans la plaine.

Cà, Messieurs les Chevaux, paieez-moy de ma peine.

Ainsi certaines gens faisant les empressez

S'introduisent dans les affaires.

Ils font par tout les necessaires ;

Et par tout importuns devroient être chassiez.



The STAGE-COACH and the FLY.

UP a sandy, rugged, steep Road; open on every side to the Sun, six strong Horses were drawing a Stage-Coach. Women, Monkeys, old Men, all were alighted out of it: The Beasts sweated, puff'd, and threw up. When up comes a Fly, and goes near to the Horses. Presently she makes as tho' she wou'd invigorate them with her Humming; stings first one, then another, and fancies every Moment, that 'tis she gives Motion to the Vehicle; now sits on the Pole, then on the Coachman's Nose. The Instant the Car moves, and that she sees the People go on, she attributes the whole Glory of this to her self; flies backward and forward, plays the Busy Body; in short, has the Air of a Serjeant, running from Rank to Rank, in order to range the Soldiers, and hasten the Victory.— The Fly, in this common Necessity, complains, that her self only stirs; that she had all the Trouble, and that not a Soul would lend a helping Hand to the Horses.— The Fryar was mumbling over his Breviary; a proper Season for Prayer! A Woman was singing; a pretty Time indeed for Songs!— The Fly then wings away to the Passengers Ears; there hums and buzzes, and plays an hundred such silly Tricks. After much Toil, the Coach gets to the Top of the Hill.— 'Tis now Time, says the Fly, that we take a little Breath. By my prodigious Pains and Industry, our Folks have at last got into the Plain. And now, worthy Horses, pay me for my Labour.

Thus certain Persons, who act the Busy Body, thrust 'em-selves into Business. They assume in all Places an Air of Importance, and ought to be banish'd wherever they come, for their Impertinence.

The

*Les deux Coqs.*

DEux Coqs vivoient en paix, une Poule survint,
 Et voilà la guerre allumée.
 Amour, tu perdis Trope; & c'est de toy que vint
 Cette querelle envenimée,
 Où du sang des Dieux même on vid le Xante teint.
 Long-temps entre nos Coqs le combat se maintint.
 Le bruit s'en répandit par tout le voisinage.
 La gent qui porte crête au spectacle accourut.
 Plus d'une Heleine au beau plumage
 Fut le prix du vainqueur; le vaincu disparut.
 Il alla se cacher au fond de sa retraite,
 Pleura sa gloire & ses amours;
 Ses amours q'un rival tout fier de sa défaite
 Possédoit à ses yeux. Il voyoit tous les jours
 Cet objet rallumer sa haine & son courage.
 Il aiguisoit son bec, batoit l'air & ses flancs,
 Et s'exerçant contre les vents
 S'armoit d'une jalouse rage.
 Il n'en eut pas besoin. Son vainqueur sur les toits
 S'alla percher, & chanter sa victoire.
 Un Vautour entendit sa voix:
 Adieu les amours & la gloire.
 Tout cet orgueil perit sous l'ongle du Vautour.
 Enfin par un fatal retour
 Son rival autour de la Poule
 S'en revint faire le coquet:
 Je laisse à penser quel caquet,
 Car il eut des femmes en foule.
 La Fortune se plaît à faire de grans coups;
 Tout vainqueur insolent à sa perte travaille.
 Désions-nous du sort, & prenons garde à nous
 Après le gain d'une bataille.



The Two Cocks.

TWO Cocks liv'd in the utmost Harmony, when a Hen coming among 'em, immediately War was lighted up.—

O Love! thou ruin'd'st Troy; and 'tis from Thee that the famous Quarrel arose, which rag'd with so much Fury, that the River Xanthus was tinctur'd with the Blood of even the Gods.—

Our two Cocks fought obstinately for a long time, and the Fame of the Battle spread over the whole Neighbourhood. All the crested Gentry ran to view this Spectacle. The Conqueror was rewarded with more than one beautifully-plum'd Helena. As for the vanquish'd Chanticleer, he fled, and hid himself in the inmost Part of his Recess; and there bewail'd his Glory and his Darling Mistress; his Darling, whom a Rival, swell'd with Success, possess'd in his Sight. This Object daily re-inflam'd his Hatred and his Courage. He whetted his Bill, beat the Air and his Sides, and exercising himself against the Winds, arm'd himself with a jealous Rage.— This however was quite needless.— The Victor went and perch'd upon the Roof, and there sang his Conquest, when a Vulture bearing his shrill Voice,— Adieu to his darling Mistress, and his Glory.— All this Haughtiness fell a Prey to the Vulture's Talons. In fine, his Rival (most fatal Revolution!) return'd to gallant and wanton it with the favourite Hen.

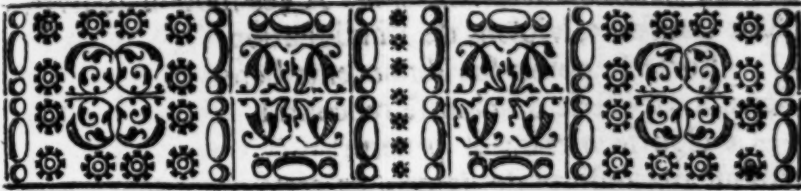
I leave the Reader to judge of the Tattle was then heard, for our Cock had a Multitude of Wives.—

Fortune delights in performing signal Feats. Every insolent Victor labours at his own Destruction. We ought to distrust Fate, and to stand upon our Guard after a Conquest.



L' Horoscope.

ON rencontre sa destinée
 Souvent par des chemins qu'on prend pour l'éviter.
 Un pere eut pour toute lignée
 Un fils qu'il aimait trop, jusques à consulter
 Sur le sort de sa geniture,
 Les diseurs de bonne aventure.
 Un de ces gens lui dit, que des Lions sur tout
 Il éloignât l'enfant jusques à certain âge ;
 Jusqu' à vingt ans, point davantage.
 Le pere pour venir à bout
 D'une précaution sur qui rouloit la vie
 De celui qu'il aimoit, défendit que jamais
 On lui laissât passer le seuil de son Palais.
 Il pouvoit sans sortir contenter son envie,
 Avec ses compagnons tout le jour badiner,
 Sauter, courir, se promener.
 Quand il fut en l'âge où la chasse
 Plaît le plus aux jeunes esprits,
 Cet exercice avec mépris
 Lui fut dépeint : mais quoi qu'on fasse,
 Propos, conseil, enseignement,
 Rien ne change un temperament.
 Le jeune homme inquiet, ardent, plein de courage,
 A peine se sentit des bouillons d'un tel âge,
 Qu'il soupira pour ce plaisir.
 Plus l'obstacle étoit grand, plus fort fut le desir.
 Il savoit le sujet des fatales défenses ;
 Et comme ce logis plein de magnificences,
 Abondoit par tout en tableaux ;
 Et que la laine & les pinceaux
 Traçoient de tous côtez chasses & païsages,
 En cet endroit des animaux,
 En cet autre des personnages,



The HOROSCOPE.

WE meet our Fate, often in Paths which we struck into purposely to avoid it.——

A Man had a Son, an only Child, whom he lov'd to Excess, insomuch that he resolv'd to consult the Fortune-tellers on his Destiny. One of those told him, that he should be particularly careful not to let the Child come near a Lion, till he was come to a certain Age; till he was Twenty, after which he would be safe.

The Father, being resolv'd to use all the Precautions imaginable, since the Life of his darling Child depended on this, gave strict Orders, that he should never be suffer'd to step over the Threshold of his Palace. He was allow'd all kind of Amusements at home; might play and wanton all Day with his Companions; and jump, run, and divert himself.——

Being now of an Age in which Hunting is most pleasing to Youth, that Exercise was represented to him in the most odious Light:— But, do what we will, nor Resolution, Advice, Instruction, in short, nothing can change the Disposition we are born with.—— The young Man, being naturally restless, fiery and courageous, no sooner felt the Transports, which those of his Age are commonly seiz'd with, than he earnestly wish'd to indulge himself in that Pleasure. The Greatness of the Obstacle, only heightned his Desires. He was told the Reason why he was confin'd in the House; and as it was vastly magnificent; was every where full of Pictures; and that Parties of Hunting were every where represented, either in Tapestry or Oil-Colours; on this Side Beasts, on that Men,
the

Le jeune homme s'émeut voiant peint un Lion.
 Ah! monstre, cria-t-il, c'est toi qui me fais vivre
 Dans l'ombre & dans les fers. A ces mots il se livre.
 Aux transports violens de l'indignation,

Porte le poing sur l'innocente bête.
 Sous la tapisserie un clou se rencontra.

Ce clou le blesse; il penetra
 Jusqu' aux ressorts de l'ame; & cette chere tête
 Pour qui l'art d'Esculape en vain fit ce qu'il put,
 Deut sa perte à ces soins qu'on prit pour son salut.
 Même precaution nuit au Poëte Æschile.

Quelque Devin le menaça, dit-on,
 De la cheute d'une maison.

Aussi-tôt il quitta la ville,
 Mit son lit en plein champ, loin des toits, sous les Cieux.
 Un Aigle qui portoit en l'air une Tortuë,
 Passa par là, vit l'homme, & sur sa tête nuë,
 Qui parut un morceau de rocher à ses yeux,

Etant de cheveux depourveuë,
 Laissa tomber sa proye, afin de la casser:
 Le pauvre Æschile ainsi sçeut ses jours avancer.

Il ne faut point arrêter
 Aux deux faits ambigus que je viens de conter.
 Ce fils par trop cheri, ni le bon homme Æschile.
 N'y font rien. Tout aveugle & menteur qu'est cet art,
 Il peut frapper au but une fois entre mille;
 Ce sont des effets du hazard.



the Youth was fir'd at the Sight of a painted Lion.—Wretched Monster! says he, 'tis upon thy Account, that I am confin'd in Darkness and in Chains.—

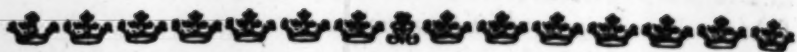
Saying these Words, he was inflam'd with the most violent Indignation, and strikes the innocent Beast with his Fist. Now it happen'd, that a Nail was hid beneath the Tapestry; the ill-fated Youth struck upon it, and it pierc'd to the most intimate Recesses of his Soul; so that this much-lov'd Creature, to save whose Life, the Sons of Æsculapius had exhausted all the Secrets of their Art, ow'd his Destruction to the Care that was taken for his Preservation.—

A like Precaution prov'd fatal to Æschylus the Poet. We are told, that a certain Soothsayer bid him beware of the Fall of a House. Thus admonish'd, Æschylus left the City, laid his Bed in the Fields, far from Houses, with no other Canopy than the Skies.

Now, an Eagle who was flying thro' the Air with a Tortoise, happening to pass that Way, spied the Poet; and his Head being bare of Hair, it appear'd a Piece of Rock to the Eagle's Eye, who thereupon let fall his Prey upon it, in order to break it to Pieces.— In this Manner did poor Æschylus hasten his own End.

We must not lay any Stress on the two ambiguous Incidents I have just now related. Neither this Son, towards whom too much Indulgence was shown, nor the ill-fated Æschylus, are any thing to the Purpose. How blind and doubtful soever this Art may be, it may happen to hit once in a thousand Times: These are merely owing to Chance.





Le Loup & le Chasseur.

FUreur d'accumuler, monstre de qui les yeux
 Regardent comme un point tous les bienfaits des
 Dieux,
 Te combattray-je en vain sans cesse en cet ouvrage ?
 Quel temps demandes-tu pour suivre mes leçons ?
 L'homme sourd à ma voix, comme à celle du sage,
 Ne dira-t-il jamais, C'est assez, jouïssons ?
 Hâte-toy, mon amy ; Tu n'as pas tant à vivre.
 Je te rebats ce mot ; car il vaut tout un livre.
 Jouïs : Je le feray. Mais quand donc ? dès demain.
 Eh mon amy, la mort te peut prendre en chemin.
 Jouis dès aujourd' huy : redoute un fort semblable
 A celui du Chasseur & du Loup de ma fable,
 Le premier de son arc avoit mis bas un Daim.
 Un Fan de Biche passe, & le voilà soudain
 Compagnon du défunt ; Tous deux gisent sur l'herbe.
 La proie étoit honnête ; un Daim avec un Fan,
 Tout modeste Chasseur en eût été content :
 Cependant un Sanglier, monstre énorme & superbe,
 Tente encor nôtre archer friand de tels morceaux.
 Autre habitant du Styx : la Parque & ces ciseaux
 Avec peine y mordoient ; la Déesse infernale
 Reprit à plusieurs fois l'heure au monstre fatale.
 De la force du coup pourtant il s'abatit.
 C'étoit assez de biens ; mais quoi, rien ne remplit
 Les vastes appetits d'un faiseur de conquêtes.
 Dans le temps que le Porc revient à soy, l'archer
 Voit le long d'un fillon une perdrix marcher,
 Surcroit chetif aux autres têtes.
 De son arc toutesfois il bande les ressorts.
 Le sanglier rappelant les restes de sa vie,
 Vient à luy, le décoût, meurt vangé sur son corps :
 Et la perdrix le remercie.

Cette

The WOLF and the HUNTER.

WILD Frenzy of Amassing! thou Monster, whose Eyes consider all the Blessings of the Almighty, as a Point, a mere Nothing; must I for ever combat Thee, and all to no Purpose, in my Work? What Time wilt thou require before thou puttest in practice my Instructions? Will Man, always as deaf to my Voice as to that of the Sage, never whisper to himself, 'Tis enough; let us enjoy our Possessions?— But Friend, make haste and enjoy, for thou hast not so many Years to live.— I repeat it; this Maxim is worth a Volume.— Enjoy, I say.— I will do it.— But when?— To-Morrow.— Ah! my Friend, Death may stop thee in the midst of thy Career. Enjoy this Instant, and dread a Fate like to that of the Hunter and the Wolf of this Fable.

The former had with his Cross-Bow brought down a Buck. A Hind's Fawn passes by, and instantly it follows the Buck to the dreary Shades; both of them lie dead on the Grass. A Buck and a Fawn! this was a pretty good Booty, and every reasonable Hunter wou'd have been satisfied with it. Nevertheless, a wild Boar, a proud Monster of an enormous Size, tempts again our Bowman, who was greedy of such Morsels. Another Inhabitant of the sublunary Regions: The Destinies had scarce cut the Thread of this Animal's Life with their Scissors; and the infernal Goddesses resum'd several times the Moment that was fatal to the Monster. However, the Stroke was so violent, that it fell'd him. This was Riches sufficient;— but (strange it is) nothing will satisfy the unbounded Appetite of a Conqueror.

Just as the Wild-Boar was coming to himself again, our Bowman spies a Partridge walking on a Balk of Land; an additional Prey, trifling in comparison of that he had got. However, he again prepares the Springs of his Cross-Bow, when the Wild-Boar, rousing his dying Faculties, flies upon the Man, gores him; dies reveng'd on the Body of his Murderer, and is thank'd by the Partridge.—

Q

This

Cette part du recit s'adresse au convoiteux
 L'avare aura pour luy le reste de l'exemple.
 Un Loup vit en passant ce spectacle piteux.
 O fortune, dit-il, je te promets un temple.
 Quatre corps étendus ! que de biens ! mais pourtant
 Il faut les ménager, ces rencontres sont rares.

(Ainsi s'excusent les avares,)

J'en auray, dit le Loup, pour un mois, pour autant.
 Un, deux, trois, quatre corps, ce sont quatre semaines,
 Si je sçais conter, toutes pleines.

Commençons dans deux jours ; & mangeons cependant
 La corde de cet arc ; il faut que l'on l'ait faite
 De vray boyau ; l'odeur me le témoigne assez.

En disant ces mots il se jette
 Sur l'arc qui se détend, & fait de la fagette
 Un nouveau mort, mon Loup a les boyaux percez.
 Je reviens à mon texte : il faut que l'on jouisse ;
 Témoin ces deux gloutons punis d'un sort commun ;
 La convoitise perdit l'un ;
 L'autre périt par l'avarice.

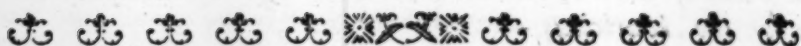


This Part of the Relation is address'd to those who covet the Goods of Others, and the Remainder of the Example shall be for the Avaricious.—

A Wolf happen'd to see this sad Spectacle as he past along,— O Fortune, cries he, I will, I swear, build a Temple in thy Honour. Four Bodies dead on the Grass! This sure is Wealth! However, I must be sparing of it, for such lucky Turns as these are rarely met with. (In this Manner do the Avaricious excuse themselves.) Let me see, says the Wolf, here's Provision for a whole Month, for so long time exactly.— One, two, three, four Bodies; just four Weeks complete, if I have any Skill in Calculation.— Well; I'll begin two Days hence, and to stay my Stomach, will eat this Cross-Bow String; 'tis certainly made of genuine Gut; that's manifest enough from the Smell. These Words were no sooner utter'd, but he rushes upon the Cross-Bow, which flying off, another Body lies dead; for the Shaft strikes quite thro' the Wolf's Bowels.—

I return to my Theme; 'tis necessary that we enjoy: This is prov'd from our two Gluttons, who were punish'd with a common Fate; a Desire of possessing another's Goods destroy'd the one, and the other perish'd by Avarice.





Le Curé & le Mort.

U N mort s'en alloit tristement
 S'emparer de son dernier gîte ;
 Un Curé s'en alloit gayement
 Enterrer ce mort au plus vite.
 Nôtre défunt étoit en carosse porté,
 Bien & deûment empaqueté,
 Et vêtu d'une robe, hélas ! qu'on nomme bière,
 Robe d'hyver, robe d'été,
 Que les morts ne dépouillent guere.
 Le Pasteur étoit à côté,
 Et recitoit à l'ordinaire
 Maintes devotes oraisons,
 Et des pseaumes, & des leçons,
 Et des versets, & des répons :
 Monsieur le Mort laissez-nous faire,
 On vous en donnera de toutes les façons ;
 Il ne s'agit que du salaire.
 Messire Jean Choüart couvoit des yeux son mort,
 Comme si l'on eût deu lui ravir ce trefor,
 Et des regards sembloit lui dire :
 Monsieur le mort j'auray de vous,
 Tant en argent, & tant en cire,
 Et tant en autres menus coûts.
 Il fondoit là dessus l'achat d'une feüillette
 Du meilleur vin des environs ;
 Certaine niece assez proprette,
 Et sa chambriere Pâquette
 Devoient avoir des cottillons.
 Sur cette agreable pensée
 Un heurt survient, adieu le char.
 Voila Messire Jean Choüart
 Qui du choc de son mort à la tête cassée :
 Le Paroissien en plomb entraine son Pasteur ;
 Nôtre Curé fuit son Seigneur ;

Tous



The PARSON and the CORPS.

A Dead Man was going mournfully, to take Possession of his last Home, and a Parson was jogging along very gaily, in order to bury him with all imaginable Dispatch. The Deceas'd, who was carried in a Sable Coach, was well and decently pack'd up, and cloath'd with a Robe, Alas ! call'd a Coffin ; a Winter, a Summer Robe, which the Dead don't take off.—

The Parson was sitting on one Side of the Corps, and repeated, as usual, a Multitude of devout Prayers, Psalms, Lessons, Verses and Responsoriums.— Good Mr. Corps, says the Parson, let me alone ; We'll do your Business to a Tittle ; you shall have enough on't, I'll warrant you : Come, come, my Dues will be considerable on this Occasion.—

Our Parson fix'd his Eyes as greedily on the Corps, as if it had been a Treasure he was going to be robb'd of ; and seem'd to say with his Glances, Mr. Corps, I shall receive from you, so much in Money, so much in Wax, and so much for minute Articles.— With the Amount of all this, he propos'd to buy half a Hogshead of the best Wine in his Neighbourhood ; a certain pretty, spruce Neice ; and his Maid Betzy was to have new Petticoats.

As he was revolving this agreeable Idea, jolt goes the Coach, down it comes ; and the Corps falling upon the Minister, dashes out his Brains. The Parishioner, cloath'd in

Tous deux s'en vont de compagnie.
 Proprement toute nôtre vie,
 Est le Curé Choüart qui sur son mort contoit,
 Et la fable du Pot au lait.



L' Ours & les deux compagnons.

DEux compagnons pressez d'argent,
 A leur voisin Fourreur vendirent
 La peau d'un Ours encor vivant ;
 Mais qu'ils tueroient bientôt, du moins à ce qu'ils dirent.
 C'étoit le Roi des Ours au compte de ces gens.
 Le Marchand à sa peau devoit faire fortune.
 Elle garentiroit des froids les plus cuisans.
 On en pourroit fourrer plutôt deux robes qu'une
 Dindenant prisoit moins ses Moutons qu'eux leur Ours.
 Leur, à leur compte, & non à celui de la Bête,
 S'offrant de la livrer au plus tard dans deux jours,
 Ils conviennent du prix, & se mettent en quête ;
 Trouvent l'Ours qui s'avance, & vient vers eux au trot.
 Voila mes gens frappez comme d'un coup de foudre.
 Le marché ne tint pas ; il falut le refoudre :
 D'interêts contre l' Ours on n'en dit pas un mot.
 L'un des deux Compagnons grimpe au faite d'un arbre :
 L'autre plus froid que n'est un marbre,
 Se couche sur le nez, fait le mort, tient son vent ;
 Ayant quelque-part oüi dire,
 Que l'Ours s'acharne peu souvent
 Sur un corps qui ne vit, ne meut, ni ne respire.
 Seigneur Ours, comme un sot, donna dans ce panneau.
 Il void ce corps gisant, le croit privé de vie,
 Et de peur de supercherie

Le tourne, le retourne, approche son museau,

Flaire

Lead, drags his Pastor after him; our Parson follows his Lord, and they go together to the Regions of Death.—

To speak justly, Our whole Life is this Parson, who depended on the Corps, and the Fable of the Milk-Pail.



The BEAR and the Two Intimate FRIENDS.

TWO Intimates, greatly straitned for Money, sold to a Neighbour of theirs, (a Furrier) the Skin of a Bear, who indeed, was still living, but who shou'd soon be dispatch'd, (at least they said so). They declar'd, That this Bear was so noble a Creature, that he might justly be call'd the King of those Beasts; so that the Furrier was to make his Fortune merely by his Skin. 'Twould, they said, screen the Wearer from the sharpest Cold, and was large enough to line one,— nay two Garments.

Colin did not set so high a Value upon his Sheep, as these People did upon their Bear.

Our Comrades, (according to their Way of Reckoning, not that of the savage Animal,) promis'd to deliver him up in two Days at farthest; so the Price was agreed upon, and they set out on the Hunt. A little after, spying the Bear trotting towards them, both were Thunder-struck.— But now the Bargain wou'd not hold good, and they were forc'd to dissolve it.— Not a Word was mention'd about extorting any Interest from the Bear. One of the Friends climbs to the Top of a Tree; and his Companion, who by this time was colder than Stone, lies on his Face, pretends to be dead, and holds in his Breath; having been told somewhere, that a Bear seldom vents his Rage against a Body that is quite breathless and does not move.

The Animal was stupid enough to be impos'd upon; for seeing the Body extended on the Grass, he thinks 'tis a dead Corps. However, to prevent his being trick'd, he turns it over and over, thrusts his Snout forwards, and smel-

Flaire aux passages de l'haleine.
 C'est, dit-il, un cadavre: Otons nous, car il sent.
 A ces mots l'Ours s'en va dans la forêt prochaine.
 L'un de nos deux Marchands de son arbre descend;
 Court à son compagnon; lui dit que c'est merveille,
 Qu'il n'ait eu seulement que la peur pour tout mal.
 Et bien, ajouta-t'il, la peau de l'animal?

Mais que t'a-t-il dit à l'oreille?

Car il s'approchoit de bien près,

Te retournant avec sa ferre.

Il m'a dit qu'il ne faut jamais

Vendre la peau de l'Ours qu'on ne l'ait mis par terre,



ling at the Conduits whence the Breath issues ;— 'tis, says he, a dead Carcass ; let us hie away, for it stinks. Immediately the Bear strikes into the neighbouring Forest, when one of our Venders, creeping down from the Tree, runs to his Companion, and says, 'tis a Miracle you came off so cheap, as to be only scar'd.— Well, says he, but the Bear's Skin? What did the Creature whisper to you, for methinks he went up very close, and tumbled you backwards and forwards with his Paws.— He said to me, reply'd the other, that 'tis always good to kill the Bear first, and sell his Skin afterwards.





L' Aigle & le Hibou.

L' Aigle & le Chat-huant leurs querelles cessèrent ;
Et firent tant qu'ils s'embrassèrent.

L'un jura foi de Roi, l'autre foi de Hibou,

Qu'ils ne se goberaient leurs petits peu ni prou.

Connoissez-vous les miens ? dit l'Oiseau de Minerve.

Non, dit l'Aigle. Tant pis, reprit le triste oiseau.

Je crains en ce cas pour leur peau.

C'est hazard si je les conserve.

Comme vous êtes Roi, vous ne considerez

Qui ni quoi : Rois & Dieux mettent, quoi qu'on leur
die,

Tout en même categorie.

Adieu mes nourriçons si vous les rencontrez.

Peignez-les-moi, dit l'Aigle, ou bien me les montrez.

Je n'y toucherai de ma vie.

Le Hibou repartit : Mes petits sont mignons,

Beaux, bien faits, & jolis sur tous leurs compagnons.

Vous les reconnoîtrez sans peine à cette marque.

N'allez pas l'oublier ; retenez-la si bien

Que chez moi la maudite Parque

N'entre point par vôtre moien.

Il avint qu'au Hibou Dieu donna geniture.

De façon qu'un beau soir qu'il étoit en pâture,

Nôtre Aigle apperçoit d'avanture,

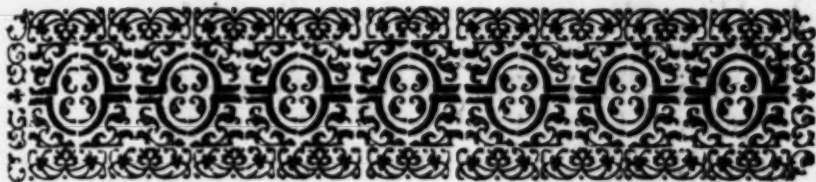
Dans les coins d'une roche dure,

Ou dans les trous d'une mazure,

(Je ne sçais pas lequel des deux)

De petits monstres fort hideux,

Rechignez, un air triste, une voix de Megere.



The EAGLE and the OWL.

THE Eagle and the Screech-Owl put an End to their Divisions, and manag'd Matters so happily, that they embrac'd one another. The former swore by the Faith of a King, the latter by that of an Owl, that they would not snap up, in any Manner, each others Younglings. Do you know my little Ones, says the Bird of Minerva? No, replies the Eagle.— I'm sorry for it, says the gloomy Bird; Alas! I'm afraid for their Lives; 'tis a thousand to one but they fall a Prey to your Talons. You are a Monarch, and therefore have not the least Respect of Persons: Gods and Kings, what Remonstrances soever are made 'em, put all things on the same Level. Shou'd my Younglings happen to come in your Way, I shall never see 'em more. Describe 'em to me, says the Eagle, or show 'em to me; which you will; depend upon't, I'll never do 'em the least Injury.—

The Owl then continu'd:— My Younglings, says she, are sweet, little Creatures, are handsome, finely shap'd, and much prettier than any of their Companions. You'll very easily distinguish 'em by this Description. Don't forget it, I beseech you; and treasure it up so faithfully in your Memory, that the cursed fatal Sisters may not, by your Means, intrude into my Habitation.—

It happen'd, that the Gods bless'd the Owl with Offspring; so that one Evening, as he was in quest of Food, our Eagle chanc'd to spy, either in the Corner of a hard Rock, or in the Ruins of an old House, (I cannot say which) a Set of grim-fac'd little Monsters, with a gloomy Air, and a Voice like that of the Furies.—

These

Ces enfans ne font pas, dit l'Aigle, à nôtre ami :
Croquons-les. Le galand n'en fit pas à demi.
Ses repas ne font point repas à la legere.

Le Hibou de retour ne trouve que les pieds
De ses chers nourriçons, hélas ! pour toute chose.

Il se plaint, & les Dieux sont par lui suppliez
De punir le brigand qui de son deuil est cause.

Quelqu'un lui dit alors : N'en accuse que toi,

Ou plutot la commune loi

Qui veut qu'on trouve son semblable

Beau, bien fait & sur tous aimable ;

Tu fis de tes enfans a l'Aigle ce portait,

En avoient-ils le moindre trait ?



*These are not our Friend's Children, says the Eagle,—
I must grunch 'em.— Accordingly he feeds upon 'em at
Pleasure, for his Meals are not extempore Ones.*

*The Owl being return'd home, spies nothing but the Feet of
his dear Younglings; this, Alas! was all that remain'd of
'em. Immediately he breaks into Complaints, and beseeches
the Gods to punish the Wretch who had brought that Afflic-
tion upon him.—*

*Some One then spoke thus to the Owl: Blame thy self only,
or rather the general Law, which prejudices us to such a De-
gree, that we always look upon those of our own Species, as
beautiful, well-shap'd, and amiable above all others. In
this Manner, says he, did you represent your Children to the
Eagle, tho' they had not so much as a single Feature that an-
swer'd to this Description.*





La Fortune & le jeune Enfant.

SUR le bord d'un puits très-profond,
 Dormoit étendu de son long
 Un Enfant alors dans ses classes.
 Tout est aux écoliers couchette & matelas.
 Un honnête homme en pareil cas
 Auroit fait un saut de vingt brasses.
 Prés de là tout heureusement
 La Fortune passa, l'éveilla doucement,
 Lui disant, Mon mignon, je vous sauve la vie.
 Soyez une autre fois plus sage, je vous prie.
 Si vous fussiez tombé, l'on s'en fut pris à moy ;
 Cependant c'étoit vôtre faute.
 Je vous demande en bonne foy
 Si cette imprudence si haute
 Provient de mon caprice. Elle part à ces mots.
 Pour moy j'approuve son propos.
 Il n'arrive rien dans le monde.
 Qu'il ne faille qu'elle en réponde.
 Nous la faisons de tous Echos.
 Elle est prise à garand de toutes aventures.
 Est-on sot, étourdi, prend-on mal ses mesures ?
 On pense en être quitte en accusant son sort.
 Bref la Fortune a toujours tort.



FORTUNE and the Little Boy.

ON the Side of a very deep Well, was stretch'd at Length, and in a deep Sleep, a little School-Boy. Such young Sparks make Couches and Mattrasses of every thing. A Man of Sense, on an Occasion like this, would have leap'd forty Yards.—

At a little Distance, Fortune happen'd to pass by very luckily, and tapping the Child gently on the Shoulder, awak'd him, and cried;— My dear, little Boy, I have saved your Life. I desire you not to be so heedless another time. Had you fallen into the Well, presently I should have been blam'd for it, and yet 'tis no ways my Fault, but your own. Can you really and sincerely object to me, that this extraordinary Imprudence you have now been guilty of, is owing to my Caprice?— Saying these Words she left him.—

As to my self, I cannot but approve this Discourse of the Goddess. Nothing happens in the World, but Fortune must answer for it. She is made to echo every Sound, and is consider'd as the Author of whatever comes to pass. Is a Man silly, hair-brain'd, or does he take wrong Measures? He thinks, that the accusing his Fate will plead his Apology. In a Word, Fortune is for ever declar'd to be in the Wrong

*Phœbus & Borée.*

BOrée & le Soleil virent un voyageur
 Qui s'étoit muni par bon-heur
 Contre le mauvais temps. On entroit dans l' Automne,
 Quand la précaution aux voyageurs est bonne :
 Il pleut ; le Soleil luit ; & l'écharpe d'Iris
 Rend ceux qui sortent avertis
 Qu'en ces mois le manteau leur est fort nécessaire.
 Les Latins les nommoient douteux pour cette affaire.
 Nôtre homme s'étoit donc à la pluye attendu.
 Bon manteau bien doublé ; bonne étoffe bien forte.
 Celui-ci, dit-le Vent, prétend avoir pourveu
 A tous les accidens ; mais il n'a pas préveu
 Que je sauray souffler de sorte,
 Qu'il n'est bouton qui tienne : il faudra, si je veux,
 Que le manteau s'en aille au diable.
 L'ébatement pourroit nous en être agreable ;
 Vous plait-il de l'avoir ? Et bien gageons nous deux
 (Dit Phœbus) sans tant de paroles,
 A qui plutôt aura dégarni les épaules
 Du Cavalier que nous voions.
 Commencez : Je vous laisse obscurcir mes rayons.
 Il n'en falut pas plus. Nôtre souffleur à gage
 Se gorge de vapeurs, s'enfle comme un balon ;
 Fait un vacarme de demon ;
 Sifle, souffle, tempête, & brise en son passage
 Maint toit qui n'en peut mais, fait perir maint bateau ;
 Le tout au sujet d'un manteau.
 Le Cavalier eut soin d'empêcher que l'orage
 Ne se pût engoufrer dedans.
 Cela le préserva : le vent perdit son temps :

Plus



PHOEBUS and BOREAS.

THE North-Wind and the Sun spied a Traveller, who had very luckily secur'd himself against the bad Weather. 'Twas just in the Beginning of Autumn, a Season in which those who go far from Home, ought to take Care of themselves.— It rains one Moment, the next the Sun shines, and Iris's vari-colour'd Robe tells those who travel at this time, that a Cloak is very seasonable. The Romans gave them the Name of Dubious upon that very Account.— Our Traveller therefore had expected to meet with Rain, and for that Reason had provided himself with a Cloak, which was well lin'd with a stout Cloth.—

This Fellow, says Boreas, fancies he is prepar'd against all Accidents; but he did not know I am able to blow with so much Violence, that every Button of his Cloak shall fly: 'Tis in my Power to send it to Old Nick in a Whirl-Wind. This, says he to the Sun, may make us very agreeable Sport; shall we therefore make a Trial?— Well, let you and I, says Phœbus, without any more Words, lay a Wager, who of us two shall first oblige yon Man on Horseback to uncover his Shoulders.— Begin:— I'll suffer you to eclipse my Rays.—

This was saying enough; for our bir'd Puffer gorges himself with Vapours, and swells like a Foot-Ball; makes a most furious Hurly-burly; whistles, blows, storms, and strikes down many a Roof that cannot resist his Impetuosity; sinks many a Boat, and all this— for a Cloak.—

Our Horseman took Care to keep the Tempest from piercing him. This preserv'd him; 'twas all lost Labour to

R

Boreas,

Plus il se tourmentoit, plus l'autre tenoit ferme :
 Il eut beau faire agir le colet & les plis.
 Si tot qu'il fut au bout du terme
 Qu' à la gageure on avoit mis ;
 Le Soleil diffipe la nuë :
 Recrée, & puis penetre enfin le Cavalier ;
 Sous son balandras fait qu'il suë ;
 Le contraint de s'en dépouïller.
 Encor' n'usa-t-il pas de toute sa puissance.
 Plus fait douceur que violence.

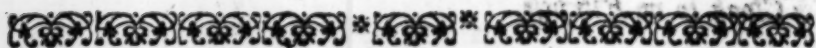


Boreas, for the stronger he blew. the stouter the Traveller resisted, so that the Wind shook his Collar and the Plaits of his Cloak to no Purpose.

As soon as the Time, agreed upon by the Wager for Boreas to puff, was expir'd; Phœbus scatters the Cloud: first cheers, and afterwards pierces the Horseman; and making him sweat under his heavy Cloak, forces him to throw it off; and yet he did not exert all the Vigour of his Rays.—

Gentleness is more efficacious than Constraint and Violence.





La Vieille & les deux Servantes.

IL étoit une Vieille ayant deux Chambrières.
 Elles filoient si bien, que les sœurs filandières
 Ne faisoient que broüiller au prix de celles-ci.
 La Vieille n'avoit point de plus pressant souci
 Que de distribuer aux Servantes leur tasche :
 Dès que Thetis chassoit Phœbus aux crins dorez,
 Tourets entroient en jeu, fuseaux étoient tirez,
 Deça, delà, vous en aurez ;
 Point de cesse, point de relâche.
 Dès que l'Aurore, dis-je, en son char remontoit ;
 Un misérable Coq à poinct nommé chantoit.
 Aussi-tôt nôtre Vieille encor plus misérable
 S'affubloit d'un jupon crasseux & detestable ;
 Allumoit une lampe & couroit droit au lit
 Où de tout leur pouvoir, de tout leur appetit,
 Dormoient les deux pauvres Servantes.
 L'une entr' ouvroit un œil ; l'autre étendoit un bras,
 Et toutes deux très-malcontentes
 Disoient entre leurs dents, Maudit Coq tu mourras.
 Comme elles l'avoient dit, la bête fut gripée.
 Le Réveille-matin eut la gorge coupée.
 Ce meurtre n'amanda nullement leur marché.
 Nôtre Couple au contraire à peine étoit couché,
 Que la Vieille craignant de laisser passer l'heure,
 Couroit comme un Lutin par toute sa demeure.
 C'est ainsi que le plus souvent.
 Quand on pense sortir d'une mauvaise affaire,
 On s'enfonce encor plus avant :
 Témoin ce Couple & son salaire.
 La Vieille au lieu du Coq les fit tomber par là
 De Caribde en Sylla.

The Old Woman and her Two MAIDS.

THERE was an old Woman, who kept two Maid Servants. These were so expert at Spinning, that those celebrated Spinsters, the Fatal Sisters, were mere Novices, when compar'd to them. Their old Mistress was not so anxious about any thing as the setting them their Task; for the Moment that Thetis drove away the golden-hair'd Phœbus, little Wheels went round, the Spindles were drawn; there was running on this, on t'other, on every Side; the Servants were not allow'd to take the least Breath, and not a Moment pass'd unemploy'd. The Instant, I say, that Aurora re-ascended her Carr, a Wretch of a Cock crow'd exactly at a certain Hour: Immediately our old Woman (a still greater Wretch) wou'd shuffle on an abominably-dirty, tatter'd Petticoat; light a Lamp, and run Head-foremost to the Bed, where the poor Girls were sleeping with all their Might, when one of them would half open an Eye, the other stretch out her Arm; and both yawning, and very much dissatisfied, wou'd mutter to themselves, *Ab! cursed Wretch of a Cock, thou shalt certainly die.*— At last they were as good as their Word, and wrung off poor Chanticleer (the Larum Clock)'s Neck. However, this Murther did not in any Manner better their Condition, for now scarce were our Pair of Servants got to Bed, when the old Haridan, fearing they would lie beyond their Hour, ran up and down the House like a Hobgoblin.—

In this Manner very often when we hope to extricate our selves from an unlucky Affair, we sink still deeper in it: This is manifest from our two Servants, and the Recompence they met with. The old Vixen, by Turns, taking upon her Chanticleer's Office, made 'em fall from Sylla into Charibdis.

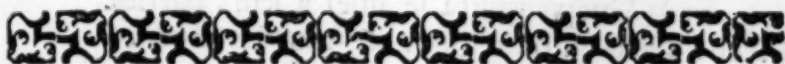


Les Frelons, & les Mouches à miel.

A L'œuvre on connoit l'Artisan.
Quelques rayons de miel sans maître se trouve-
rent.

Des Frelons les reclamèrent.
Des Abeilles s'opposant,
Devant certaine Guêpe on traduisit la cause.
Il étoit mal-aisé de décider la chose.
Les témoins déposoient qu'autour de ces rayons
Des animaux aîlez, bourdonnans un peu longs,
De couleur fort tannée, & tels que les Abeilles,
Avoient long-tems paru. Mais quoi, dans les Fre-
lons

Ces enseignes étoient pareilles.
La Guêpe ne sçachant que dire à ces raisons,
Fit enquête nouvelle ; & pour plus de lumière
Entendit une fourmillere.
Le point n'en pût être éclairci.
De grace, à quoi bon tout ceci ?
Dit une Abeille fort prudente.
Depuis tantôt six mois que la cause est pendante,
Nous voici comme aux premiers jours.
Pendant cela le miel se gâte.
Il est tems désormais que le Juge se hâte :
N'a-t-il point assez leché l'Ours ?
Sans tant de contredits, & d'interlocutoires,
Et de fatras, & de grimoires,
Travaillons, les Frelons & nous :
On verra qui sçait faire avec un suc si doux
Des cellules si bien bâties.



The HORNETS and the BEES.

THE Artist is known by his Work.— Some Honey-combs happening to be without an Owner, were claim'd by a Company of Hornets. An Opposition however was made by the Bees, upon which the Cause was remov'd before a certain Wasp, when the Affair was found a very perplex'd one.

The Witnesses depos'd, That winged Creatures, who had an agreeable Hum; were of a yellowish Colour, and something like Bees, had appear'd a considerable Time, hov'ring and buzzing about those Honey-combs.— But then,—these Characteristicks were the very same in the Hornets.—

The Wasp, not knowing how to answer these Reasons, heard the Deposition of a Swarm of Ants, but without being able to clear up the Point.

Upon this, a very prudent Bee cried out, To what Purpose are all these Enquiries? For six Months has this Cause been depending, and still we are as much in the Dark as ever. All this time the Honey is spoiling; 'tis therefore high Time that the Judge bring Matters to an Issue. Hasn't he yet beat round the Bush enough? Laying aside all these indefinite Sentences, these Objections, all this unintelligible Jargon and insignificant Trifles, let us and the Hornets fall to Work. 'Twill then appear, which of us is able to form, with so sweet a Liquid, such regularly-built Cells.

The Hornets refus'd to accept the Challenge, which plainly prov'd that they had not Skill enough to raise such Master-

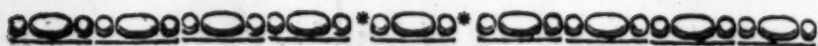
Le refus des Frelons fit voir
 Que cet art passoit leur sçavoir :
 Et la Guêpe ajugea le miel à leurs parties.
 Pleut à Dieu qu'on reglat ainsi tous les procez !
 Que des Turcs en cela l'on suivit la methode !
 Le simple sens commun nous tiendrait lieu de Code.
 Il ne faudroit point tant de frais.
 Au lieu qu'on nous mange, on nous gruge,
 On nous mine par des longueurs :
 On fait tant à la fin que l'huitre est pour le Juge,
 Les écailles pour les plaideurs.



pieces of Art, and thereupon the Wasp judg'd the Honey to the Defendants, the Bees.—

Wou'd to Heav'ns that all Law-suits were determin'd in this Manner! Plain, common Sense wou'd serve us instead of the Code. Costs then wou'd not run so high; whereas, as Matters now stand, we are eat up by Pettifoggers, we are consum'd by those everlasting Spinners, who hate to bring Matters to a Conclusion: By this Injustice of their Proceedings, the Judge at last swallows the Oyster; and the Clients have what? Only the Shell.





L' Huitre & les Plaideurs.

UN jour deux Pelerins sur le sable rencontrent
 Une Huitre que le flot y venoit d'apporter :
 Ils l'avalent des yeux, du doigt ils se la montrent ;
 A l'égard de la dent il falut contester.
 L'un se baissoit déjà pour amasser la proie ;
 L'autre le pousse, & dit : Il est bon de savoir
 Qui de nous en aura la joie.
 Celuy qui le premier a pû l'apercevoir
 En fera le gobeur ; l'autre le verra faire.
 Si par la l'on juge l'affaire
 Reprit son compagnon, j'ay l'œil bon, Dieu merci.
 Je ne l'ay pas mauvais aussi,
 Dit l'autre, & je l'ay veüe avant vous sur ma vie.
 Et bien, vous l'avez veüe, & moy je l'ay sentie.
 Pendant tout ce bel incident
 Perrin Dandin arrive : ils le prennent pour juge.
 Perrin fort gravement ouvre l'Huitre, & la gruge,
 Nos deux Messieurs le regardant.
 Ce repas fait. Il dit d'un ton de President :
 Tenez, la Cour vous donne à chacun une écaille
 Sans dépens, & qu'en paix chacun chez-foi s'en aille.
 Mettez ce qu'il en coûte à plaider aujourd' hui :
 Conte ce qu'il en reste à beaucoup de familles ;
 Vous verrez que Perrin tire l'argent à lui,
 Et ne laisse aux plaideurs que le sac & les quilles.



The OYSTER and the LITIGANTS.

ONE Day two Pilgrims happen'd to find an Oyster, which the Waves had just thrown upon the Sand. They swallow it with their Eyes, point it out to each other with their Finger; but with Regard to the Tooth, that was to be disputed. One of 'em was stooping in order to seize upon the Booty, when the other pushes him away, and cries; I shall be glad to see which of us two will get the better upon this Occasion. He who spied the Oyster first, shall whip it down, and the other shall see him do it. If 'tis to be determin'd that Way, says his Comrade, I am very clear-sighted, thank my Stars.— My Sight, reply'd the other, is not bad; I saw it before you did, or I a'n't in this Place alive.— Well, you saw the Oyster; but I smelt it.—

Whilst this noble Contest was going forward, up comes Sly-boots, and they agree, that he shall determine the Matter. Sly-boots then takes the Oyster, opens it with the utmost Solemnity of Countenance, and swallows it; our two Ninnies gazing upon him all the while. The Repast being ended, Sly-boots cries out with the Gravity of a Chancellor;— Here,— the Court decrees a Shell to each of you, without Costs; and farther,— Both must return home friendly, and in Peace.——

Consider the vast Expence of Law-suits in this Age; cast up what a great Number of Families have left on these Occasions, and you'll find, That Slyboots draws all the Money into his own Purse, and bids the Litigants pack off.



Le Fou qui vend la Sagesse.

J Amais auprès des fous ne te mets à portée.
 Je ne te puis donner un plus sage conseil.
 Il n'est enseignement pareil
 A celui-là de fuir une tête éventée.

On en voit souvent dans les cours.
 Le Prince y prend plaisir ; car ils donnent toujours
 Quelque trait aux fripons, aux sots, aux ridicules.
 Un fol alloit criant par tous les carrefours
 Qu'il vendoit la Sagesse ; & les mortels credules
 De courir à l'achat, chacun fut diligent.

On essuioit force grimaces ;
 Puis on avoit pour son argent,
 Avec un bon soufflet, un fil long de deux brasses.
 La plupart s'en fachoient ; mais que leur servoit-il ?
 C'étoient les plus moquez ; le mieux étoit de rire,

Ou de s'en aller sans rien dire
 Avec son soufflet & son fil.
 De chercher du sens à la chose,
 On se fût fait siffler ainsi qu'un ignorant.

La raison est-elle garant
 De ce que fait un fou ? le hazard est la cause
 De tout ce qui se passe en un cerveau blessé.
 Du fil & du soufflet pourtant embarrassé
 Un des dupes un jour alla trouver un sage,

Qui sans hésiter davantage
 Lui dit : Ce sont ici jeroglyphes tout purs.
 Les gens bien conseillez, & qui voudront bien faire,
 Entre eux & les gens fous mettront pour l'ordinaire
 La longueur de ce fil ; sinon je les tiens furs
 De quelque semblable caresse.

Vous n'êtes point trompé ; ce fou vend la sagesse.



The FOOL who sells WISDOM.

NEVER suffer an Idiot to come within thy Reach: This is such excellent Counsel, that 'twill be impossible for me to give thee better. There is no Maxim so useful as that which advises us to fly the Shatter-brain'd. Many of these are often seen in Courts, and are a Diversion to the Monarch; they always having a Fling at Knaves, at Fools or ridiculous Creatures.—

An Idiot ran about the Streets, crying, That he sold Wisdom, and People were simple and credulous enough to gape after the Purchase: A Multitude of wry Faces were made at 'em on this Occasion, after which they receiv'd for their Money, a good Box o'th' Ear, and a Piece of Thread, four Yards in Length. Most of the Buyers were very angry at this, but to what Purpose? for they were only ridicul'd the more; so that 'twas best to laugh, or to sneak off patiently with one's Box o'th' Ear and the Piece of Thread. A Man who should have sought for a Meaning on this Occasion, would have been laugh'd at as a Simpleton.—

Is Reason to answer for what a Fool does? All the wild Whims which arise in the Brain of a frantick Wretch, are owing entirely to Chance.—

Nevertheless, one of those who had been dup'd by our Idiot, being puzzled to know the Meaning, why a Thread and a Box o'th' Ear were given, goes one Day to a Wise-Man, and asks his Opinion about it. The Sage replies without Hesitation, All this is merely hieroglyphical.— Persons of good Sense, who are not willing to be impos'd upon, generally put the Length of this Thread between themselves and Fools; otherwise, they may depend upon some such Wipe as you met with. You were not impos'd upon, for this Fool really sells Wisdom.

Le Chat & le Rat.

Quatre animaux divers, le Chat grippe-fromage,
 Triste-oiseau le Hibou, Rongemaille le Rat,
 Dame Belette au long corsage,
 Toutes gens d'esprit scelerat,
 Hantoient le tronc pourry d'un pin vieux & sauvage.
 Tant y furent qu'un soir à l'entour de ce pin
 L'homme tendit ses rets. Le Chat de grand matin
 Sort pour aller chercher sa proie.
 Les derniers traits de l'ombre empeschent qu'il ne voye
 Le filet ; il y tombe, en danger de mourir :
 Et mon Chat de crier, & le Rat d'accourir,
 L'un plein de desespoir, & l'autre plein de joye.
 Il voyoit dans les las son mortel ennemy.
 Le pauvre Chat dit : Cher amy,
 Les marques de ta bienveillance
 Sont communes en mon endroit.
 Vien m'aider à sortir du piege où l'ignorance
 M'a fait tomber : C'est à bon droit
 Que seul entre les tiens par amour singuliere
 Je t'ay toujours choyé, t'aimant comme mes yeux.
 Je n'en ay point regret, & j'en rends grace aux Dieux.
 J'allois leur faire ma priere ;
 Comme tout devoit Chat en use les matins.
 Ce rezeau me retient ; ma vie est en tes mains :
 Vien dissoudre ces nœuds. Et quelle recompense
 En auray-je ? reprit le Rat.
 Je jure éternelle alliance
 Avec toy, repartit le Chat.
 Dispose de ma griffe, & sois en assurance :
 Envers & contre tous je te protegeray,
 Et la Belette mangeray
 Avec l'époux de la Choüette.
 Ils t'en veulent tous deux. Le Rat dit : Idiot !



The CAT and the RAT.

FOUR *Animals of a different Species, Snap-Cheese the Cat, Gloom-Bird the Owl, Gnaw-Stitch the Rat, and Long-Corps the Weazel, all Creatures of a dark Turn of Mind, frequented the rotten Trunk of an antiquated Pine-Tree.*

They prou'd about this Tree so often, that one Evening a Man spread his Nets round it. Very early next Morning, Grimalkin goes in quest of Prey, and the last Shades of the fleeting Darkness prevent her from seeing the Snare, so down she falls in it, and had like to have been kill'd. Presently the Cat sets up her Pipes, and the Rat runs up to her; the former overwhelm'd with Despair, and the latter in the highest Transports of Joy, to see his mortal Enemy entrapp'd.

Poor Grimalkin cries, Dear Friend, you have always given me the highest Testimonies of your Goodness; come therefore, and help me to extricate my self from the Toils in which I am fallen, merely thro' Ignorance. 'Twas with great Justice that I always lov'd thee above those of thy Species; and indeed thou art dear to me as my Eyes: So far from regretting this Affection I have for thee, 'tis the Delight of my Life, and I thank the Gods for it. I was just going to offer up my Prayers to them, as all devout Cats should do every Morning; but unhappily am prevented by this Snare; as my Life is at thy Disposal, come therefore, I beseech thee, and break these Knots.— What Reward shall I have for this, replied the Rat?— I swear, replied the Cat, an eternal Alliance with thee: My Talons are at thy Disposal; be assur'd, that I will for ever defend thee; and thou shalt feed upon the Weazel, and the Owl's Husband, who both have a Spite against thee.— Says the Rat, stupid Creature!

Moy ton libérateur ; je ne suis pas si sot.

Puis il s'en va vers sa retraite.

La Belette étoit près du trou.

Le Rat grimpe plus haut ; il y void le Hibou :

Dangers de toutes parts ; le plus pressant l'emporte.

Ronge-maille retourne au Chat, & fait en sorte

Qu'il détache un chaînon, puis un autre & puis tant

Qu'il dégage enfin l'hypocrite.

L'homme paroît en cet instant.

Les nouveaux alliez prennent tous deux la fuite.

A quelque-temps de là nôtre Chat vit de loin

Son Rat qui se tepoit à l'erte & sur ses gardes.

Ah ! mon frere, dit-il, vien m'embrasser ; ton soin

Me fait injure ; Tu regardes

Comme ennemy ton allié.

Penses-tu que j'aye oublié

Qu'après Dieu je te dois la vie ?

Et moy, reprit le Rat, penses-tu que j'oublie

Ton naturel ? aucun traité

Peut-il forcer un Chat à la reconnoissance ?

S'assure-t-on sur l'alliance

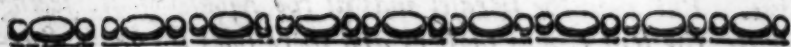
Qu'a faite la nécessité ?



ture! I thy Deliverer? No, no, I'm not so silly as that comes to: Saying these Words, he flies back towards his Hole. But now the Weasel was at the Mouth of it, seeing which, the Rat climbs higher, and there spies the Owl. Surrounded thus with Perils, that which was most imminent prevails. Gnaw-Stitch returns to the Cat, and exerting himself, breaks one Link, then a second, and so on, till a Hole was made large enough for the Hypocrite to creep out at.— That very Instant the Man starts up, and immediately both the new Confederates scamper away.—

Some time after, our Rat saw at a Distance honest Grimalkin, who was in the open Air, and upon the Watch.— Dear Brother, says he to the Rat, come, and let me bug thee; thy Caution is injurious to my Honour, in thus looking upon thy Friend and thy Ally as an Enemy. Dost thou believe I have forgot, that, after God, I am indebted to thee for my Life?— And canst thou believe, replied the Rat, that I have forgot thy Nature and Disposition? Can any Treaty force a Cat to be grateful?— Is any Stress to be laid on an Alliance which is form'd merely out of Necessity?





L' Ane & le Chien.

IL se faut entr'aider ; c'est la loi de nature :
 L' Ane un jour pourtant s'en moqua.
 Et ne sçais comme il y manqua ;
 Car il est bonne creature.
 Il alloit par pays accompagné du Chien,
 Gravement, sans songer à rien,
 Tous deux suivis d'un commun maître.
 Ce maître s'endormit : l' Ane se mit à paître.
 Il étoit alors dans un pré,
 Dont l'herbe étoit fort à son gré.
 Point de chardons pourtant ; il s'en passa pour l'heure :
 Il ne faut pas toujours être si delicat ;
 Et faute de servir ce plat
 Rarement un festin demeure.
 Nôtre Baudet s'en sceut enfin
 Passer pour cette fois. Le Chien mourant de faim
 Lui dit : cher compagnon, baisse-toi, je te prie ;
 Je prendrai mon diné dans le panier au pain.
 Point de réponse, mot ; le Rouffin d' Arcadie
 Craignit qu'en perdant un moment,
 Il ne perdit un coup de dent.
 Il fit long-temps la fourde oreille :
 Enfin il répondit : Ami, je te conseille
 D'attendre que ton maître ait fini son sommeil ;
 Car il te donnera sans faute à son réveil
 Ta portion accoutumée.
 Il ne sauroit tarder beaucoup.
 Sur ces entrefaites un Loup
 Sort du bois, & s'en vient ; autre bête affamée.
 L' Ane appelle aussi-tôt le Chien à son secours.



The Ass and the Dog.

TIS our Duty to assist one another; this is the Law of Nature; nevertheless the Ass one Day laugh'd at this Maxim, a Circumstance that surprizes me, for the Ass is a kind, good-natur'd Creature.

He was travelling, in Company with the Dog, up and down the Country, very gravely and soberly, his Brain unperplex'd with Drinking, and both follow'd by their common Master. The Man happen'd to fall asleep, whereupon the Ass began to brouze. He was at that time in a Meadow, the Grass of which was very agreeable to his Palate.

Unhappily there wasn't a single Thistle in it, which however the Ass excus'd for that Time. 'Tis not good to be over nice upon all Occasions; and for want of serving up this Dish, seldom a Feast continues. Our Ass nevertheless made a Shift without it on this Occasion.

The Dog, who was almost famish'd, said to him; Dear Comrade, stoop a little, I beseech you, and I'll take my Commons out of the Bread-Basket. To this however the sweet-singing Animal made not the least Answer, being afraid that every Word he spoke wou'd lose him a Mouthful. He was deaf for a long time, but at last he utter'd these Words: Friend, I advise thee to stay till thy Master has taken his Nap out; for he certainly won't fail to give thee thy usual Allowance, the Instant he wakes.

In this Interval a Wolf springs from the Wood, and comes up;— another famish'd Creature.— Immediately the Ass calls the Dog to his Assistance. The Dog however didn't

Le Chien ne bouge, & dit: ami, je te conseille
 De fuir en attendant que ton maître s'éveille:
 Il ne sauroit tarder; detale vite, & cours.
 Que si ce Loup t'atteint, casse-lui la machoire.
 On t'a ferré de neuf; & si tu me veux croire,
 Tu l'étendras tout plat. Pendant ce beau discours
 Seigneur Loup étrangla le Baudet sans remede.
 Je conclus qu'il faut qu'on s'entraide.



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once stir, but says to him; Friend, I advise thee to take to thy Heels, till such time as thy Master wakes: It cannot be long; make off, and fly away. In case this Wolf shou'd come up with thee, dash his Jaw-bone to Pieces: Thou hast been lately shoe'd, and, if I may advise, lay the Wolf sprawling.

Whilst this fine Harangue was continuing, the Wolf kill'd the Ass upon the Spot.—

I conclude with saying, That 'tis our Duty to assist one another.





Le Cochon, la Chevre & le Mouton.

UNE Chevre, un Mouton, avec un Cochon gras,
Montez sur même char s'en alloient à la foire :
Leur divertissement ne les y portoit pas ;

On s'en alloit les vendre, à ce que dit l'histoire :

Le Charton n'avoit pas dessein

De les mener voir Tabarin.

Dom pourceau crioit en chemin,

Comme s'il avoit eu cent Bouchers à ces trouffes.

C'étoit une clameur à rendre les gens sourds ;

Les autres animaux, creatures plus douces,

Bonnes gens, s'étonnoient qu'il criât au secours ;

Ils ne voyoient nul mal à craindre.

Le Charton dit au Porc, qu'as-tu tant à te plaindre ?

Tu nous étourdis tout, que ne te tiens-tu coy ?

Ces deux personnes-ci plus honnêtes que toy,

Devroient t'apprendre à vivre, ou du moins à te taire.

Regarde ce Mouton ; A-t-il dit un seul mot ?

Il est sage. Il est un sot,

Repartit le Cochon : s'il sçavoit son affaire,

Il crierait comme moy du haut de son gozier,

Et cette autre personne honnête

Crierait tout du haut de sa tête.

Ils pensent qu'on les veut seulement décharger,

La Chevre de son lait, le Mouton de sa laine,

Je ne sçay pas s'ils ont raison ;

Mais quant à moy qui ne suis bon

Qu' a manger, ma mort est certaine.

Adieu mon toit & ma maison.

Dom Pourceau raisonnoit en subtil personnage :

Mais que lui servoit-il ? quand le mal est certain,

La plainte ni la peur ne changent le destin :

Et le moins prévoiant est toujours le plus sage.

The HOG, the SHE-GOAT and the SHEEP.

A She-Goat, a Sheep, and a fat Hog, all mounted in the same Cart, were jogging on to the Fair. They were not going thither upon a Party of Pleasure, but in order to be sold, as the Story informs us; and our Carter did not carry them thither with a Design to divert them with a Puppet-Show. The Hog made as much Noise upon the Road, as if an hundred Butchers had been at his Tail, and roar'd so loud, that the Passengers were almost stunn'd. As for the other Creatures, who were of a gentler Nature, and very peaceable sort of Folks, they were surprized to hear the Hog cry for Help; for as to themselves, they were not under the least Apprehension of Danger.

But now the Carter cries to the Hog: Friend, what Reason have you to set up your Pipes in this Manner? You quite split our Heads; and pray what's the Matter you can't be easy? These two civil Persons, your Companions, might, methinks, teach you better Manners; at least, to cease your Bellowing. Look upon this Sheep here; has he spoke a single Word? No, no, he's prudent.— He's a Fool, reply'd the Hog; did he know so much as I do, he'd make as great a Clamour. They think, silly Creatures, they are going merely to be disburthened, the She-Goat of her Milk, and the Sheep of his Wool: I can't say whether they are right in their Conjectures, but with regard to my self, who am fit for nothing but to be eaten, my Death is inevitable. Adieu my House, for this is the last Hour I shall live in it.—

The Hog argu'd very subtilly, but of what Advantage were his Arguments to him? When an Evil is inevitable, neither Waitings nor Fear can change the Course of it; and that Man who has the least Forecast, shows the greatest Wisdom.



Les deux Rats, le Renard, & l' Oeuf.

DEux Rats cherchoient leur vie; ils trouverent un
Oeuf.

Le diné suffisoit à gens de cette espece :

Il n'étoit pas besoin qu'ils trouvaissent un Bœuf.

Pleins d'appetit, & d'allegresse,

Ils alloient de leur œuf manger chacun sa part ;

Quand un Quidam parut. C'étoit maître Renard ;

Rencontre incommode & fâcheuse,

Car comment sauver l'œuf ? Le bien emballer,

Puis des pieds de devant ensemble le porter,

Ou le rouler, ou le traîner,

C'étoit chose impossible autant que hazardeuse.

Necessité l'ingenieuse

Leur fournit une invention.

Comme ils pouvoient gagner leur habitation,

L'écornifleur étant à demi quart de lieuë ;

L'un se mit sur le dos, prit l'œuf entre ses bras,

Puis malgré quelques heurts, & quelques mauvais pas,

L'autre le traîna par la queue.

Qu'on m'aïlle soutenir après un tel recit,

Que les bêtes n'ont point d'esprit.

Pour moi, si j'en étois le maître,

Je leur en donneroïis aussi bien qu'aux enfans.

Ceux-ci pensent-ils pas des leurs plus jeunes ans ?

Quelqu'un peut donc penser ne se pouvant connoître.

Par un exemple tout égal,

J'attribuerois à l'animal,

Non point une raison selon nôtre maniere :

Mais beaucoup plus aussi qu'un aveugle ressort :

Je subtiliserois un morceau de matiere,

Que l'on ne pourroit plus concevoir sans effort,

Quintef-



The Two RATS, the Fox and the Egg.

TWO Rats were upon the Hunt for Subsistence, and at last met with an Egg. This was Dinner sufficient for Folks of their Size, there being no Necessity of their meeting an Ox. Vastly hungry and full of Glee, each was going to eat his Share of this Tit-Bit, when a certain Mr. ——— appear'd; in short, Renard himself.

This happen'd very cross and unluckily, for what Probability was there that they cou'd get clear with their Egg? To attempt to pack it up, and afterwards carry it off upon their Fore-feet; to roul or draw it along, was both impossible and hazardous. At last, Necessity, that ingenious and fruitful Mother of Inventions, suggested One. As they were able to reach their Hole, the Smell-Feast (Renard) being half a Mile from them, one of the Rats turn'd himself on his Back, took the Egg in his Paws, and then the other Rat, notwithstanding the many Rubs they met with in their Way, dragg'd him by the Tail.—

After what I have now related, will any Person pretend to assert that Beasts have no Reason?— If I might determine on this Occasion, I wou'd declare, That they, as well as Children, are inform'd with that Faculty. Do not the Latter think from their very Infancy? An Animal may therefore think, tho' he be not able to know himself.

By a like Example, I wou'd suppose Animals endu'd with Reason, not a Principle like that with which Mankind is endued, but yet such an one as should be vastly superior to a blind Instinct. I would subtilize a Particle of Matter in such a Manner, that to comprehend it, the human Mind should be oblig'd to rouse up all its Faculties; this Particle I
would

Quintessence d'atome, extrait de la lumière,
 Je ne fais quoi plus vif, & plus mobile encor
 Que le feu : car enfin, si le bois fait la flâme,
 La flâme en s'épurant peut-elle pas de l'ame
 Nous donner quelque idée, & fort-il pas de l'or
 Des entrailles du plomb ? Je rendrois mon ouvrage
 Capable de sentir, juger, rien davantage,
 Et juger imparfaitement,
 Sans qu'un Singe jamais fit le moindre argument.
 A l'égard de nous autres hommes,
 Je ferois nôtre lot infiniment plus fort :
 Nous aurions un double trésor ;
 L'un cette ame pareille en tout-tant que nous sommes,
 Sages, fous, enfans, idiots,
 Hôtes de l'univers sous le nom d'animaux ;
 L'autre encore une autre ame, entre nous & les Anges
 Commune en un certain degré ;
 Et ce trésor à part créé
 Suivroit parmi les airs les celestes phalanges,
 Entreroit dans un point sans en être pressé,
 Ne finiroit jamais quoi qu'ayant commencé,
 Choses réelles quoi qu'étranges.
 Tant que l'enfance dureroit,
 Cette fille du Ciel en nous ne paroîtroit
 Qu'une tendre & foible lumière ;
 L'organe étant plus fort, la raison perceroit
 Les tenebres de la matiere,
 Qui toujours enveloperoit
 L'autre ame imparfaite & grossiere.



would call the Quintessence of Atoms, an Extract of Light; something, I know not what, more lively, more volatile than Fire; for in fine, if Flame arises, and is form'd, from Wood, may not Flame, refin'd and purg'd, give us some Idea of the Soul; and is not Gold extracted from the Bowels of Lead? I would imagine this Work of mine was endued with the Faculties of Sensation and Judgment, but no further; a Judgment of an imperfect Kind, so that I would suppose a Monkey, for Instance, never form'd even the most inconsiderable Argument.— With regard to Mankind, I would take it for granted, that we have an infinitely greater Share of this Principle: That we have a double Treasure, the first, that Soul which is similar in all of us, in Sages, Mad-men, Children and Idiots, all Tenants of the Universe, whom I would include under the general Name of Animals: The second Treasure should be another Kind of Soul, a mediate Kind of one, between ours and that of Angels, and common to both, in a certain Degree. And this Treasure, created apart from the other, should follow, thro' the starry Regions, the Troops of celestial Spirits; shou'd be so minute, as to be contain'd in a Point, without being straitned by it; shou'd have no End, tho' it had a Beginning,— all strange, but genuine Truths. During our Childhood, this Daughter of the Sky should appear in human Creatures, like a tender, faint Light; but, as the Organ increas'd in Strength, Reason should pierce the gloomy Shades of Matter, which should for ever surround and involve the other Soul, of a gross and imperfect Nature.

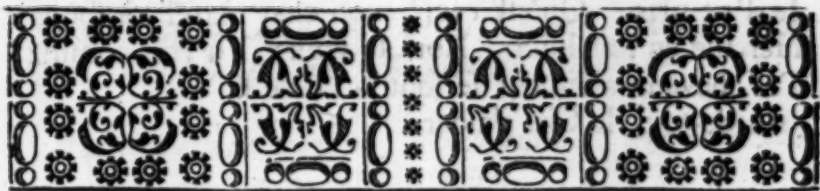




Le Chartier embourbé.

L É Phaëton d'une voiture à foin
 Vit son char embourbé. Le pauvre homme étoit
 loin
 De tout humain secours. C'étoit à la campagne
 Prés d'un certain canton de la basse Bretagne
 Appellé Quimpercorentin.
 On fait assez que le destin
 Adresse là les gens quand il veut qu'on enrage.
 Dieu nous préserve du voyage.
 Pour venir au Chartier embourbé dans ces lieux ;
 Le voila qui deteste & jure de son mieux,
 Pestant en sa fureur extrême
 Tantôt contre les trous, puis contre ses chevaux,
 Contre son char, contre lui-même.
 Il invoque à la fin le Dieu dont les travaux
 Sont si celebres dans le monde.
 Hercule, luy dit-il, aide-moy ; si ton dos
 A porté la machine ronde,
 Ton bras peut me tirer d'ici.
 Sa priere étant faite, il entend dans la nuë
 Une voix qui lui parle ainsi :
 Hercule veut qu'on se remuë,
 Puis il aide les gens. Regarde d'où provient
 L'achopement qui te retient
 Ote d'autour de chaque rouë
 Ce mal-heureux mortier, cette maudite bouë,
 Qui jusqu'à l'aissieu les enduit.
 Pren ton pic, & me romps ce caillou qui te nuit.

Comble-



The CARTER, whose VEHICLE was stuck in the
M U D.

THE Phaeton of a Hay-Vehicle saw his Car stick in the Mire. The poor Fellow was at a great Distance from all human Assistance, he being then in a wild Spot, near a certain District of Lower Britany, call'd Quimpercorentin. 'Tis well known, that when Fate is resolv'd to plague and torment a Person, it directs his Steps thither. Heavens preserve us from the Journey!

To return to our Carter, who was stuck in this Place, he begins to swear like an Emperor; raving, in his extreme Fury, one Moment against the Rutts, the next against his Horses; now against his Cart, and then against himself.

At last, he invokes the God, whose Labours are so famous throughout the World.— O Hercules, cried the Fellow; if thy Shoulders sustain'd this Globe of ours, thine Arm may very easily draw me out of this detested Place!— Having ended his Prayer, a Voice issues from the Clouds, and speaks thus to him: Hercules will have Men first exert themselves; after they have done so, he indulges them his Succour.— Look, and see what it is that stops thy Progress. Strike away from each Wheel the cursed Mud and Clay, with which they are cover'd even to the very Axle-Tree. Take thy Pick-Ax, and break that huge Flint Stone, which stops thee.
Fill

Comble-moi cette orniere. As-tu fait ? Oüy, dit
l'homme.

Or bien je vas t'aider, dit la voix : pren ton foüet.

Je l'ay pris. Qu'est ceci ? mon char marche à souhait.

Hercule en soit loué. Lors la voix : Tu vois comme

Tes chevaux aisément se sont tirez de là.

Aide-toy, le Ciel t'aidera.



Fill up the Rutt there.— Is it done?— Yes, replied the Man.— Well, now I'll help thee, says the Voice. Take thy Whip.— I have.— Strike away.— I do,— What's all this? Why, my Cart goes as I wou'd have it. Hercules, I return thee my most grateful Thanks.—

The Voice then went on : Thou seest how easily thy Horses draw themselves out of the Mire.— Help thy self, and Heaven will assist thee.



(92)

For the purpose of the present investigation, the following data were obtained from the records of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce, for the years 1910, 1920, and 1930. The data were obtained from the reports of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce, for the years 1910, 1920, and 1930. The data were obtained from the reports of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce, for the years 1910, 1920, and 1930.





ADDITIONAL

T A L E S.

From the same AUTHOR.





LES OYES

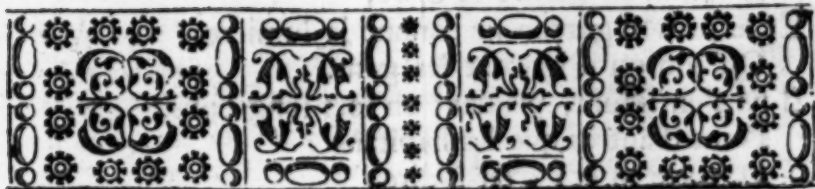
D E

FRERE PHILIPPE.

Dédié aux Belles.

MESDAMES,

VOUS, auriez surpassé le Printems & l'Aurore
Dans l'esprit d'un Garçon, si dès ses jeunes ans,
Outre l'éclat des Cieux & les beautés des champs,
Il eût vû les vôtres encore.
Aussi dès qu'il les vit, il en sentit les coups ;
Vous surpassâtes tout : il n'eut d'yeux que pour vous.
Il laissa les Palais : enfin votre personne
Lui parût avoir plus d'attraits,
Que n'en auroient à beaucoup près,
Tous les joyaux de la Couronne.
On l'avoit dès l'enfance élevé dans un bois
Là son unique compagnie,
Consistoit aux Oiseaux : leur aimable harmonie
Le desennuyoit quelquefois.
Tout son plaisir étoit cet innocent ramage :
Encor ne pouvoit-il entendre leur langage.
En une Ecole si sauvage



FRIAR PHILIP's G E E S E.

Dedicated to the FAIR SEX.

LADIES,

YOUR numberless Charms, would, in the Imagination of a youthful Solitary, have surpass'd the Beauties of the Spring, and the blushing Aurora: And had he seen them in his tender Years, he'd have preferr'd them to the dazzling Splendor of the Skies, and the lovely Prospect of the Meads. And indeed, he no sooner beheld your Charms, but he felt the Force of them; you far excell'd all other Objects, and they immediately faded in his Eye. The Sight of the most magnificent Palaces, no longer invited his Curiosity. In a Word, he discover'd infinite more Lustre in your Persons, than in the Jewels which adorn a Crown. This Youth had, from his Infancy, inhabited the Woods and Groves, where the winged Choristers were his only Companions, whose delightful Harmony us'd sometimes to cheer his lonely Hours: Their innocent Melody was his sole Delight, notwithstanding that he was wholly unacquainted with the Meaning of their tuneful Language. To this rural School, his Father had

Son pere l'amena dès ses plus tendres ans :

Il venoit de perdre sa mere,

Et le pauvre garçon ne connut la lumiere,

Qu'afin qu'il ignorât les gens.

Il ne s'en figura, pendant un fort long-tems,

Point d'autres que les habitans

De cette forêt ; c'est-à-dire ;

Que des loups, des oiseaux, enfin ce qui respire

Pour respirer sans plus, & ne songer à rien.

Ce qui porta son pere à fuir tout entretien,

Ce furent deux raisons, ou mauvaises, ou bonnes,

L'une la haine des personnes,

L'autre la crainte ; & depuis qu' à ses yeux

Sa femme disparut, s'envolant dans les Cieux,

Lè monde lui fut odieux ;

Las d'y gemir, & de s'y plaindre,

Et par tout des plaintes ouïr,

Sa moitié de lui fit par son trépas haïr,

Et le reste des femmes craindre.

Il voulut être Hermite, & destina son fils

A ce même genre de vie.

Ses biens aux pauvres départis ;

Il s'en va seul sans compagnie,

Que celle de ce fils qu'il portoit dans ses bras :

Au fond d'une forêt il arrête ses pas.

(Cet homme s'appelloit *Philippe*, dit l' *Histoire*,)

Là par un saint motif, & non par humeur noire,

Nôtre Hermite nouveau cache avec très-grand soin

Cent choses à l'enfant, ne lui dit près ni loin

Qu'il fût au monde aucune femme,

Aucuns desirs, aucun amour ;

Au progrès de ses ans réglant en ce séjour

La nourriture de son ame.

A cinq, il lui nomma des fleurs, des animaux ;

L'entretint de petits Oiseaux ;

Et parmi ce discours aux enfans agréable,

Mêla des menaces du diable ;

Lui dit qu'il étoit fait d'une étrange façon :

brought him, in his Infancy, immediately after the Death of his Mother; and the tender Babe was no sooner born, than he remov'd him far from the Sight of any human Creature. And for many Years, he had not the least Idea that there were any such in the World; and imagin'd there were no other Creatures, than the Tenants of the Forest he dwelt in; such as Birds, Wolves, and others, who enjoy only a sensitive Life, and are not endued with any of the rational Faculties.

The two Motives which prevail'd with his Father to shun all human Commerce, were these following, which whether they were well or ill grounded, I shall not take upon me to determine. The first, was his great Abhorrence of Mankind in general; the second, his Fear: And from the Time his dear Consort had left the World, and wing'd her Way to Heaven, he detested the Society of his Fellow-Creatures. When grown weary with the Sighs he himself vented; with his continual Moan, and the Repining of all those he met with; the Death of his better Half, made him both hate, as well as fear, the rest of her Sex; so that he resolv'd to turn Hermit, and to bring up his little Son in the same Way of Life. Upon this, having distributed his Wealth among the Indigent, he set out unaccompany'd, except with his Infant Son, whom he carried in his Arms, and striking down into a lonely Forest, he stops in the most solitary part of it.

The Name of this Man, as History informs us, was Philip. Here our Hermit studiously conceals an hundred Particulars from the Child; and that not from a Severity or Gloominess of Temper, but Piety; and takes the utmost Care, not to let the least Word drop from him, which might intimate that there were any such Creatures in the World as Women; or such Things as Desires or Passions, particularly that of Love. In this Solitude, he instructed his Mind in Things proportionable to his Age. Having attained his fifth Year, he taught him the Names of Flowers and Animals; talk'd to him about the little Birds they heard and saw; and would every now and then intermix these Infantine Discourses, which were very pleasing to the Child, with some Account of the Devil, who, he told him, was an ill-shap'd,

La crainte est aux enfans la premiere leçon.
 Les dix ans expirez, matiere plus profonde
 Se mit sur le tapis : un peu de l'autre monde
 Au jeune enfant fut révélé ;
 Et de la femme point parlé.
 Vers quinze ans lui fut enseigné,
 Tout autant que l'on pût, l'Auteur de la Nature ;
 Et rien touchant la Créature
 Ce propos n'est alors déjà plus de saison
 Pour ceux qu'au monde on veut soustraire ;
 Telle idée en ce cas est fort peu necessaire.
 Quand ce fils eut vingt ans, son pere trouva bon
 De le mener à la Ville prochaine.
 Le Vieillard tout cassé ne pouvoit plus qu'à peine
 Aller querir son vivre : & lui mort après tout,
 Que feroit ce cher fils ? comment venir à bout
 De subsister sans connoître personne ?
 Les loups n'étoient pas gens qui donassent l'aumône.
 Il sçavoit bien que le garçon
 N'auroit de lui pour heritage
 Qu'une besace & qu'un bâton.
 C'étoit un étrange partage.
 Le pere à tout cela songeoit sur ses vieux ans,
 Au reste il étoit peu de gens
 Qu'il ne lui donnassent la miche.
 Frere *Philippe* eût été riche
 S'il eût voulu. Tous les petits enfans
 Le connoissoient ; & du haut de leur tête
 Ils crioient, aprêtez la quête,
 Voilà Frere *Philippe*. Enfin dans la Cité
 Frere *Philippe* souhaité
 Avoit force devots ; de dévotes pas une ;
 Car il n'en vouloit point avoir.
 Si-tôt qu'il crût son fils ferme dans son devoir
 Le pauvre homme le méne voir
 Les gens de bien & tente la fortune ;
 Ce ne fut qu'en pleurant qu'il exposa ce fils.
 Voilà nos-Hermites partis :
 Ils vont à la Cité superbe, bien bâtie,

Et

shap'd, hideous Creature: And indeed the first Lesson which Children are generally taught, is Fear.

Being now ten Years of Age, Things of a more deep and abstruse Nature, were brought upon the Carpet, and he reveal'd to him some few Particulars relating to the other World; but not a Word about Woman; at fifteen, he taught him every thing his Mind was susceptible of; gave him an Idea of the Creator of all Things, but forbore to speak of the most lovely Part of his Works: That Topic would be unseasonable to Persons devoted to a Life of Solitude, and it would be idle to give them the least Notion of it.

Being now Twenty, his Father thought proper to take him with him to a neighbouring City; for the Old Man was very much oppress'd with the Infirmary of his Years, and scarce able to walk thither, to procure the Necessaries of Life; upon which, he thus argued with himself: What will my poor, dear Boy do, when I am dead? How will it be possible for him to subsist; he, who is unknown to all the World? It is not in the Nature of Wolves to be humane and charitable. Friar Philip knew, that all the Lad would inherit from him, was a Wallet and a Staff, which, God knows, was but a very poor Pittance; and to these Considerations, he added that of his extreme old Age.

There were indeed but very few People, who did not give him a little Loaf; so that, had he been of a covetous Temper, he might have heap'd up considerable Wealth. He was known to all the little Children, who us'd whenever they saw him, to set up their Throats, and cry, Your Alms, your Alms, Friar Philip's a coming. In a Word, our Solitary being very much belov'd in the City, had a great Number of charitable Friends there; but not one Female among them, for these he carefully avoided.

Our good Anchoret no sooner thought, that the things he had instill'd into his Son, were firmly rivetted in his Mind, than he carries him to visit such good Persons, as were charitably dispos'd, and makes a Trial of Fortune. However, Tears gush'd from his Eyes, when he consider'd the Temptations to which the Lad would be expos'd. But now our two Hermits are set out upon their Journey, and arrive

Et de tous objets assortie :
 Le Prince y faisoit son séjour.
 Le jeune homme tombé des nuës
 Demandoit, qu'est-ce là ? ce sont des gens de Cour,
 Et là ? ce sont Palais. Ici ? ce sont Statuës.
 Il considéroit tout ; quand de jeunes beautez
 Aux yeux vifs, aux traits enchantez,
 Passerent devant lui ; dès lors nul autre chose
 Ne pût ses regards attirer.
 Adieu Palais, adieu ce qu'il vient d'admirer :
 Voici bien pis, & bien une autre cause
 D'étonnement :
 Ravi comme en extase à cet Objet charmant,
 Qu'est-ce là, dit-il à son pere,
 Qui porte un si gentil habit ?
 Comment l'appelle-t-on ? ce discours ne plût guere
 Au bon Vieillard, qui répondit :
 C'est un Oiseau qui s'appelle Oye.
 O l'agréable Oiseau ! dit le fils plein de joye.
 Oye, hélas ! chante un peu ; que j'entende ta voix
 Ne pourroit-on point te connoître ?
 Mon pere je vous prie & mille & mille fois ;
 Menons-en une en notre bois,
 J'aurai soin de la faire paître.



at the City, which was magnificent and finely built, and where the King kept his Court.

Here he met with ten thousand Objects unknown to him before; when our harmless and innocent Youth, in amaze, like one who was dropt from the Clouds, cries out; *What d'ye call that thing there?* A Courtier, replies the Father. *And those out yonder?* Palaces, my Dear. *These here?* Statues. He was gazing on these several Objects, when some young beautiful Lasses, with piercing Eyes and exquisite Features, skudded along before him; and immediately they alone drew all his Attention. For now he no longer views the Palaces, and the other Objects he had a Moment before admir'd; but luckless Lad! is seiz'd with another kind of Astonishment; for all in Raptures at this inchanting Sight, he cries out, *what's that, Father, so prettily drest? how is it called?* The good old Man, who did not in the least relish this Question, answers, Child, 'tis a Bird call'd a GOOSE. Sweet pretty Bird! cries the Lad in the utmost Transport, *prithce sing a little; let's hear some of thy Music; could not I get a little acquainted with thee?* Dear Father, I intreat you, if you love me, to let us carry one of them into our Forest. I my self will feed it.





L E

MARI CONFESSEUR.

MESSIRE Artus sous le grand Roi François,
 Alla servir aux guerres d'Italie;
 Tant qu'il se vid, après maints beaux exploits,
 Fait Chevalier en grand' cérémonie.
 Son Général lui chauffa l'éperon;
 Dont il croioit que le plus haut Baron
 Ne lui pût plus contester le passage.
 Si s'en revient tout fier en son Village,
 Où ne surprit sa femme en oraison.
 Seule il l'avoit laissée à la Maison;
 Il la retrouve en bonne compagnie,
 Dansant, sautant, menant joyeuse vie,
 Et des Muguets avec elle à foison.
 Messire Artus ne prit goût à l'affaire,
 Et ruminant sur ce qu'il devoit faire;
 Depuis que j'ai mon Village quitté,
 Si j'étois crû, dit-il, en dignité
 De cocuage & de chevalerie,
 C'est moitié trop: sachons la vérité.
 Pour ce s'avise, un jour de Confrairie,
 De se vêtir en Prêtre, & confesser,
 Sa femme vient à ses pieds se placer.
 De prime abord sont par la bonne Dame
 Expediez-tous les pechez menus;
 Puis à leur tour les gros étant venus,
 Force lui fut qu'elle changeât de game.
 Pere, dit-elle, en mon lit sont reçus,
 Un Gentilhomme, un Chevalier, un Prêtre.



T H E
H U S B A N D
T U R N ' D
C O N F E S S O R.

SIR Arthur Fearless went to the Wars in Italy, in the Reign of that mighty Monarch Francis I. He be-
hav'd so gallantly in Fight, and expos'd himself to such
signal Dangers, that at last his General knighted him with
great Ceremony. After this, our Chevalier was persuaded,
that the first Baron of the Realm ought to give him the Way;
and accordingly he return'd, greatly improv'd in Pride and
Haughtiness, to the Village in which he usually resided, where
he did not find his Wife at Prayers. At his quitting the
Country, he had left her alone; but at his Return he finds
the good Lady in jovial Company, dancing, cap'ring, lead-
ing a merry Life, and attended by a great Number of Gal-
lants. This did not any ways please Sir Arthur, who re-
volving in his Mind what was best to be done on this Occa-
sion:— Suppose, said he, since my leaving our Town, I
shou'd have been doubly rais'd; to the Honour of Cuckoldom,
and that of Knighthood!— This is too much by half,— I'll
therefore examine the Matter, and, if possible, find out the
Truth.

For this purpose, one Saint's Day, he takes it into his
Head to disguise himself in a Priest's Habit, and play the Con-
fessor. And now his Wife comes, when kneeling before him,
the good Lady begins with confessing the petty Sins she had
committed; but afterwards the great ones coming in their
Turn, she was oblig'd to change her Note.— Father, says
she, I have had Correspondence with a Gentleman, a Knight
and

Si le Mari ne se fût fait connoître,
 Elle en alloit enfler beaucoup plus ;
 Courte n'étoit pour seur la Kyrielle.
 Son mari donc l'interrompt là-dessus ;
 Dont bien lui prit. Ah, dit il, infidelle !
 Un Prêtre même ! à qui crois-tu parler ?
 A mon Mari, dit la fausse femelle,
 Qui d'un tel pas se sçût bien démêler.
 Je vous ai vû dans ce lieu vous couler,
 Ce qui m'a fait douter du badinage.
 C'est un grand cas qu'étant homme si sage,
 Vous n'avez sçû l'énigme débrouiller.
 On vous a fait, dites-vous, Chevalier :
 Auparavant vous étiez Gentilhomme :
 Vous êtes Prêtre avecque ces habits.
 Benit soit Dieu, dit alors le bon-homme,
 Je suis un sot de l'avoir si mal pris.



On ne s'avise jamais de tout.

CERTAIN jaloux ne dormant que d'un œil,
 Interdisoit tout commerce à sa femme.
 Dans le dessein de prévenir la Dame,
 Il avoit fait un fort ample Recueil
 De tous les tours que le sexe sçait faire.
 Pauvre ignorant ! comme si cette affaire
 N'étoit une hidre, à parler franchement.
 Il captivoit sa femme cependant :
 De ses cheveux vouloit sçavoir le nombre,
 La faisoit suivre, à toute heure, en tous lieux,
 Par une Vieille au corps tout rempli d'yeux,
 Qui la quittoit aussi peu que son ombre.
 Ce fou tenoit son Recueil fort entier :
 Il le portoit en guise de Psautier,
 Croyant par-là les galans hors de game.
 Un jour de Fête arrive que la Dame,

En

and a Priest.— Had our Husband kept his own Counsel, and not discover'd himself, the good Woman was going much farther, and would have repeated a Catalogue of Sins of a pretty moderate Length. But here our Husband interrupted her: Faithless Wretch! says he; a Priest, say you! why, who d'ye think you're talking to?— To my Husband, reply'd the false Creature, who got herself very artfully out of the Scrape.— I saw you, say she, steal into the Confessional; upon which, I suppos'd you wou'd play the Wag with me.— She continu'd,— 'Tis vastly surprizing, considering how learned a Clerk you are, that you haven't yet found out the Riddle.— You have been created, as you say, a Knight; before that, you were a Gentleman; and in this Habit, you are a Priest.— The Lord be prais'd for this, says the Knight.— How stupid was I, not to find it out my self!



MEN cannot always guard against ACCIDENTS.

A Certain jealous-pated Creature, who slept but with one Eye, forbid his Wife all kind of Company. In order to prevent his Lady from playing him a Trick, he had made a very large Collection of all the Artifices which the Fair Sex employ.— Poor, ignorant Creature! As tho' these were not, to speak frankly, a kind of Hydra.— Our good Man watch'd his Wife very narrowly; would know even the Number of her Hairs; caus'd her to be attended, every Moment, and in all Places, by an antiquated Female, who had as many Eyes as Argus, and follow'd her as close as her Shadow. Her Simpleton of a Husband kept his Collection very close, and carried it about him as though it had been a Pfalter; firmly persuaded, that it wou'd now be impossible for any Gallant to play him a Trick. However, one Day as the Lady in question was coming from Church, she pass'd
by

En revenant de l'Eglise, passa
 Prés d'un logis, d'où quelqu'un lui jetta
 Fort à propos plein un panier d'ordure.
 On s'excusa, la pauvre créature
 Toute vilaine entra dans le logis.
 Il lui salut dépouiller ses habits.
 Elle envoya querir une autre jupe,
 Dés en entrant, par cette Douïagna,
 Qui hors d'haleine à Monsieur raconta
 Tout l'accident. Foin, dit-il, celui-là
 N'est dans mon Livre, & je suis pris pour dupe :
 Que le Recueil au diable soit donné.
 Il disoit bien ; car on n'avoit jetté
 Cette immondice, & la Dame gâté,
 Qu'afin qu'elle eût quelque valable excuse
 Pour éloigner son dragon quelque temps.
 Un sien Galant ami de la dedans
 Tout aussi tôt profita de la ruse.
 Nous avons beau sur ce sexe avoir l'œil :
 Ce n'est coup seur encontre tous esclandres.
 Maris jaloux, brûlez vôtre Recueil
 Sur ma parole, & faites-en des cendres.



by a House, whence some one threw upon her, as à propos as possible, a Pan-full of Sir Something. The People of the House begg'd a thousand Pardons, and the poor Lady being in a most terrible Pickle, was forc'd to go into the House. There she strip'd herself, having sent her female Argus, the Instant she was got in, for a Petticoat. The old Woman ran to Monsieur, and was so out of Breath, that she was scarce able to tell him the sad Accident. Plague on't, says he, this Artifice isn't in my Book, and I'm fairly bit. Old Nick take the Collection, say I.—

His Exclamation was very just; for the Wags had thrown this Filth on the Lady, and spoilt her Clothes, merely that she might have some plausible Excuse to be absent some time from her Keeper. Immediately, a Gallant of Her's, who was very intimate with the People of the House, made his Advantage of the Stratagem.—

How narrowly soever we watch the Fair, 'twill be to no purpose, it being impossible for us to guard against all sinister Accidents.— Ye Husbands, such of ye as are inclin'd to Jealousy, be persuaded, that the best thing you can do, is, to burn your Collection.





L E

FLEUVE SCAMANDRE.

ME voila prêt à conter de plus belle;
 Amour le veut, & rit de mon serment:
 Hommes & Dieux, tout est sous sa tutelle:
 Tout obeït, tout cede à cet Enfant:
 J'ay desormais besoin en le chantant
 De traits moins forts, & déguisâns la chose;
 Car après tout, je ne veux être cause
 D'aucun abus; que plutôt mes écrits
 Manquent de sel, & ne soient d'aucun prix!
 Si dans ces vers j'introduis & je chante
 Certain trompeur & certaine innocente,
 C'est dans la veuë & dans l'intention
 Qu'on se meffie en telle occasion:
 J'ouvre l'esprit, & rends le sexe habile
 A se garder de ces pieges divers.
 Sotte ignorance en fait trebucher mille,
 Contre une seule à qui nuïroient mes vers.

J'ay lû qu'un Orateur estimé dans la Grece,
 Des beaux Arts autrefois souveraine Maîtresse,
 Banni de son pays, voulut voir le sejour
 Où subsistoient encor les ruïnes de Troye;
 Cimon, son camarade, eut sa part de la joye.
 Du débris d'Ilion s'étoit construit un bourg
 Noble par ces malheurs; là Priam & sa Cour
 N'étoient plus que des noms, dont le Temps fait sa
 proye.

Ilion



T H E

RIVER SCAMANDER.

I AM now going to resume the Tales I had laid aside. This Cupid commands, and laughs at my Oath. Both Men and Gods, in short, all Nature is subject to his Empire. All things obey, all things submit to that Infant. Henceforward, in celebrating his Power, I shall not want such gay, such forcible Touches, as I have hitherto employ'd; but will shadow my Tales under the chastest Disguise. For after all, I am determin'd not to give the least Scandal. No,—may my Compositions rather prove flat, and meet with universal Contempt!—When I introduce and celebrate in the following Lines, a certain Deceiver and a simple Girl be impos'd upon, I do this with no other View, than merely to put young Maidens upon their Guard on such Occasions. I thereby enlarge the Understanding, and teach the fair Sex, how to secure themselves from the various Snares which are laid in their Way. A thousand fall by silly Ignorance in this slippery Path, for One who would be corrupted by these Verses.

I have read that an Orator, who was highly esteem'd in Greece, formerly the Seat of the polite Arts, being banish'd his native Country, was desirous to visit the Place where the Ruins of Troy still subsisted. Cimon, his constant Companion, shar'd in his Joy. With the sad Remains of that City, a Town had been built, illustrious by its Misfortunes. There, King Priam and his Court were now but empty Distinctions, which Time makes its Prey. Troy, thy
U
bare

Ilion, ton nom seul a des charmes pour moy ;
 Lieu fécond en fujets propres à nôtre employ,
 Ne verray-je jamais rien de toy, ni la place
 De ces murs élevez & détruits par des Dieux,
 Ni ces champs où couroient la fureur & l'audace,
 Ni des temps fabuleux enfin la moindre trace,
 Qui pût me presenter l'image de ces lieux ?

Pour revenir au fait, & ne point trop m'étendre ;

Cimon le Heros de ces vers

Se promenoit près du Scamandre.

Une jeune ingenuë en ce lieu se vient rendre,
 Et goûter la fraîcheur sur ces bords toujours verts.
 Son voile au gré des vents va flotant dans les airs ;
 Sa parure est fans art ; elle a l'air de bergere,
 Une beauté naïve, une taille legere.

Cimon en est surpris, & croit que sur ces bords
 Venus vient étaler ses plus rares trésors.

Un antre étoit auprès ; l'innocente pucelle
 Sans soupçon y descend, aussi simple que belle.

Le chaud, la solitude, & quelque Dieu malin
 L'inviterent d'abord à prendre un demi bain.

Nôtre banni se cache : il contemple, il admire,

Il ne sçait quels charmes élire ;

Il devore des yeux & du cœur cent beautez.

Comme on étoit remply de ces Divinitez

Que la Fable a dans son Empire,

Il songe à profiter de l'erreur de ces temps,

Prend l'air d'un Dieu des eaux, mouille ses vêtemens,

Se couronne de joncs, & d'herbe degoutante,

Puis invoque Mercure, & le Dieu des Amans :

Contre tant de trompeurs qu'eût fait une innocente ?

La belle enfin découvre un pied dont la blancheur

Auroit fait honte à Galatée,

Puis le plonge en l'onde argentée,

Et regarde ses lys, non fans quelque pudeur.

Pendant qu' à cet objet sa veüe est arrêtée,

bare Name sounds delightful to my Ear! Great Spot! so fruitful in Subjects adapted to the Muse! Shall I never view any part of thy Remains?— thy Walls raz'd and destroy'd by the Gods; thy Fields, thro' which Insolence and Fury march'd; in a Word, must I never see the smallest Footsteps of the fabulous Ages, which may image to my Mind those renowned Seats?

But to return from this Digression. As Cimon, the Hero of these Lines, was walking one Day not far from the River Scamander, an innocent Maiden came to the same Place, to taste the delicious Coolness which prevails on those ever-verdant Banks. Her Veil is the Sport of every wanton Zephyr. Her Dress is plain, and unadorn'd by Art; she has the Air of a Shepherdess; boasts an unaffected Beauty, and an easy Shape.

Cimon is surpriz'd at this Assemblage of Charms, and fancies that Venus was come to display her brightest Treasures on these Banks. Not far from 'em was a Cave, which the innocent Maiden, equally simple and lovely, enters into, without harbouring the least Suspicion. Immediately, the Heat of the Season, the Solitude she was in, and some malicious Deity or other, prompt her to bathe. Seeing this, our Exile bides himself; he contemplates, he admires, and doesn't know which Beauty to make Choice of. His Eyes drink in a thousand Graces, and they make no less Impression on his Heart.

As the People of that Age believ'd the Existence of the Deities, which Fiction includes in her Empire, Cimon meditates how he may best take Advantage of those Errors. He thereupon assumes the Air of a River-God. He wets his Garments, crowns his Head with Bull-rushes and wat'ry Weeds; and lastly, invokes the Aid of Mercury, and of the God of Love. How was it possible for a simple, innocent Maiden to secure herself from so many Snares?

Our beautiful Virgin at last reveals a Foot, which boasted so delicious a Whiteness, that Galatea wou'd have been jealous at the Sight. She afterwards plunges it in the Silver Stream, then gazes upon her snowy Frame, but not without some Confusion. Whilst this Object attracts her Eye, Cimon

Cimon approche d'elle : elle court se cacher

Dans le plus profond du rocher.

Je fuis, dit-il, le Dieu qui commande à cette onde ;

Soyez-en la Déesse, & regnez avec moy.

Peu de Fleuves pourroient dans leur grotte profonde

Partager avec vous un aussi digne employ :

Mon cristal est tres-pur, mon cœur l'est davantage :

Je couvriray pour vous de fleurs tout ce rivage,

Trop heureux si vos pas le daignent honorer,

Et qu'au fonds de mes eaux vous daigniez vous mirer.

Je rendray toutes vos Compagnes

Nymphes aussi, soit aux montagnes,

Soit aux eaux, soit aux bois, car j'étends mon pouvoir

Sur tout ce que vôtre œil à la ronde peut voir.

L'éloquence du Dieu, la peur de luy déplaire,

Malgré quelque pudeur qui gâtoit le mystère,

Conclurent tout en peu de temps.

La superstition cause mille accidents.

On dit même qu'Amour intervint à l'affaire,

Tout fier de ce succès le Banni dit adieu.

Revenez, dit-il, en ce lieu :

Vous garderez que l'on ne sçache

Un hymen qu'il faut que je cache :

Nous le déclarerons quand j'en auray parlé

Au conseil qui sera dans l'Olympe assemblé.

La nouvelle Déesse à ces mots se retire ;

Contente ? Amour le sçait. Un mois se passe & deux,

Sans que pas un du bourg s'apperçoit de leurs jeux.

O mortels ! est-il dit qu'à force d'être heureux

Vous ne le soyez plus ! Le Banni, sans rien dire,

Ne va plus visiter cet antre si souvent.

Une nupce enfin arrivant,

Tous pour la voir passer sous l'orme se vont rendre.

La Belle apperçoit l'homme, & crie en ce moment.

Ah ! voila le fleuve Scamandre.

On s'étonne, on la presse, elle dit bonnement,

Que son hymen se va conclure au Firmament ;

On en rit ; car que faire ? Aucuns à coups de pierre

Poursui-

advances towards her, upon which she runs to hide herself in the most gloomy part of the Rock.

I am, says Cimon, the Deity who presides over this Flood. Be thou the Goddess of it, and come and share my Kingdom with me. Few River-Gods could bestow so exalted a Dignity on thee, in their deep Grottoes. My Stream is vastly pure, but my Heart is much more so. For thy sake, I'll strew this Bank with Flowers; thrice happy, if thou wilt but condescend to honour it with thy Steps, and view thine own Beauties at the Bottom of my Stream. All thy Maiden Companions shall, by my Power, become Nymphs, either of the Mountains or of the Waters; for all things thine Eye can see round, are subject to my Empire.

The Eloquence of the God, and the Fear of displeasing him, (in spite of the Virgin Struggles which whisper'd to her the Danger she was in) soon concluded the Affair.— What a Multitude of Accidents does Superstition give Birth to!— We are told, that Cupid was a Party concern'd on this Occasion.

Our Exile, puff'd up with his Success, bids her Farewel. Return, says he, to the Shades; but besure don't tell one Soul of our Marriage, for I am oblig'd to keep it secret for some time. However, after I have mention'd it to the Council of the Gods, who assemble in Olympus, it shall then be made publick.

Our new Goddess, after these Words, withdrew; but whether satisfied or not, Cupid is the best Judge. The Lovers spent a Month or two in this Manner, and all that time, not a Creature in the Village had the least Notion of their amorous Intercourse.— Ye Mortals? Is it said, that Excess of Bliss shall make you lose it!— Our banish'd Man, without taking a Word of Notice, visits the Cave less frequently than he us'd to do. At last, there happen'd to be a Wedding, when all flock under an Elm Tree, to see it pass by. Immediately our charming Lass spies her Man, and cries; Lookee, lookee; there's Scamander, the River-God.— The Spectators, surpriz'd at this Exclamation, enquire into the Meaning of it; when she, (simple Creature!) assures 'em, that her Nuptials wou'd soon be solemnized in the Skies.— The People laugh'd; but how cou'd they do otherwise?

Poursuivirent le Dieu qui s'enfuit à grand'erre :
 D'autres rirent sans plus. Je croy qu'en ce temps-cy
 L'on feroit au Scamandre un tres-méchant party.

En ce temps-là semblables crimes
 S'excusoient aisément : tout temps, toutes maximes.
 L'épouse du Scamandre en fut quitte à la fin,

Pour quelques traits de raillerie ;
 Même un de ses amans l'en trouva plus jolie :
 C'est un goût : Il s'offrit à luy donner la main :
 Les Dieux ne gâtent rien : puis quand ils seroient cause
 Qu'une fille en valût un peu moins, dotez-la,
 Vous trouverez qui la prendra :
 L'argent repare toute chose.

F I N.



wise? Some threw Stones at the God, who ran away as fast as his Legs could carry him.— Others only laugh'd at the Scene; but I believe Scamander wou'd have far'd but poorly in our Days.

In those Times, Crimes of this Kind were easily pardon'd. Every Age has its peculiar Maxims. Scamander's Wife, after having been rallied a little, heard no more of the Matter: Nay, one of her Lovers, fancying it had added new Lustre to her Charms, (such is the Taste of some Men) offer'd to marry her.— 'Tis impossible the Gods should vitiate any thing; nay, shou'd a Maiden prove something worse for passing thro' their Hands, 'tis only giving her a Portion, and she'll infallibly meet with a Husband. Money repairs every Imperfection.

The E N D.



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